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PREFACE.

THE Editor, in the short preface given in the first volume, remarked that he considered it unnecessary to reiterate what has been so well written by others on Ballads and Ballad Music; and, therefore, as he can give nothing new on the subject, farther than the illustration he has given in the two volumes of this work, he thinks he may use one word from the inscription on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, "circumspice." Much is now talked of as to poetry being the language of nature, and ballads being the originals of all history, both sacred and secular. Doubtless, the ballads sung on the banks of the Tiber may have been used for the earlier pages of Livy's History; and the ballads about Wallace and Bruce may record their achievements, for man cannot help recording events in poetry, if he has a poetical mind. And so, some historical critics suppose, that the book of Jasher was a ballad-book recording the early history of the Israelites; but it does not follow that this ballad-book is the original of the most ancient and sacred history, which has been such a comfort to all who believe in it. The Editor has long been of opinion, from all he has discovered, that ballads are almost worthless as a true record of historical events. They refer to events, but the events are so distorted in them, as to show their want of authenticity to prove the whole of the historical facts to which they refer. They are merely impressions on the minds of the populace at the time the events happened, according to the varied circumstances reported, and in passing from one person to another, no two persons almost are found to recite a traditional ballad in the same form, or give exactly the same circumstances.

There are about a dozen airs in the volumes, different sets of which were given in Johnson's Museum. When the Editor consulted his friend the late Dr. Laing, who knew more about ballads and ballad music than any other one in Scotland, he quite agreed with him in his opinion that the *original copies* of traditional Airs can scarcely be found unless got from the original composer, seeing that they pass through so many persons until they are noted by the collector of them.

The Airs in the volumes were arranged for two violins and violoncello, as an album for the Editor, though they are also adapted for the pianoforte and harmonium; and, therefore, performers on these last instruments may leave out the *shakes* and *turns* if they think it desirable to do so.

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Traditional Ballad Airs.

The Highland Seer.

Slowly with feeling.

Ye dark rolling clouds, round the brow of Ben-Borrow, O weep your dark tears to the green vales be_low; Ye winds of the hill, wake your wail_ings of sor_row; No beams of the morn_ing can glad_ness be_stow! A_rise, ye grey mists, from the loud fall_ing Cor_rie, And shroud from our child_ren the sad sight of wail; The warriors that left them, high bounding for glo_ry, Shall nev_er return to the land of the Gael.

This Air (pentatonic), which appears to be thoroughly Lowland Celtic, was sung to words, which the farmer's wife in the Parish of Langside, Buchan, from whose singing it was noted and arranged, did not remember. She occasionally sung the Air to the English Ballad "Nancy of Yarmouth," and heard it sung by her mother, who had it from her grandmother. As far as the Editor can discover, the Air may be traced far into the last century. The English Air to "Nancy of Yarmouth" is given in the Appendix and has been long sung to the Ballad in Buchan. The words here given are by Peter M'Arthur printed for the first time in Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," p. 564.

The Highland Seer.

Ye dark rolling clouds, round the brow of Ben Borrow,
  O weep your dark tears to the green vales below;
Ye winds of the hill, wake your wailings of sorrow;
  No beams of the morning can gladness bestow!
Arise, ye grey mists, from the loud falling corrie,
  And shroud from our children the sad sight of wail;
The warriors that left them, high bounding for glory,
  Shall never return to the land of the Gael.

Our maidens have twinèd the wild mountain flowers,
  To crown their young lovers they wait their return;
Alas, for their fondness! they know not of hours,
  When tidings of sorrow shall bid them to mourn.
I heard the dread howl of the wolf from the mountain,
  I saw the dark death-bird flit over the plain,
I saw a red stream, and a blood-curdled fountain,
  And the war-horse dash over the breasts of the slain.

The Saxon has swept o'er the plains of Culloden,
  Our heroes have fallen, or wander'd afar
'Mong dark mountain caves, where the blue mist is shrouding—
  No minstrel awaits their returning from war.
By yon gloomy pine on the grey brow of Morra,
  A young prince is wandering, dejected and lone,
From his deep-troubled breast come the sad sighs of sorrow
  For chieftains departed, and young virgins gone.

He turns his sad eyes to the land of his fathers,
  Where the banners of welcome once waved on her towers;
Those honours departed are given to others,
  The tears of regret wander down for those hours.
I see a white sail through the dim mist of ocean,
  It comes like the beam on the dawning of day;
Albyn—awake thee to mournful devotion,
  It bears him an exile for ever away.

Say not the Bard.

Air— Oh, the poor man the Miller.

Slowly.

Though the winter of age wreathes her snow on his head, And the blooming ef_fulgence of summer is fled,

Though the voice that was sweet, as the harp's softest string, Be trem'lous and low as the zephyrs of spring, Yet

say not the Bard has turn_èd old. Say not the Bard has turn_èd old.

Though the casket that holds the rich jew_el we prize, At_tracts not the gaze of in_qui_si_tive eyes; Yet the

gem that's within may be love_ly and bright, As the smiles of the morn, or the stars of the night, Then

say not the Bard has turn_èd old, Say not the Bard has turn_èd old.

See illustrative note in Appendix.

Say not the Bard.

THOUGH the winter of age wreathes her snow on his head,
And the blooming effulgence of summer is fled,
Though the voice that was sweet, as the harp's softest string,
Be trem'lous and low as the zephyrs of spring,
Yet say not the Bard has turnèd old.
Say not the Bard has turnèd old.

Though the casket that holds the rich jewel we prize,
Attracts not the gaze of inquisitive eyes ;
Yet the gem that's within may be lovely and bright,
As the smiles of the morn, or the stars of the night ;
Then say not the Bard has turnèd old. Say not, &c.

When the tapers burn clear and the goblet shines bright,
In the hall of his chief on a festival night,
I have smiled at the glance of his rapturous eye,
While the brim of the goblet laugh'd back in reply ;
Then say not the Bard has turnèd old. Say not, &c.

When he sings of the valorous deeds that were done,
By his clan or his chief in the days that are gone,
His strains then are various—now rapid—now slow,
As he mourns for the dead or exults o'er the foe ;
Then say not the Bard has turnèd old. Say not, &c.

When the summer in gaudy profusion is dress'd,
And the dew-drop hangs clear on the violet's breast,
I list with delight to his rapturous strain,
While the borrowing echo returns it again ;
Then say not the Bard has turnèd old. Say not, &c.

But not summer's profusion alone can inspire
His soul in the song, or his hand on the lyre,
But rapid his numbers, and wilder they flow,
When the wintry winds rave o'er the mountains of snow ;
Then say not the Bard has turnèd old. Say not, &c.

I have seen him elated when the black clouds were riven,
Terrific and wild by the thunder of heaven,
And smile at the billows that angerly rave,
Incessant and deep o'er the mariner's grave ;
Then say not the Bard has turnèd old. Say not, &c.

When the eye that expresses the warmth of his heart,
Shall fail the benevolent wish to impart,—
When his blood shall be cold as the wintry wave,
And silent his harp as the gloom of the grave,—
Then say that the Bard has turnèd old. Say that, &c.

The only verse of the Ballad to which this beautiful air was sung that can be given in this Work, is the first, viz :

"At Howie's Mill there lived a miller,
Wha queerly cam' by a purse o' siller ;
And gin ye want the matter to know,
The truth to you I'll quickly show.
Oh, the poor man the miller !
Oh, the poor miller, oh !"

The Rambling Beauty.

Moderately.

All you that love a - ny rambling beau - ty, I pray you by me a warn - ing take; For I lov - ed one more than was my du - ty, That made me suf - fer for her sake. She was a far - mer's daughter call'd Nan - cy, And aye was dress'd in the silks so fine; And for her I had the greatest fan - cy, I ev - er had for wo - man - kin!

This Air has long been a favourite in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff. It has the roll peculiar to others noted by the Editor in Buchan, where it was taken from the singing of a farmer's wife in the Parish of Longside. The Ballad is an arrangement of the words generally sung to the Air.

The Rambling Beauty.

ALL you that love any rambling beauty,
I pray you by me a warning take ;
For I lovèd one more than was my duty,
That made me suffer for her sake.
She was a farmer's daughter call'd Nancy,
And aye was dress'd in the silks so fine ;
And for her I had the greatest fancy,
I ever had for womankin'.

One day I went to this rambling beauty,
And offer'd her a gay wedding ring ;
But so scornfully as she did refuse it,
And from me she would have no such thing.
" Begone," said she, " you proud prating fellow,
How dare you now come to trouble me ?
Go wear a bunch of the cold green willow,
For wife to you I will never be."

Then she was wed to a handsome young man,
The greatest rover in all the town ;
But he began soon to disregard her,
And left her many a day alone.
In after years I returned from foreign lands,
And chanc'd this beauty to meet one day ;
She seem'd to be in a mean condition,
While I was bless'd in a thriving way.

I put my hand into my pocket
And gave her guineas two or three ;
And said, " Take this from a former lover,
You surely must remember me."
This set her sorrowful heart a-bleeding ;
But all her sorrow was now too late :
She said, " Let all maids wherever dwelling
By me a sad, sad warning take !

" Oh, all you fair maids, in every quarter,
A warning by me take, I pray !
For many a mirk and a misty morning
Turns out to be a sun-shiny day.
Oh, all you fair maids, in every quarter,
Be constant aye to a lover kind !
For blest and happy is every maiden,
That to her lover has a constant mind."

The Bonny Moorhen.

Briskly.

My bon-ny moor-hen, my bon-ny moor-hen, She's up in the gray hill down in the glen; It's when ye gang but the house, when ye gang ben. Aye drink a health to my bon-ny moor-hen. My bon-ny moor-hen's gane o-ver the main, And it will be sim-mer or she come a-gain; But when she comes back a-gain, some folk will ken: And joy be wi' thee my bonny moor-hen.

The Editor, in his young days, often heard the above Air sung to "The Bonny Moorhen" by an old cripple man in the Parish of Monquhitter. The only verse he remembers as sung by him is somewhat different from the one given by the Ettrick Shepherd "from Willie Dodd's preaching," viz:

My bonny Moorhen has feathers enew,
There's some of them black, and some of them blue,
There's some of them red, and some of them gray.
My bonny Moorhen come hither away.

The Air here given is totally different from the one in "The Jacobite Relics." It was also sung to "The Baron of Leys." Ballads of the North, Vol. II. p. 144.

The Bonny Moorhen.

My bonny moorhen, my bonny moorhen,
She's up in the gray hill, down in the glen ;
It's when ye gang but the house, when ye gang ben,
Aye drink a health to my bonny moorhen.
My bonny moorhen's gane over the main,
And it will be simmer or she come again ;
But when she comes back again, some folk will ken :
And joy be wi' thee, my bonny moorhen.

My bonny moorhen has feathers enew,
She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them blue ;
She's red, and she's white, and she's green, and she's gray,
My bonny moorhen, come hither away :
Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee,
And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me ;
For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
To break the wing o' my bonny moorhen.

Mr Hogg, in "The Jacobite Relics of Scotland," from which the above copy of "The Bonny Moorhen" is taken, gives the following note :—"I took this beautiful song from the same source with *The Cuckoo's a bonny Bird*, namely, from Willie Dodd's preaching. The allegory is, like the former, perfectly inapplicable, but there can be no doubt who is meant. Had it been a moorcock, the likeness would have been much better. The colours are supposed to allude to those in the tartans of the Clan-Stuart. The route that the poet wished his moorhen to take is beyond all reason, and must have been sung wrong. If any eastern glen had been taken instead of Glenduich, it might not have been far from the Chevalier's route from his place of landing to Scoon. It is visible, however, that the song is only a fragment. Whatever name the air may have undergone, the original name of it is *The Bonny Moorhen*." Vol. I. p. 129.

Aye the Birks a-bowing, or, Lord Dingwall.

Moderately.

O we were sis - ters, sis - ters seven, A - bow - ing down, a - -

bow - ing down; The fair - est wo - men un - der heav'n, And

aye the birks a - - bow - ing. And we kiest ke - vels

us a - mang, A - bow - ing down, a - - bow - ing down, Wha

would now to the green-wood gang, And aye the birks a - bow - ing.

This Air was arranged from the singing of the Editor's paternal grandfather, and was sung by him to "Aye the Birks a-bowing." It has a resemblance in some of its phases to the next two, and shows how some of the Buchan Airs mingle, and appear to be from the same original. The Ballad sung to the Air was somewhat like the one given by Mr Buchan, which is here epitomized with some alterations. See "Ballads of the North." Vol. 1. p. 204.

Aye the Birks a-bowing; or, Lord Dingwall.

O WE were sisters, sisters seven,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down;
The fairest women under heaven,
And aye the birks a-bowing.
And we kiest kevels us amang,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down,
Wha wou'd now to the greenwood gang,
And aye the birks a-bowing.

A' for to pu' the finest flowers,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down;
To put around our summer bowers,
And aye the birks a-bowing.
I was the youngest o' them a',
A-bowing down, a-bowing down;
And this fortune did me befa',
And aye the birks a-bowing.

Unto the greenwood I did gang,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down;
And pu'd the nuts as they down hang,
And aye the birks a-bowing,
I hadna stay'd an hour but ane,
A-bowing down, a bowing down;
Till I met wi' a gay young man,
And aye the birks a-bowing.

We pu'd the nuts sae late and lang,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down;
Till the evening set, and the birds they sang,
And aye the birks a-bowing.
He gae to me at our parting,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down;
A chain of gold, and gay gold ring,
And aye the birks a-bowing.

And three locks o' his yellow hair,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down;
And bade me keep them for evermair,
And aye the birks a-bowing.
Then for to show I make nae lee,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down,
Look in my trunk and ye will see,
And aye the birks a-bowing.

His mother to the trunk did go,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down,
To see if that were true or no,
And aye the birks a-bowing.
And aye she sought, and aye she flang,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down,
Till these four things came to her hand,
And aye the birks a-bowing.

Then she ran to her son Lord Dingwall,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down,
And said, "My son, ye'll quickly tell,
And aye the birks a-bowing.
Ye'll quickly tell to me this thing,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down,
What did you wi' my wedding ring?
And aye the birks a-bowing."

"O mother dear, I'll tell nae lee,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down,
I gave it to a gay ladie,
And aye the birks a-bowing.
I would gi'e a' my ha's and towers,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down,
I had this ladie within my bowers,
And aye the birks a-bowing."

"Keep well, keep well, your lands and strands,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down;
Ye hae that ladie within your hands,
And aye the birks a-bowing.
Now, my son, to your bower ye'll go,
A-bowing down, a-bowing down;
And comfort your ladie, she's full of woe,
And aye the birks a-bowing."

Clerk Tamas, and Fair Annie.

Moderately.

Clerk Ta - mas lov'd her, fair Annie, As well as mo - ther lov'd a son; But now he hates her, fair An - nie, And hates the lands that she lives in. "O - hon, a - las!" said fair An - nie, A - las! this day I fear I'll dee; But I will on to sweet Tamas, And see gin he will pi - ty me."

This Air is arranged from the way it was sung by the Editor's paternal grandmother, and others in Buchan to "Clerk Tamas, and Fair Annie." It has a similarity, in some respects, to the foregoing Air, especially in its form and tonality, although it is also apparently different. The Ballad is epitomized and slightly changed from the one given by Mr Buchan. In his note I. 294, he says,—"This Ballad bears all the characteristics of antiquity. It seems rather of a romantic kind, although in many places allegorical." As to its antiquity the Editor can traditionally trace it far into the last century.

Clerk Tamas, and Fair Annie.

CLERK TAMAS lov'd her, fair Annie,
As well as mother lov'd a son ;
But now he hates her, fair Annie,
And hates the lands that she lives in.
"Ohon, alas!" said fair Annie,
"Alas! this day I fear I'll dee ;
But I will on to sweet Tamas,
And see gin he will pity me."

As Tamas lay ower his shott-window,
Just as the sun was gaen down,
There he beheld her, fair Annie,
As she came walking to the town.
"O where are a' my well-wight men,
I wat, that I pay meat and fee,
For to lat a' my hounds gang loose,
And hunt this woman to the sea."

The hounds they knew the lady well,
And nane o' them they would her bite
Save ane that is ca'd Gaudy-where,
I wat he did the lady smite.
A captain lay ower his ship window,
Just as the sun was gaen down,
And there beheld her, fair Annie,
As she was hunted frae the town.

"Gin ye'll forsake father and mither,
Gin ye'll forsake your friends and kin,
Gin ye'll forsake your lands sae broad,
Then come and I will take you in."
"O I'll forsake both father and mither,
And sae will I my friends and kin,
O I'll forsake my lands sae broad,
And come, gin ye will take me in."

Then a' thing gaed frae fause Tamas,
And there was naething byde him wi ;
Then he thought long for Arrandella,
It was fair Annie for to see.
"How do ye now, ye Clerk Tamas?
And how gaes a' in your countrie?"
"I'll do better to you than ever I've done,
Fair Annie, gin ye'll come and see."

"O Guid forbid," said fair Annie,
"That e'er the like fa' in my hand ;
Would I forsake my ain gude lord,
And follow you, a gae-through-land?
Yet never-the-less, now sweet Tamas,
Ye'll drink a cup' o wine wi' me ;
And nine times in the live lang day,
Your fair claithing shall changèd be.

Fair Annie pat it till her cheek,
Sae did she till her milk-white chin,
Sae did she till her flattering lips,
But never a drap o' wine gaed in.
Then Tamas pat it till his cheek,
Sae did he till his dimpled chin ;
He pat it till his rosy lips,
And then the well o' wine gaed in.

"These pains," said he, "are ill to bide ;
Here is the day that I maun dee ;
O take this cup frae me, Annie,
For o' the same I am weary."
"And sae was I o' you, Tamas,
When I was hunted to the sea ;
But I'se gar bury you in state,
Which is mair than ye'd done to me."

Mary's Dream.

Slowly and feelingly.

The moon had climb'd the high - est hill, Which ri - ses o'er the source of Dee, And from the east - ern sum - mit shed Her sil - ver light on tow'r and tree: When Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on San - dy far at sea; When soft and low, a voice was heard, Saying, "Ma - ry weep no more for me!"

espress. *rall.* *sost.*

This Air to "Mary's Dream" was noted and arranged from the singing of a farmer's daughter in Buchan. The beautiful poem, "Mary's Dream," was written by John Lowe, whose father was gardener at Kenmure Castle, in Galloway. While he was tutor in the family of Mr Macghie at Airds near the confluence of the Dee and the Ken, the lover of Mary Macghie, Alexander Miller, was drowned at sea, and so gave occasion to the writing of the song, which has preserved Lowe's name. He went to America, was unfortunate, and died in the forty-eighth year of his age. See Appendix for the old way of the Song and note given in "Buchan's Gleanings."

Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
  Which rises o'er the source o' Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
  Her silver light on tower and tree :
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
  Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
When soft and low, a voice was heard,
  Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
  Her head to ask, who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
  With visage pale, and hollow e'e.
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
  It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
  So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days,
  We tossed upon the raging main ;
And long we strove our bark to save,
  But all our striving was in vain,
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
  My heart was filled with love for thee :
The storm is past, and I at rest ;
  So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare ;
  We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
  And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
  No more of Sandy could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
  "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

Katherine Janfarie.

Briskly.

There was a may, and a weel far'd may, Liv'd high up in yon glen; Her name was Katherine Jan - fa - rie, She was court - ed by mo - ny men.

Up then came Lord Lau - der - dale, Up frae the Lawland border; And he has come to court this may, A' mount - ed in good order.

This Air was sent to the Editor from Buchan, where it was sung to a Ballad named "Catherine Jaffray." Lockhart, in his Edition of Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," suggests that the heroine was a Johnstone of Wamphray, and that Katherine of Wamphray had been turned by reciters of the Ballad into Katherine Jaffray, and that name, being used in Buchan, seems to be a corroboration of his supposition. Sir Walter Scott's Ballad of "Lochinvar" is founded on this early Ballad. Scott (first Ed.) has "Laird of Laminton," and Buchan (Gleanings) has "Lochinvar" in his copy. Some suppose that if Lockhart is right in his conjecture, the scene of the conflict was not the river Caddon, but the Cluden Water, a tributary of the river Nith, both of which Lochinvar would require to cross on his homeward flight to the west. Lochinvar, a lake three miles round in Kirkcudbright, Galloway, gave name to the domain of a branch of the Gordons, which family acquired the title of Viscount Kenmure in 1633; attained in 1716; restored 1824; but became dormant at the death of the ninth Viscount, in 1847. See Scott's "Minstrelsy," III. 122, Maidment's "North Countrie Garland," p. 34, Motherwell's "Minstrelsy" p. 225, and Buchan's "Gleanings," p. 74.

Katherine Janfarie.

THERE was a may, and a weel far'd may,
  Liv'd high up in yon glen ;
Her name was Katherine Janfarie,
  She was courted by mony men.
Up then came lord Lauderdale,
  Up frae the Lowland border ;
And he has come to court this may,
  A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
  And he told na ane o' her kin ;
But he whispered the bonny lassie hersel',
  And has her favour won.
But out then came lord Lochinvar,
  Out frae the English border,
All for to court this bonny may,
  Weel mounted and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
  And a' the lave o' her kin ;
But he told na the bonnie may hersel',
  Till on her wedding e'en.
She sent to the lord o' Lauderdale,
  Gin he would come and see ;
And he has sent word back again,
  Weel answer'd she should be.

And he has sent a messenger
  Right quickly through the land,
And raisèd mony an armed man
  To be at his command.
The bride looked out at a high window,
  Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
  With riders mony a one.

She scoffèd him and scornèd him,
  Upon her wedding day ;
And said—"It was the fairy court
  To see him in array !
O come ye here to fight, young lord,
  Or come ye here to play ?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
  Upon the wedding day ?"

"I come na here to fight," he said,
  "I come na here to play ;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,
  And mount, and go my way."
It is a glass of the blood red wine
  Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
  Wha her true love had been.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
  And by the grass-green sleeve ;
He's mounted her hie behind himsel',
  At her kinsmen spear'd nae leave.
"Now take your bride, lord Lochinvar !
  Now take her if you may !
But, if you take your bride again,
  We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
  A' clad in Johnstone grey ;
They said they would take the bride again,
  By the strong hand if they may.
Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
  And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
  Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
  And down by Caddon brae ;
And, sighing, said the bonny bride—
  "O waes me for foul play !"
My blessing on your heart, sweet thing !
  Wae to your wilfu' will !
There's mony a gallant gentleman
  Wha's blude ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
  And that dwell by the English border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
  For fear of sic disorder.
They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
  Till on your wedding day ;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
  And play ye foul foul play.

King Malcolm and Sir Colvin.

Briskly.

There ance liv'd a king in fair Scot - land, King Mal - colm call'd by name; Whom an - cient his - to - ry gives re - cord, For va - lour, worth, and fame. And it fell ance up - on a day, The king sat down to dine; And then he miss'd a fa - vou - rite knight, Whose name was Sir Col - vin.

The above Air was sung to "King Malcolm and Sir Colvin." The last two bars in the first strain are the same as the last two bars in the major set of "The Lord of Gordon's three Daughters." Mr Buchan's copy of the Ballad is here epitomized This strange romantic song, as Bishop Percy calls it, was first printed in his work, then in Mr Buchan's, and lastly in the printed copy of Percy's Folio MS. III. 1. under the title of "Sir Cawline."

King Malcolm and Sir Colvin.

THERE ance liv'd a king in fair Scotland,
King Malcolm called by name ;
Whom ancient history gives record,
For valour, worth, and fame.
And it fell ance upon a day,
The king sat down to dine ;
And then he miss'd a favourite knight,
Whose name was Sir Colvin.

But out it speaks another knight,
Ane o' Sir Colvin's kin ;
"He's lyin' in bed right sick in love,
All for your daughter Jean."
"O waes me," said the royal king,
"I'm sorry for the same ;
She maun take bread and wine sae red,
Give it to Sir Colvin."

Then gently did she bear the bread,
Her page did carry the wine ;
And set a table at his bed,—
"Sir Colvin, rise and dine."
"O well love I the wine, lady,
Come frae your lovely hand ;
But better love I your fair body,
Than all fair Scotland's strand."

"O hold your tongue now, Sir Colvin,
Let all your folly be ;
My love must be by honour won,
Or nane shall enjoy me.
But on the head o' Elrick's hill,
Near by yon sharp hawthorn,
Where never a man with life e'er came,
Sin' our sweet Christ was born ;

"O ye'll gang there and walk a' night,
And boldly blaw your horn ;
With honour that ye do return,
Ye'll marry me the morn."
Then up it raise him, Sir Colvin,
And dress'd in armour keen ;
And he is on to Elrick's hill,
Without light o' the meen.

At midnight mark the meen upstarts,
The knight walked up and down ;
While loudest cracks o' thunder roar'd
Out ower the bent sae brown.
Then by the twinkling of an e'e,
He spied an armed knight ;
A fair lady bearing his brand,
Wi' torches burning bright.

Then he cried high as he came nigh,
"Coward, thief, I bid you flee !
There is not ane comes to this hill,
But must engage wi' me.
Ye'll best take road before I come,
And best take foot and flee ;
Here is a sword baith sharp and broad,
Will quarter you in three."

Sir Colvin said, "I'm not afraid,
Of any here I see ;
You ha'e not ta'en your God before,
Less dread ha'e I o' thee."
Sir Colvin then he drew his sword,
His foe he drew his brand ;
And they fought there on Elrick's hill,
Till they were bluidy men.

The firsten stroke the knight he strake,
Ga'e Colvin a slight wound ;
The nexten stroke Lord Colvin strake,
Brought's foe unto the ground.
"I yield, I yield," the knight he said,
I fairly yield to thee ;
Nae ane came e'er to Elrick-hill
E'er gain'd such victorie.

"I and my forbears here did haunt
Three hundred years and more ;
I'm safe to swear a solemn oath,
We were never beat before."
"An asking," said the lady gay,
"An asking ye'll grant me."
"Ask on, ask on," said Sir Colvin,
"What may your asking be?"

"Ye'll gi'e me hame my wounded knight,
Let me fare on my way ;
And I'se ne'er be seen on Elrick's hill,
By night nor yet by day."
"O ye'se get hame your wounded knight.
Ye shall not gang alane ;
But I maun hae a wad o' him,
Before that we twa twine."

Sir Colvin being a book-learn'd man,
Sae good in fencing tee ;
He's drawn a stroke behind his hand,
And followed in speedilie.
Sae fierce a stroke Sir Colvin's drawn,
And followed in speedilie ;
The knight's brand and sword hand,
In the air he gar'd them flee.

It flew sae high into the sky,
And lighted on the ground ;
The rings that were on these fingers,
Were worth five hundred pound.
Up he has ta'en that bloody hand,
Set it before the king ;
And the morn it was Wednesday,
When he married his daughter Jean.

Young Peggy.

Moderately.

"O whare hae ye been, Peg - gy, Sae late, whare hae ye been? Ye've been in the gar - den walk - ing, And it sae late at e'en. Ye've been wi' that rogue, Ja - mie, Wha has sae sleek - it a tongue, That he trysts you out, Peg - gy, Though ye're sae ve - ry young."

This Air was also sung to a Ballad unsuitable for this Work, entitled "Lescraigie, or Sandy Fraser." Lescraigie is a farm in the neighbourhood of Turriff, Aberdeenshire. Some bars in it resemble a few parts in the foregoing Air. A copy of "Young Peggy" is given by Mr Kinloch in his collection of Ancient Scottish Ballads, London, 1827. The copy here given is merely fragmentary.

Young Peggy.

"O WHERE hae ye been, Peggy,
  Sae late, where hae ye been?
Ye've been in the garden walking,
  And it sae late at e'en.
Ye've been wi' that rogue, Jamie,
  Wha has sae sleekit a tongue,
That he trysts you out, Peggy,
  Though ye're sae very young."

But she has gane to her bower,
  And Jamie was there him leen:—
"I'm blythe to see you here, Jamie,
  For we maunna meet again."
She's tane the wine glass in her hand,
  Pour'd out the wine sae clear;
Says, "Here's your health and mine, Jamie,
  And we maun meet nae mair."

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  About the hour o' twa,
Its up bespak' her auld father,
  Says, "Peggy is awa'!—
Gae saddle to me the black horse,
  Gae saddle to me the grey!"
But ere they wan to the hill-tap,
  The wedding, it was a' bye.

There's nothing under the Moon I'd crave.

Slowly.

There's no-thing un - der the moon I'd crave, If you I had all

else I'd have; In lack of thee there is no thing That

rall. *tr*

to my mind con - tent can bring. But how can e - ven

bal - ance sort With a ly - ing tongue and a bad re - port, That

rall. *espress.*

goes betwixt my love and me: Yet oh! I can love none but thee.

This Air was arranged by the Editor in 1852 from the singing of the old woman, referred to in Volume I. p. 42. The croon is worthy of being preserved, whatever may be thought of the doleful words of the lover, which she sung to the Air. The simile of the "dove so chaste," that sits and mourns for its mate on a lonely tree, appears in different forms in some of the Buchan Ballads which the Editor has heard sung in his boyhood, and well delineates a disappointed or forsaken lover.

There's nothing under the Moon I'd crave.

THERE'S nothing under the moon I'd crave,
If you I had all else I'd have;
In lack of thee there is no thing
That to my mind content can bring.
But how can even balance sort
With a lying tongue and a bad report,
That goes betwixt my love and me:
Yet oh! I can love none but thee.

How happy might I now have been,
If your bonny face I'd never seen,
My captive heart would then been free;
But now it's chainèd fast by thee.
You have a thief in every eye,
That's stolen my tender heart away;
You have a thief upon your brow,
That causes my poor heart to rue.

Yet hard's your heart, harder than steel,
Colder than frost, that ice doth 'geal,—
Harder than is the hardest tree;
But still I can love none but thee.
There's many hills and many dales,
Betwixt where me and my love dwells;
But with a nimble foot I'll pass
O'er hills and dales to see my lass.

And I'll be like the dove so chaste,
That for its marrow can find no rest;
But sits and mourns on a lonely tree;
So in secret deep, love, I'll mourn for thee.
But mourn not, love, though we must part,
For unto you I leave my heart;
My heart I leave, love, unto you,
For to no other is my heart due.

As Jacky was trudging the Meadow along.

With spirit.

As Jacky was trudging the meadow a_long, And all things look'd charming and fair; He met a pretty maid as she walk_ed a_lone, And her face was all cov_er'd with care. And her face it was all cov_er'd with care. He ten_derly ask'd her what made her so sad, While all things were gay on the plain;— She an_swer'd and said, "I have lost my own lad, And I nev_er will be_hold him a_gain. And I nev_er will behold him a_gain."

rall. *sost.* *express.* *rall.* *sost.*

This beautiful Air, which appears to be English, and unpublished, as far as the Editor can find out, was arranged from the singing of the Editor's maternal grandfather with whom it was a great favourite, and also a favourite in Buchan. The Ballad is what his grandfather sung to the Air.

As Jacky was trudging the Meadow along.

As Jacky was trudging the meadow along,
  And all things looked charming and fair;
He met a pretty maid as she walked alone,
  And her face was all cover'd with care. And her face, &c.
He tenderly ask'd her what made her so sad,
  While all things were gay on the plain;—
She answer'd and said, "I have lost my own lad,
  And I never will behold him again." And I never, &c.

"Has he gone to the wars for a many long year?
  Or has he in battle been slain,
And gone to the place where we all must appear,
  That you ne'er will behold him again?" That you ne'er, &c.
"He's not gone to the wars for a many long year,
  Nor has he in battle been slain;
But he's over the plain with another fair maid,
  And I never will behold him again." And I never, &c.

He said, "Dry your tears and no more go a-mourning,
  Let him go since he's gone away;
And I'll be as constant, as constant can be,
  As constant as the sun to the day." As constant, &c.
He took out a 'kerchief, and wipèd her eyes,
  And sung her a song about care;
The maid lookèd blithe, as blithe could be,
  And no longer look'd like one in despair. And no longer, &c.

He said, "Can you forget the man that's so false,
  And wed now with one that is true?
If you'll be my bride, my love will ne'er decay;
  I will never love another one but you." I will never, &c.
And soon he was wed to this lovely young maid,
  In splendour they live, as we do hear;
And as they walk along they talk but of love,
  And she thinks him the lad for her care. And she thinks, &c.

Fair Annet.

Moderately.

Lord Tho - mas and fair An - - net Sat a' day on a hill; When night was come, and sun was set, They had not talk'd their fill. Lord Tho - mas said a word in jest, Fair An - net took it ill; "Ah! I will nev - er wed a wife A - gainst my ain friend's will.

This set of the Air is an arrangement from two copies sung in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff. Part of the Air is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book XII., and named "The Old Bard." A first strain is in "Johnson's Museum" to "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet." The Ballad was first published in Bishop Percy's Reliques, 1765, from a MS. transmitted to him from Scotland. He supposed that it was arranged from two English ones,—"Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor;" and "Fair Margaret and Sweet William;" others differ from him in this supposition and consider these Ballads only modernized abridgments of ancient metrical romances familiar among the Nations of Europe. See "Reliques;" and notes to "Johnson's Museum," on this Ballad.

Fair Annet.

LORD THOMAS and fair Annet
  Sat a' day on a hill;
When night was come, and sun was set,
  They had not talk'd their fill.
Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
  Fair Annet took it ill;
"Ah! I will never wed a wife
  Against my ain friends' will."

"Gif ye will never wed a wife,
  A wife will ne'er wed ye;"
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
  And knelt upon his knee.
"O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
  "A gude rede gi'e to me;
O shall I tak' the nut-brown bride,
  And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has gowd and gear,
  Fair Annet she's gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
  O it will soon be gane!"
Now I will tak' my mither's counsel,
  And marry me out o' hand;
And I will tak' the nut-brown bride,
  Fair Annet may leave the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father
  Twa hours 'ore it was day,
And he has gane into the bower,
  Wherein fair Annet lay.
"Rise up, rise up, fair Annet," he says,
  "Put on your silken sheen;
Let us gae to St Mary's kirk,
  And see that rich weddin'."

"My maids gae to my dressing-room,
  And dress to me my hair;
Whar'e'er ye laid a plait before,
  See ye lay ten times mair."
The horse fair Annet rade upon,
  He ambl'd like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
  Wi' burning gowd behind.

And when she cam' into the kirk,
  She shimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
  Was a' wi' pearls bedone.
She sat her by the nut-brown bride,
  And her e'en they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
  When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
  And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-brown bride,
  Laid it on fair Annet's knee.
Up then spak' the nut-brown bride;
  She spak' wi' meikle spite;—
"And whar' gat ye that rose-water,
  That does mak' ye sae white?"

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
  Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
  That word she never spak' mair.
Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,
  And marvell'd what mote be;
But when he saw her dear heart's blude,
  A' wood-wroth waxèd he.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
  That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-brown bride,
  That fell deid at his feet.
"Now stay for me, dear Annet," he said,
  "Now stay, my dear," he cry'd;
Then strake the dagger intil his heart,
  And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without the kirk-wa',
  Fair Annet within the quire,
And o' the tane there grew a birk,
  The other a bonnie brier.
And aye they grew, and aye they threw,
  As they would fain be near;
And by this ye may ken right well,
  They were twa lovers dear.

The Tailor Laddie.

Briskly.

The Tai - lor lad - die he cam' here, And vow but he was braw; He thoucht to steal our Jen - ny's heart, But could na' dee't a - va. He whiskit about and he whirlt a - bout his bonnie new claes to shaw; But Jenny gaed out wi' a great gaffaw, And said "Ye are fu' braw."

"O Jenny," said, he, I want to be spruce, when I gae out to woo; Sae come to the point, will ye be my bride, And mak' nae mair a - do? I hae a house weel plenish'd wi' gear, And workman mair than three; The on - ly comfort I want is just A sonsie guid-wife like thee!

This Air is given note for note as it was sent to the Editor's father in 1812 by a gentleman farmer in Buchan. The words were unpresentable and the Editor gives the accompanying. This gentleman will be referred to in future notes. He collected a number of traditional Airs.

The Tailor Laddie.

THE Tailor laddie he cam' here,
  And vow but he was braw;
He thoucht to steal our Jenny's heart,
  But could na' dee't ava.
He whiskit about and he whirlt about
  His bonnie new claes to shaw;
But Jenny gaed out wi' a great gaffaw,
  And said, "Ye are fu' braw."

"O Jenny," said he, "I like to be spruce,
  When I gae out to woo;
Sae, come to the point, will ye be my bride,
  And mak' nae mair ado?
I hae a house weel plenish't wi' gear,
  And workmen mair than three;
The only comfort I want is just
  A sonsie guidwife like thee."

Syne he thoucht he wad gie Jenny a smack,
  To shaw he was fu' fain;
But Jenny fortook him wi' a whack,
  Made the tailor roar out wi' pain.
"O Jenny," said he, "what makes ye sae crouse?
  I thoucht ye wad been kin';
But gin this be your way to woo,
  Ye just maun hae your min'.

"Though ye sae lichtlify me, I could get
  A wife as guid as thee;
Sae dinna be saucy though I am fain,
  For fear ye never get me."
"Gang hame," says Jenny, "ye'll ne'er be my man,
  Though father should swear't and mither;
For a tailor's nae man, as mony folk say,
  Shaw ye your new claes to anither!"

The Dying Soldier's Adieu.

Slow with feeling

Dear Peg - gy, this is the last let - ter I'll send, And our

long cor - re - - spon - dence is now at an end; I am

wound - ed through the bo - dy, and pain now en - dure, And the

rall.

pain, I lie un - der, no sur - geon can cure.

This Air is given note for note as sung to "The Dying Soldier's Adieu." It appears to be the simple original of two Airs in the first Volume of this Work, viz. "The Blaeberries," p. 150, and "The Plains of Waterloo," p. 266. It was noted by the Editor in 1852 from the singing of a native of Buchan. He has been unable to find out the history of the touching and mournful ditty to which the Air was sung. It was a great favourite with the populace in Buchan, and the Editor often heard it sung in his young days by different ballad singers.

The Dying Soldier's Adieu.

DEAR PEGGY, this is the last letter I'll send,
And our long correspondence is now at an end;
I am wounded through the body, and pain now endure,
And the pain, I lie under, no surgeon can cure.

I write this short letter as I lie on the ground;
While the blood, like a fountain, runs out from my wound;
I stop it with my napkin to gain as much time,
As write to you, Peggy, these few lines in rhyme.

When you read this last letter, my dear, do not fret,
Since you know its our duty to yield to our fate;
For life is like a shadow, as I now find true;
And my only regret is the parting from you.

Although I lie dying, one comfort I have,
That it is for my country I go to my grave.
And now, dearest Peggy, adieu for evermore!
Adieu all my relations on Britain's fair shore!

The Earl of Douglas and Dame Oliphant.

Moderately.

Young Wil_lie was an earl's ae son, An earl's ae son was he; And he is on to fair Eng_land, To serve for meat and fee. But it was not for meat and fee That Wil_lie hied him there; But for his love to O_li_phant, Of beau_ty bright and rare.

This Air was arranged from a copy procured in Aberdeenshire. The Ballad here given to the Air is epitomized from one in "The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland," Glasgow, 1871, which is abridged, with emendations, from Mr Buchan's copy, first given from recitation in Buchan 1828. It is supposed to refer to the second marriage of "William de Douglas, called the Hardy." If this be right, the name of the heroine ought to be Eleanor, not Oliphant. In Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, Eleanor is said to have been widow of William Ferrers of Groby, in the County of Leicester, a younger son of William Earl of Derby. She went to Scotland, after her husband's death, to obtain her dowry of the lands belonging to her through her husband, and being at Tranent, she was forcibly carried away from thence by William de Douglas. King Edward, I. in 1290-1, in consideration of his paying a fine of one hundred pounds, granted to Douglas, "the benefit of her marriage." In a MS. collection of records the second wife of William Ferrers, who died 16th Edward I. is stated to have been "Comitissa de Fife, in Scotia, vidua Colbani et mater Macduffi, Comitum de Fife." See Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, second edition, edited by J. P. Wood, Vol. I. p. 420.

The Earl of Douglas and Dame Oliphant.

YOUNG WILLIE was an earl's ae son,
An earl's ae son was he;
And he is on to fair England,
To serve for meat and fee.
But it was not for meat and fee
That Willie hied him there;
But for his love to Oliphant,
Of beauty bright and rare.

Now, it fell ance upon a day,
That Oliphant thought lang;
And she went on to good greenwood,
As fast as she cou'd gang.
Willie he stood in his chamber door,
In a love-musing mood,
And spy'd fair Lady Oliphant,
As she hied to the wood.

He took his bow and arrows keen,
His sword baith braid and lang;
And he is on to good greenwood,
As fast as he cou'd gang.
And there he found fair Oliphant,
Asleep beneath a tree;
But up she started at his step,
And thus in fear cry'd she:

"O hold away from me, young man,
Hold far away from me;
I fear you are some false young knight,
Beguiles young ladies free."
"I am not such a false young knight,
As you fear me to be;
I am young Willie of Douglas-dale
And dearly I love thee."

"If you are Willie of Douglas-dale,
Your love is dear to me,
For oft I think, and in my sleep
Full oft I dream, of thee."
"O Oliphant, dear Oliphant,
A king's daughter are ye;
But would you leave your father's court,
To live and die with me?"

"O, I would leave my father's court,
Let weal or woe betide;
For I would range the warld o'er,
If you were by my side."
When they came on to Willie's yetts,
Beyond the Solway sea,
The news of their arrival spread
Like wild fire o'er the lea.

Then many a stout and stalwart knight,
And many a stately dame,
The lord and lady of Douglas-dale
With joy did welcome hame.
Earl Willie and fair Oliphant
Lang happy lived, I ween,
Ere in the kirk of sweet Saint Bride,
Their graves grew fresh and green.

Burd Isbel and Sir Patrick.

Moderately.

Sir Pat_rick dress'd in best ar - ray, His gowd rod in his hand; Gaed on to fair Burd Is_bel's bow'r, As fast as he could gang. "O. how is this, Burd Is - bel, So ill ye've us - ed me? What gart you an - ger my grand aunt, That I did send to thee?"

This Air was arranged by the Editor from the singing of the old woman "Jenny Meesic" referred to in the note, Vol. 1. p. 42, who sung it to "Burd Isbel and Sir Patrick." The words she sung to the Air were, as far as the Editor can remember, like those given by Mr Buchan in "Ballads of the North," Vol. 1. p. 76. The Air can be traced through this woman's relations far into the last century. It appears, from its tonality, to be an ancient Air; and its being sung for long to "Burd Isbel and Sir Patrick" indicates that the Ballad is also ancient. Only a few verses of the Ballad are given.

Burd Isbel and Sir Patrick.

SIR PATRICK dress'd in best array,
His gowd rod in his hand,
Gaed on to fair Burd Isbel's bower,
As fast as he cou'd gang.
"O how is this, Burd Isbel,
So ill you've usèd me?
What gart you anger my grand aunt,
That I did send to thee?"

"If I hae anger'd your grand aunt,
O then sae lat it be;
I said naething to your grand aunt,
But what I'll say to thee.
I would fain see the one, I said,
O' low station or mean,
Wou'd take my bairn frae my foot
Whom I own to be mine."

"O if I had some counsellors here,
And clerks to seal the band,
I wou'd infeft your son, this day,
In the third part o' my land."
"I ha'e two cousins, Scottish clerks,
Wi' quills into their hand,
And ye'll infeft my son, this day,
In the third part o' your land."

Then he call'd in her Scottish clerks,
Wi' quills into their hand;
And he's infeft his son that day
In the third part o' his land.
To ane o' these young clerks she spoke,
Clerk John it was his name;
Says, "Of my son I give you charge
Till I return again.

"Ye'll take here my son, clerk John,
Learn him to dance and sing;
And I will to some unco land,
Drive love out of my mind.
And ye'll take here my son, clerk John,
Learn him to hunt the roe;
And I will to some unco land,—
Now let Sir Patrick go."

The Farewell.

Slowly. Air — Alas! that ever I was Born.

Far, far from hope, and lost to plea_sure. I haste a_way to war's alarms! And sad I leave my souls dear trea_sure, All for the dis_mal din of arms. But, ah! for thee I fol_low glo_ry, To gain thy love I dare to die; And when my com_rades tell my sto_ry, Thou shalt la_ment me with a sigh.

This Air (pentatonic) was arranged by the Editor's father from the way it was sung in Buchan to the song from which it takes its title. The composition is of little merit, as may be seen from the following first eight lines: —

Alas that ever I was born,
Or ever in my cradle tied,
To court sae lang a bonny lassie,
And after a' to be denied.

I am a poor apprentice laddie,
Just working for my penny fee,
My love's a proud high-minded lassie,
And thinks hersel' better than me."

The Air is here given to a song by Mrs John Hunter, wife of the celebrated anatomist and physiologist, John Hunter, brother to William Hunter, who founded the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. She was the eldest daughter of Robert Home of Greenlaw in Berwickshire, a surgeon in the army, — was born in 1742, married in 1771, and died in 1821. A Volume of her poems, dedicated to her son, was published in London in 1802. A few words are added to the song, here given, to make it suit the rhythm of the Air. It must have been sung to words more ancient than the specimen given, as it is pentatonic and apparently ancient.

The Farewell.

FAR, far from hope, and lost to pleasure,
  I haste away to war's alarms!
And sad I leave my soul's dear treasure,
  All for the dismal din of arms.
But, ah! for thee I follow glory,
  To gain thy love I dare to die;
And when my comrades tell my story,
  Thou shalt lament me with a sigh.

When all my griefs will then be over,
  And sunk in death's eternal rest;
You may regret a faithful lover,
  Though you refuse to make him blest.
Bestow a tear of kind compassion
  To grace a hapless soldier's tomb;
And, ah! forgive a fatal passion,
  Which reason could not overcome.

The Earl of Mar's Daughter.

Briskly.

It was in - til a plea - sant time, Up - on a sim - mer's day, The

no - ble Earl of Mar's daugh - ter Went forth to sport and play. As

thus she did a - muse her - sel' Be - low a green aik tree, There

she did see a spright - ly doo Set on a tow'r sae hie.

The Editor arranged this Air from the way it was sung in Buchan. The first part of the first strain resembles the Air in Vol. I. p. 144. The Ballad, which is here epitomized, was first given to the public by Mr Buchan. The following quotations are taken from his note. "In the oriental courts of the ancients, magic was a favourite study;" and "till within" a comparatively recent period, "a belief in magic and witchcraft was cherished, not only by the ignorant, but the learned, in our own" and other European countries. In Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca, and in various parts of Italy, there were, during the middle ages, "public schools where magic was taught." In our own country, the names of Merlin, Michael Scot, Lord Soulis, Thomas the Rhymer and Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstone, are famous on account of their alleged magical and supernatural gifts. The early literature and mythology of all nations show a belief in metamorphosis and transformations of mortals and immortals into birds, beasts, fishes, and other forms. If the Ballad is as ancient as the title of Mar, it must be very old, seeing, as Lord Hailes says, the title of Mar is one of the Earldoms whose origin is lost in antiquity. See "Ballads of the North," I. 49, "The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland," p. 98.

The Earl of Mar's Daughter.

It was intil a pleasant time,
  Upon a simmer's day,
The noble Earl of Mar's daughter
  Went forth to sport and play.
As thus she did amuse hersel'
  Below a green aik tree,
There she did see a sprightly doo
  Set on a tower sae hie.

"O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,
  If ye'll come down to me,
Ye'se hae a cage of gude red gowd,
  Instead of simple tree."
But she had not these words well spoke,
  Nor yet these words well said,
Till Cow-me-doo flew frae the tower,
  And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
  Hame to her bowers and hall,
And made him shine as fair a bird
  As ony of them all.
When day was gone and night was come,
  About the evening tide,
This lady spied a sprightly youth
  Stand straight up by her side.

"From whence come ye, young man?" she said,
  "That does surprise me sair:
My door was bolted right secure;
  What way ha'e ye come here?"
"My mither lives on foreign isles,
  She has nae mair but me;
She is a queen of wealth and state,
  And birth, and high degree.

"Likewise well skilled in magic spells,
  As ye may plainly see;
And she transformed me to yon shape,
  To charm such maids as thee.
And it is but this very day
  That I came o'er the sea;
Your lovely face did me enchant:
  I'll live and dee with thee."

And he has staid in bower with her
  For twenty years and three;
Then came a lord of high renown
  To court this fair ladye.
But still his proffer she refused,
  And all his presents too;
Says—"I'm content to live alane,
  With my bird, Cow-me-doo."

Her father sware a solemn oath
  Amang the nobles all,—
"The morn, 'ore e'er I eat or drink,
  This bird I kill it shall."
The bird was sitting in his cage,
  And heard what they did say;
And when he found they were dismiss'd,
  Says—"Waes me for this day."

Then Cow-me-doo took flight and flew
  Beyond the raging sea;
And lighted near his mither's castle,
  On a tower of gowd sae hie.
"Get dancers here to dance," she said,
  "And minstrels for to play;
For here's my young son, Florentine,
  Come here with me to stay."

"Instead of dancers to dance, mither,
  Or minstrels for to play,
Turn four-and-twenty wall-wight men,
  Like storks in feathers gray;
My seven sons to seven swans,
  Aboon their heads to flee;
And I, mysel', a gay gos-kawk,
  A bird of high degree."

Then sighin', said the queen hersel',
  "That thing's too high for me;"
But she applied to an auld woman,
  Who had mair skill than she.
Instead of dancers to dance a dance,
  Or minstrels for to play,
Four-and-Twenty wall-wight men,
  Turn'd birds with feathers gray;

Her seven sons to seven swans,
  Aboon their heads to flee;
And he, himsel', a gay gos-kawk,
  A bird of high degree.
This flock of birds took flight and flew
  Beyond the raging sea;
And landed near the Earl Mar's Castle,
  Took shelter in every tree.

These birds ascended frae the tree,
  And lighted on the hall;
And at the last with force did flee
  Amang the nobles all.
The storks there seiz'd some of the men,
  They could neither fight nor flee;
The swans they bound the bride's best man
  Below a green aik tree.

They lighted next on maidens fair,
  Then on the bride's own head;
And with the twinkling of an e'e
  The bride and them were fled.
There's ancient men at weddings been
  For sixty years or more;
But sic a curious wedding day
  They never saw before.

The Ingle Side.

Moderately.

Air — Maybe I'll be married yet.

It's rare to see the morn-ing bleeze, Like a bon-fire frae the sea; It's fair to see the bur-nie kiss The lip o' the flow'-ry lea; An' fine it is in the green hill-side, When hums the hin-ny bee; But rar-er, fair-er, fin-er far, Is the in-gle side to me.

This Air has been long a favourite in the three north-eastern Counties. A copy different from the above is in Maver's Collection, Nº 413. The Editor has often heard it sung in his young days, the second strain being occasionally used as a refrain. The only words he remembers are the lines that give the title to the Air. —

"Oh, maybe I'll be married yet
And maybe I'll win hame;
And maybe I'll be married yet
To the lad I darna name."

The Air was occasionally sung to "Errol's Place," or "The Countess of Errol." "The Ingle side" is written by Hugh Ainslie. Blackie's Songs, p. 396.

The Ingle Side.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze,
  Like a bonfire frae the sea ;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
  The lip o' the flow'ry lea ;
An' fine it is in the green hill-side,
  When hums the hinny bee ;
But rarer, fairer, finer far,
  Is the ingle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
  The birds may fill the tree ;
And haughs ha'e a' the scented ware,
  That simmer's growth can gie ;
But the canty hearth where cronies meet,
  An' the darling o' our e'e,
That mak's to us a warld complete ;
  O, the ingle side's for me.

The Flower of France and England, O.

Air — Nancy Vernon.

Briskly.

As I was on my ram - bles, I came from Do - ver to Car-lisle; The town was full of re - bels, You might have heard them for a mile. I call - ed at "The Grapes" to see What en - ter - tain - ment I could find; Not be - ing brisk, I ran the risk, And call - ed for a pint of wine, And *rall.* saw a smil - ing bon - ny lass, The *sosten.* flow'r of France and Eng - land, O.

The Air here given is a set of the Irish Air "Nancy Vernon." The Ballad has been long a favourite in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff. Its date is apparently the middle of the last century, as it refers to Prince Charlie's men at Carlisle in Nov. 1745. The poetaster does not appear to have been a Jacobite, seeing he calls Charlie's men "rebels." The Editor has been unable to discover what Lord and Lady at Balquidder Braes are referred to in the Ballad. It and the Air were written from the singing of "Jamie Coul," alluded to in the note Vol. 1. p. 94.

The Flower of France and England, O.

As I was on my rambles,
I came from Dover to Carlisle ;
The town was full of rebels,
You might have heard them for a mile.
I callèd at "The Grapes" to see
What entertainment I could find ;
Not being brisk, I ran the risk,
And callèd for a pint o' wine,
And saw a smiling bonny lass,
The flower of France and England, O.

As all were in a hurry,
I for a private room did call ;
They sent to me the cadie,
The boy that rings the morning bell ;
But in there came this brisk young dame,
And said, "Kind sir, come follow me ;
It is not fit for you to sit
Among such roving company :—
You hearty smiling bonny lad,
The flower of France and England, O."

She led me to a private room,
Where everything was neat and clean ;
And said, "Young man it is but fit,
You should have somewhat on to dine."
The table then she coverèd,
And dinner soon she did bring in.
She look'd not like an idle slut,
Nor one that was not taught to spin :—
The hearty smiling bonny lass,
The flower of France and England, O.

But I could take no dinner,
For thinking on the pretty maid ;
And, if I could but win her,
I would not care how lang I staid.
I rang the bell, she heard the knell,
And soon to me she did repair.
I said, "My dear, the table's drawn,
Sit down by me upon this chair,—
My hearty smiling bonny lass,
The flower of France and England, O."

She said, "Young man you are as bad
As any in the house this night ;
For they are drunk, and you are mad,
Or else you would not speak the like.
Take up the cup, and drink it up,
And drive such fancies out by sleep ;
For if you dream you had me wed,
I'm sure you would rise up and weep,
You hearty smiling bonny lad,
The flower of France and England, O."

I could not fall a-sleeping,
For thinking on the bonny lass,
That spent some time a-scouring
Among the pewter and the brass.
I rang the bell, she heard the knell,
And soon to me she did repair ;
Said I, "We'll to St Mary's Church,
And there we will undo our care,
My hearty smiling bonny lass,
The flower of France and England, O."

We went unto St Mary's,
And there the priest the knot did tie ;
I hièd home my bonny bride,
As fast as ever I could hie.
Through Scotland broad, we took the road,
Until we came to Balquidder braes ;
The servants all did skip and dance,
To see their Lord, and Lady's face,
The hearty smiling bonny lass,
The flower of France and England, O.

We spent some days a-feasting
Among our friends and neighbours all,
The bride did think't no jesting,
When they did on the lady call.
Now she's a lady frank and free,
And needs no more to toil or spin ;
And all her friends may bless the day,
That e'er I came "The Grapes" within
To get a hearty smiling lass,
The flower of France and England, O.

Will ye go to the Hielans, Geordie?

Briskly.

"Will ye go to the Hie-lans, my bon-ny lad, Will ye go to the Hie - lans,

Geor - die? Though ye tak' the high road, and I tak' the low, I will be in the Hie - lans a -

fore ye." He had - na been in the high Hie - lans A

month but bare - ly twa, O; Till he was laid in

pri - son strong, For hunt - ing the king's deer and rae, O.

The Ballad and Air referred to in the note, Vol. 1. p. 52 are here given. They were long favourites in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff. The one given in Vol. 1. is localized to Gight in Buchan; here it is localized to "The Bog o' Gight," "Bonny Castle-Gordon," on the banks of the "rapid Spey." Some suppose it to refer to the disfavour in which George, fourth Earl of Huntly, was held at Court for his failure to punish, and his supposed complicity with, John Muderach, a Chief of the Mac Ronalds, and a notorious robber, who committed many depredations at that time. Buchanan, in his History of Scotland, narrates the particulars. George, fourth Earl, succeeded his grandfather, in 1523, and was father of the famous "three daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean," mentioned in the favourite Ballad. He was killed at the battle of Corichie, in 1563. See Gordon's "History of the Gordons."

Will ye go to the Hielans, Geordie?

"WILL ye go to the Hielans, my bonny lad,
Will ye go to the Hielans, Geordie?
Though ye tak' the high road, and I tak' the low,
I will be in the Hielans afore ye."
He hadna been in the high Hielans,
A month but barely twa, O;
Till he was laid in prison strong,
For hunting the king's deer and rae, O.

"O where will I get a bonny, bonny boy,
That will run my errand cannie;
And gae quickly on to the bonny Bog o' Gight
Wi' a letter to my lady."
"O here am I a bonny, bonny boy,
That will run your errand cannie;
And will gae on to the bonny Bog o' Gight,
Wi' a letter to your lady."

When she did get this broad letter,
A licht, licht laugh gae she, O;
But before she read it to an end
The saut tear was in her e'e, O.
"O, has he robb'd, or has he stown,
Or has he killèd ony?
Or what is the ill that he has done,
That he's gaun to be hang'd sae shortly?"

"He hasna robb'd, he hasna stown,
He hasna killèd ony;
But he has hunted the king's deer and rae,"
And he will be hangèd shortly."
"Come saddle to me the bonny brown steed,
For the black never rade sae bonny;
And I will gae on to Edinboro' town
To borrow the life o' my Geordie."

The first water-side that she cam' to,
The boatman wasna ready;
She gae anither skipper half-a-crown,
To boat her o'er the ferry.
When she cam' on to Edinboro' town,
The poor stood thick and mony;
She dealt them money roun' and roun',
Bade them pray for the life o' her Geordie.

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stair,
She saw there nobles mony;
And ilka noble stood hat on head,
But hat in hand stood Geordie.
Then out it spak' an' English lord,
And vow but he spake bonny,—
"If ye pay down ten thousand crouns,
Ye'll get the life o' your Geordie."

Some gae her marks, some gae her crouns,
Some gae her guineas rarely;
Till she paid down ten thousand crouns,
And she got the life o' her Geordie.
Then out it spak' an Irish lord,
O wae befa' his body,—
"It's a pity the knicht didna lose his head,
That I micht hae gotten his lady."

But out it spak' the lady hersel',
And vow but she spak' bonny,—
"The pock-marks are on your Irish face,
You could not compare wi' my Geordie."
When she was in the saddle set,
And on ahint her Geordie,
The bird on the bush ne'er sang sae sweet,
As she sung to her love Geordie:—

"First I was mistress o' bonny Auchindown,
And then I was lady o' a' Cairnie;
But now I have come to the bonny Bog o' Gight
The wife o' my true love Geordie.
If I were in the high Hielans,
I would hear the white kye lowing;
But I'd rather be on the bonny banks o' Spey
To see the fish boaties rowing."

The Flower o' Northumberland.

Briskly.

A maid pass'd by the pri - son door, (Maid's love whiles is ea - sy won;) She saw a pri-son-er stand-ing there, And wishing to be in fair Scot-land. "O, fair maid, will ye pi - ty me? (Maid's love whiles is ea - sy won;) Ye'll steal the keys, let me gang free, I'll make you my la-dy in fair Scot-land."

This Air was noted from singing in Buchan, as also the one to the same Ballad given in the appendix. The Ballad appears in different forms; and the fact of its having two Airs sung to it in the same district would indicate its popularity. Buchan gives a copy of the Ballad under the name, "The Betrayed Lady." "Ballads of the North." Vol. II. p. 208. Motherwell in his "Minstrelsy" (1827) gives an Air Nº 2. "The Flower of Northumberland," different from either of the two given in this work.

The Flower o' Northumberland.

A MAID pass'd by the prison door,
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
She saw a prisoner standing there,
And wishing to be in fair Scotland.
" O, fair maid, will ye pity me ?
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
Ye'll steal the keys, let me gang free,
I'll make you my lady in fair Scotland."

" I'm sure ye hae nae need o' me,
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
For ye hae a wife and bairns three,
That live at home in fair Scotland."
Then by a sacred oath he's sworn,
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
He ne'er had a wife since he was born,
But liv'd a free lord in fair Scotland.

She went into her father's room,
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
And mony a key from it she's stown,
And let him out of prison strong.
She went into her father's stable,
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
And stown a steed baith wight and able,
To carry them on to fair Scotland.

They rade till they came to a moss,
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
He bade her light aff her father's best horse,
And return again to Northumberland.
When she gaed back to her father's ha',
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
She looted her low amongst them a',
Though she was the flower o' Northumberland.

Out spoke her father, he spoke bold,
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
" How could you do so at fifteen years old,
And you the flower o' Northumberland ? "
Out spoke her mother, she spoke with a smile,
(Maids' love whiles is easy won ;)
" She's nae the first he has tried to beguile,
Ye're welcome back to Northumberland."

Captain Wedderburn.

Slowly.

The Laird of Ros_lin's daugh_ter Walk'd through the wood her lane; And

by cam' Cap_tain Wed_der_burn, A ser_vant to the king. He

says my pret_ty la_dy, I pray, lend me your hand, And

ye'll ha'e drums and trum_pets Al_ways at your com_mand."

This Air is given note for note as sung by the Editor's maternal-grandfather to "Captain Wedderburn." The Editor has been unable to discover what Ballad or song it was sung to, before being sung latterly to "The Laird of Roslin's daughter." There are only a few verses of the very long song given here, as it is quite unsuited for this Work. It is in "Blackie's Book of Scottish Songs," p. 70. Whitelaw says, "This diverting ditty was at one time very popular among the country people of Scotland. It can be traced no farther back than to the "New British Songster," a collection published at Falkirk in 1785."

Captain Wedderburn.

THE Laird of Roslin's daughter
  Walk'd through the wood her lane;
And by cam' Captain Wedderburn,
  A servant to the king.
He says, "My pretty lady,
  I pray, lend me your hand,
And ye'll ha'e drums and trumpets
  Always at your command."

"Oh! haud awa' frae me," she said,
  "And pray let gae my hand;
The supper bell it will be rung;
  I can nae langer stand."
"But," said the pretty lady,
  "I pray tell me your name."
"My name is Captain Wedderburn,
  A servant to the king."

He lichtit aff his milk-white steed,
  And set this lady on;
And a' the way he walked on foot,
  He held her by the hand.
Little kenned Girzie Sinclair,
  That morning when she rase,
That this wad be the hindermost
  O' a' her single days.

My Fiddle and Me.

Cheerfully.

Air — I can love little.

O nature is bon_nie and blythsome to see, Wi' the gowd on her brow, and the light in her e'e; An'

rall. *sosten.*

sweet is her sum_mer sang rol_lin' in glee, As it thrills the heart-strings o' my fid_dle and me. When the

young morning blinks through a_mang the black cluds, And the south-land breeze rustles out through the green wuds; The

tr *rall.* *sosten.*

lark in the lift, and the merl on the tree, Baith strike the key - note to my fid_dle and me.

This Air was arranged by the Editor from the singing of a Native of the Enzie, Banffshire, who merely had the Air, but not the words to which it was sung, and could only repeat the first two lines of the song! —

I can love little, and I can love none,
I can love any one for a short time.

The Editor has adapted the Air to "My fiddle and me," by James Ballantine from the "Gaberlunzie Wallet," a work beautifully illustrated, and containing many poetical pieces full of genuine Scottish humour and pathos. See "Blackie's Scottish Songs," p. 179.

My Fiddle and Me.

O NATURE is bonnie and blythsome to see,
Wi' the gowd on her brow, and the light in her e'e;
  An' sweet is her summer sang rollin' in glee,
  As it thrills the heart-strings o' my fiddle and me.
When the young morning blinks through amang the black cluds,
And the southland breeze rustles out through the green wuds;
  The lark in the lift, and the merl on the tree,
  Baith strike the key-note to my fiddle an me.

When amang the crisp heather upon the hill side,
Mine e'e fu' o' rapture, my soul fu' o' pride;
  The wee heather-lintie and wild hinnie bee
  A' join in the strain wi' my fiddle and me.
At kirn or at weddin', at tryst or at fair,
There's nae saul-felt music unless we be there;
  Wi' a spark in my heart, an' a drap in my e'e,
  The vera floor loups to my fiddle an' me.

E'en now when the cauld drift sweeps ower the bleak hill,
An' mony stout hearts sink beneath the fell chill,
  What keeps my puir callant alive on my knee,
  But twa-three blythe staves frae my fiddle and me.
My fiddle's my life-spring, my fiddle's my a',
She clings to me close when a' else are awa';
  Time may force friends to part, he may wyle faes to gree,
  Death only can part my auld fiddle and me.

John Thomson and the Turk.

Briskly.

John Thom_son fought a_gainst the Turks, Three years, in_til a far coun_trie; And all that time and something mair, Was ab_sent from his gay la_die. But it fell ance up_on a time, As this young chief_tain sat a_lane, He spied his la_dy in rich ar_ray, As she walk'd ower a ru_ral plain.

This beautiful bagpipe Air, sung to "John Thomson and the Turk," was noted by the Editor's father from singing in Buchan. It appears to be a Buchan pipe Air. With regard to the Ballad, Mr. Motherwell says, it "is of respectable antiquity." Colville, in the "Scotch Hudibras," refers twice to "John Thomson:"—

"We read in greatest warriors' lives
They oft were rulèd by their wives, &c.
And so the imperious Roxalan
Made the great Turk Johne Thomson's man."

And again—

"—And, these we ken,
Have ever been Johne Thomson's men,
That is still rulèd by their wives."

In some parts of Scotland, and also in the district where the Ballads in this work were sung, when a company were seated sociably together, and a neighbour came in, the usual welcome was—"Come awa, we're a' Jock Tamson's bairns." Two of the stanzas of the Ballad were known to Dr. Leyden; and he published them in his work, "The Complaynt of Scotland." See Motherwell's "Minstrelsy," appx. p. IX.

John Thomson and the Turk.

JOHN THOMSON fought against the Turks,
Three years, intil a far countrie ;
And all that time and something mair,
Was absent from his gay ladie.
But it fell ance upon a time,
As this young chieftain sat alane,
He spied his lady in rich array,
As she walk'd ower a rural plain.

"What brought you here, my lady gay,
So far awa' from your ain countrie?
I have thought lang, and very lang,
And all for your fair face to see."
For some days she did with him stay,
Till it fell ance upon a day ;
"Oh, fareweel, for a time," she said,
"For now I must boun hame away."

He's gi'en to her a jewel fine,
Was set with pearl and precious stane ;
Says, "My love, beware of these savages bold,
That's in your way as ye gang hame.
Ye'll tak' the road, my lady fair,
That leads you fair across the lea ;
That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,
And likewise from base Violentrie."

Wi' heavy heart thir twa did pairt,
She mintet as she would gae hame ;
Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,
But to base Violentrie she's gane.
When a twelvemonth had expired,
John Thomson he thought wondrous lang,
And he has written a braid letter,
And sealed it weel wi' his ain hand.

But the answer he received again—
The lines did grieve his heart right sair ;
Nane of her friends there had her seen,
For a twelvemonth and something mair.
Then he put on a palmer's weed,
And took a pike-staff in his hand ;
To Violentrie's castell he hied,
But slowly, slowly he did gang.

When within the hall he came,
He jook'd and couch'd out ower his tree—
"If ye be lady of this hall,
Some of your good bountith gi'e me."
"What news, what news, palmer," she said,
"And from what countrie cam' ye?"
"I'm lately come from Grecian plains,
Where lies some of the Scots armie."

"If ye be come from Grecian plains,
Some mair news I will ask of thee—
Of one of the chieftains that lies there,
If he's lately seen his gay ladie."
With that he threw aff his strange disguise,
Laid by the mask that he had on ;
Said, "Hide me now, my lady fair,
For Violentrie will soon be hame."

"For the love I bore thee ance,
I'll strive to hide you if I can."
Then she put him down in a dark cellar,
Where there lay many a new-slain man.
But he hadna in the cellar been,
Not an hour but barely three,
When hideous was the noise he heard,
As in at the gate came Violentrie.

"That Scots chieftain, our mortal fae,
Sae aft frae field has made me flee,
Ten thousand zechins this day I'd give
That I his face could only see."
"Oh, that same gift now give to me,
I fairly hold you at your word—
That chieftian's face you soon will see ;
Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord."

Then from the vault John Thomson came,
Wringing his hands most piteouslie;
"What would you do," the Turk he cried,
"If ye had me as I hae thee?"
"If I had you as ye have me,
I'll tell you what I'd do to thee ;
I'd hang you up in good green wood,
And cause your ain hand wale the tree."

Then to the wood they baith are gane ;
John Thomson clamb frae tree to tree,
And aye he sigh'd and said,—"Och hone !
Here comes the day that I must dee."
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And he has blawn baith loud and shrill ;
And then three thousand armed men
Cam' tripping all out ower the hill.

"Oh, mercy, mercy, good fellows all,
Mercy, I pray you'll grant to me ;"
"Such mercy as you meant to give,
Such mercy we shall give to thee."
The Turk they in his castle burnt,
That stood upon yon hill so hie ;
John Thomson's gay ladye they took
And hang'd her on the greenwood tree !

Nathaniel Gordon.

Sprightly.

"O wi - dow will you mar - ry me, And vow ye'll be my dar - ling;" She said, "I'll nev - er marry thee, Ye may gae back to Stir - ling." But she has chang'd her mind a - gain, Wish'd for Na - tha - niel Gor - don; And she's gane to yon bor - row's town, The bor - row's town o' Stir - ling.

This Air appears to be of a composite character. Mr Buchan gives a copy of the Ballad, II. 54. Sir Walter Scott, in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," Vol. II. p. 45, says—"This gentleman was of the ancient family of Gordon of Gight. He had served, as a soldier, on the Continent, and acquired great military skill. When his chief, the Marquis of Huntly, took up arms in 1640, Nathaniel Gordon, then called Major Gordon, joined him, and was of essential service during that short insurrection." He left the service of the Marquis, and afterwards served under Montrose, from whose standard he deserted, and reconciled himself to the kirk, by doing penance for his many sins. This appeared to be an artifice, to arrange a correspondence between Montrose and Lord Gordon, a gallant young nobleman, representative of the Huntly family, and inheriting their loyal spirit, though hitherto engaged in the service of the covenant. Nathaniel Gordon returned to Montrose's camp with his converted chief. Both followed Montrose, until Lord Gordon fell in the battle of Alford, and Nathaniel Gordon was taken at Philiphaugh. He was one of ten loyalists, devoted, upon that occation, by the parliament, to expiate with their blood the crime of fidelity to their king. Nathaniel Gordon was the first brought to execution. He lamented the sins of his youth, and was beheaded on the 6th of January, 1646.

Nathaniel Gordon

"O WIDOW, will you marry me,
  And vow ye'll be my darling;"
She said, "I'll never marry thee,
  Ye may gae back to Stirling."

But she has chang'd her mind again,
  Wish'd for Nathaniel Gordon;
And she's gane to yon borrow's town,
  The borrow's town o' Stirling.

When she gaed out at the town end
  The sodgers were a' marching;
She turn'd her right and round about,
  And spied Nathaniel Gordon.

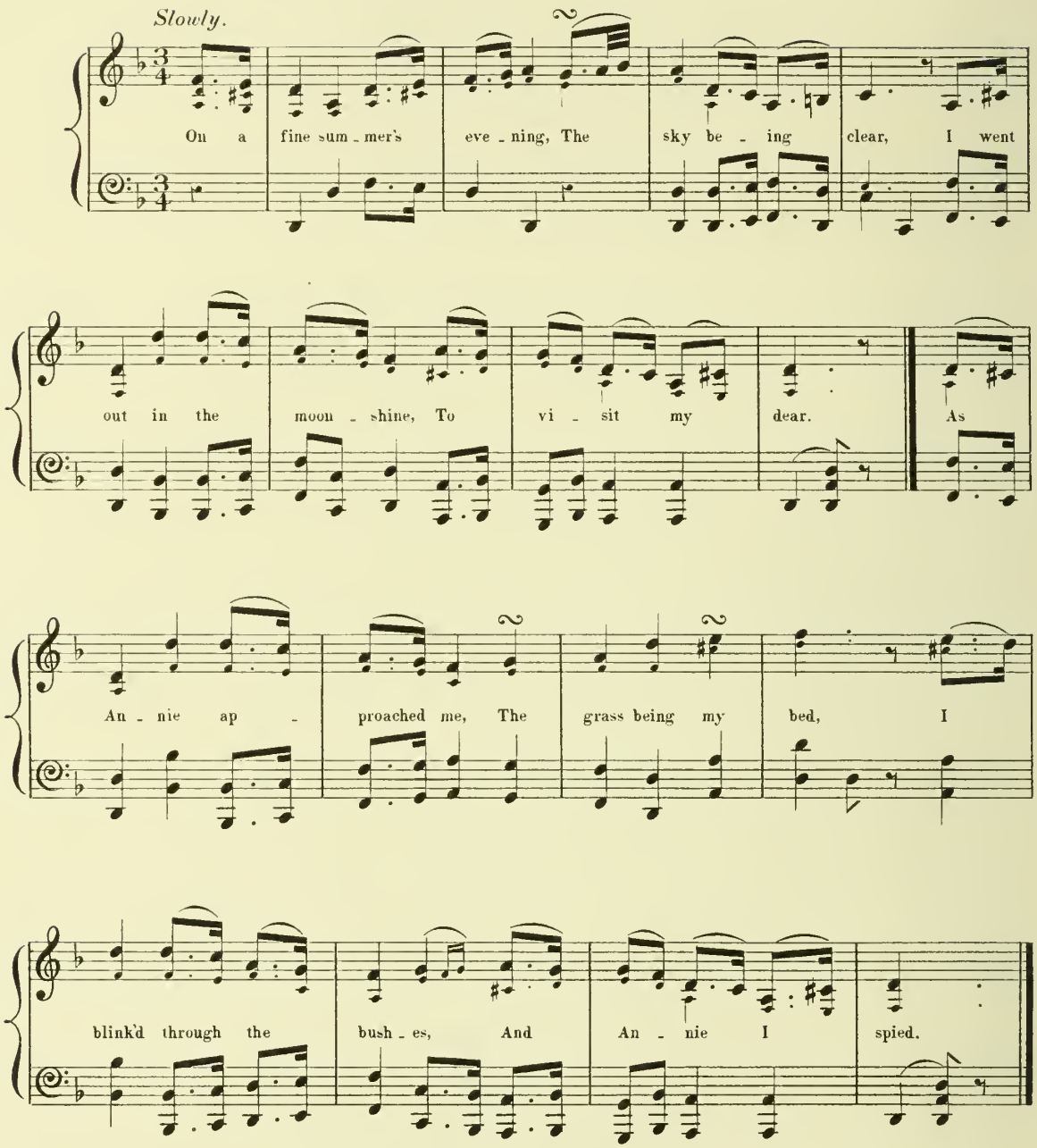
"O mind ye not, young man," she said,
  "Sin' you were on our border;
Ye vow'd that ye would marry me,
  My bonny Nathaniel Gordon."

"If I did vow to marry you,
  My dow, but and my dawty;
And if I vow'd to marry you,
  I'm sure I'se nae be fauty."

"I'll tak' ye in at yon church-door,
  Because ye're wet and weary,
And hae ye ben to yon church end,
  And marry you, my deary."

"O widow, ye have married me,
  And are my only darling;
And so I've kept my vow to you;
  Ye've follow'd me to Stirling."

Bruce's Lines.



The Editor arranged this Air from the singing of a native of the Parish of Monquhitter, from whose singing the words were also taken. It was a great favourite in the district. Who "Bruce" was, the composer of the "Lines," the Editor has been unable to discover. In the end of the last century, and the beginning of the present, it was a favourite mode of title, that poetasters gave to their poetical effusions, in the North-Eastern district of Scotland viz.—their own names with their lines, such as "Bruce's Lines," and "Dustan's Lines," the first stanza of which is given in Vol. I. p. 214. "'Twas one Thursday's evening I went out at late." These effusions were generally of very little merit as is seen by the one here given: but the beautiful Airs to which they were sung gave them popularity.

Bruce's Lines.

On a fine summer evening,
  The sky being clear,
I went out in the moonshine,
  To visit my dear.
As Annie approached me,
  The grass being my bed,
I blink'd through the bushes,
  And Annie I spied.

No fears could affright me,
  As my love I did spy;
No fears could affright me,
  When Annie was nigh.
I said, "My dear Annie,
  Hear that sweet cooing dove;
Who would not learn of it
  To be constant in love?"

I went to the Highlands
  Some time there to be;
But ere I return'd again,
  Married was she.
At our parting she promis'd
  To be faithful and true;
But now she is married,
  Oh, what shall I do!

Now I am resolvèd
  A shepherd to be;
May luck attend that flock,
  That I'm engag'd wi'.
When the wolf comes amongst them,
  So loud's I will cry,
And I'll ever guard them,
  Though I perish and die.

Oh, now, all you young men!
  I bid you beware!
And ne'er lay your love
  On a red rose that's fair.
Though in summer it's bonny,
  It soon will decay;
And its thorns may prick you,
  When its leaves fall away.

He Wears a Bonnet for a Hat.

Slowly and smoothly.

Be gude to me as lang's I'm here, I'll may-be win a - wa' yet; He's bon - ny com - ing o'er the hills, That will tak' me frae ye a' yet. For a' that, and a' that, And thrice as mic - kle's a' that; He's bon - ny com - ing o'er the hills, That will tak' me frae ye a' yet.

rall.

A set of this Air is given by Gow, who supposed it to have been composed about the year 1745. The beautiful set, here given, is the same as that played by Jaffray, the last representative of three generations of bagpipers, and makers of bagpipes, in the Parish of Monquhitter. He gained the first prize at a competition of pipers from the Highlands and North of Scotland, under the patronage of the Marquis of Huntly, 5th Duke of Gordon. Jaffray was considered one of the best players and "batterers" on the chanter of the bagpipe in Scotland. From his playing the Editor's father noted a number of traditional bagpipe Airs, as played by his father George Jaffray, and inserted them in the work referred to in the note Vol. I. p. 20. The words, here given to the Air, have been sung to it from time immemorial in Buchan.

He Wears a Bonnet for a Hat.

BE gude to me as lang's I'm here,
  I'll maybe win awa' yet ;
He's bonny coming o'er the hills,
  That will tak' me frae ye a' yet.
For a' that, and a' that,
  And thrice as mickle's a' that ;
He's bonny coming o'er the hills,
  That will tak' me frae ye a' yet.

He wears a bonnet for a hat,
  A napkin for a gravat ;
He wears a jacket for a coat,
  But he'll be mine for a' that.
For a that, and a' that ;
  And thrice as mickle's a' that ;
He's coming here and will be here,
  To tak' me frae ye a' yet.

And maybe I'll ha'e hose and sheen,
  When ye maun a' gang barefit ;
And maybe I'll gang neat and clean,
  When ye gang wet and drablit.
For a' that, and a' that,
  And thrice as mickle's a' that ;
Ye'll maybe sit in my cot-town,
  When I sit in my ha' yet.

There's nane o' you been gude to me,
  But I'll reward you a' yet,
You'll maybe need a peck o' meal,
  When I will gie you twa yet.
For a' that, and a' that,
  And thrice as mickle's a' that ;
I'll hae fine kilns, and fine meal mills,
  And mickle mair than a' that.

What can a Young Lassie?

Briskly.

Air — The auld Man he courted Me.

What can a young las_sie, what shall a young las_sie, What can a young las_sie do wi' an auld man? Bad luck to the pennie that tempt_ed my minnie, To sell her poor Jenny for sil_ler and lan'! He's al_ways compleenin' frae morn_in' to e'en_in', He hosts and he hir_ples the wea_rie day lang; He's doy'lt and he's doz_in', his bluid it is froz_en, O, drea_rie's the night wi' a cra_zy auld man!

This Air was sent to the Editor from Buchan, where it was sung to a song, entitled, "The Auld Man he courted Me." As the person who noted the Air died long ago, the Editor has been unable to give the words to which it was sung. It commences like the tune sent by Burns to Johnson's Museum in 1790, Nº 316; and, doubtless, they are both from the same original. The song here given is the lively ditty written by Burns for the Museum. Dr Blacklock, the bliud poet, wrote verses to a different set of the tune, but Johnson inserted the song and set of the Air sent by Burns.

What can a Young Lassie?

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
  What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck to the pennie that tempted my minnie,
  To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!
He's always compleenin' frae morning to e'enin',
  He hosts and he hirples the wearie day lang;
He's doy'lt and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
  O, drearie's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
  I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
  O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
  I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
  And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

Bonnie Ann.

Moderate.

Air — The Stripling Boy.

I dout - na whiles but I could wale A lass wi' mair o' gowd and lan', But no a lass in a' the vale I lo'e sae weel as bonnie Ann. Her een sae spark - lin' and sae blue, Aye speak o' mirth and love to me; An' then her sweet wee ro - sy mou'— Just for ae kiss what wad I gie?

This Air was arranged by the Editor's father from the way it was sung by his mother to "The Stripling Boy." It is pentatonic, and appears to be an ancient one. The Editor merely procured a fragment of the Ballad, which is scarcely worth being preserved. In the usual doggrel style of the majority of Ballads it narrates the courtship of a young hind of seventeen and a lady of "thirty and three," who was also courted by an old gentleman. After her marriage with the younger suitor,—

Her auld admirer said, "She's gane
And pu'd the bramble at the hinder-end:"
But the boy when he heard of that,
It pain'd the bonny boy to the heart.
The boy said, "He's like an aged hun',
That when his days are nearly run,
There comes a beagle strong and young,
Wha tak's the prize from the auld grey hun'.

The Air is here adapted to a song by the Revd C. Lessingham Smith, M. A. Rector of Little Caufield, Essex, from the Volume "Odes and Sonnets, with other Poems, Scotch as well as English".

Bonnie Ann.

I DOUBTNA whiles but I could wale
A lass wi' mair o' gowd and lan',
But no a lass in a' the vale
I lo'e sae weel as bonnie Ann.
Her e'en sae sparklin' and sae blue,
Aye speak o' mirth and love to me;
An' then her sweet wee rosy mou'—
Just for ae kiss what wad I gie?

Her daddie's aye a-preachin' o't,
That she's ower young as yet, ye ken;
But guidness guide us! that's a faut
That ilka day an' hour maun men'.
She's seen the flowers o' saxteen springs,
Hersel' the sweetest flower o' a'!
An' a' thing on her guidin' hings
In barn and byre, in house and ha'.

O' saxty nowt she's aye the rule;
O' sheep and kye twa hunder fu',
Then whar, I'se like to ken, the fule
Wad thriep she's no a woman nou?
But I maun bide, as well's I may,
To please her daddie, honest man!
Though sair I lang for that blythe day,
When I'm to wed my bonny Ann.

Cockie – Leerie – La.

Briskly. Air — 'Twas on a Sunny Evening.

There is a country gentleman, who leads a thrif_ty life, Ilk morn_ing scrapin' or_ra things the_ gi_ther for his wife: His coat's o' glowin' rud_dy brown, and wa_vi_let wi' gold — A crim_son crown up_on his head, well-fitting one so bold. If i_thers pick where he did scrape, he brings them to dis_grace, For like a man of met_tle he sic - like meets face to face; He gie's the loons a letherin', a crackit crown to claw — There is nae gaun a_bout the buss wi' Cockie_lee_rie_la!

This Air, which the Editor has not seen printed in the many books he has examined, appears to him to be an English Air. He arranged it from the singing of the person mentioned in note p. 50. This person was born in the neighbourhood of Port-Gordon, Enzie, where ships from England occasionally landed coals, and she may have heard English sailors sing it to a song to which she said it was sung viz. "'Twas on a Sunny Evening." The song here adapted to it is by William Miller, a working cabinet turner in Glasgow, author of the popular ditty called "Wee Willie Winkie."

Cockie-Leerie-La.

THERE is a country gentleman, who leads a thrifty life,
Ilk morning scrapin' orra things thegither for his wife:
His coat's o' glowin' ruddy brown, and wavilet wi' gold—
A crimson crown upon his head, well-fitting one so bold.
If ithers pick where he did scrape, he brings them to disgrace,
For, like a man of mettle, he sicklike meets face to face;
He gi'es the loons a letherin', a crackit crown to claw—
There is nae gaun about the buss wi' Cockie-leerie-la!

His step is firm and evenly, his look both grave and sage—
To bear his rich and stately tail should have a pretty page;
And, though he hauds his head fu' hie, he glinteth to the grun,
Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs wi' glowrin' at the sun:
And whiles I've thocht had he a haun wharwi' to grip a stickie,
A pair o' specks across his neb, and round his neck a dickie,
That weans wad laugh, an' haud their sides, an' cry—"Preserve us a'!
Ye're some frien' to Doctor Drawblood, douce Cockie-leerie-la!"

So learn frae him to think nae shame to work for what ye need,
For he that gapes till he be fed, may gape till he be dead;
An' if ye live in idleness, ye'll find unto your cost,
That they wha winna work in heat will hunger in the frost.
An' hain wi' care ilk sair-worn plack, and honest pride will fill
Your purse wi' gear—e'en far-aff frien's will bring grist to your mill;
An' if, when grown to be a man, your name's without a flaw,
Then rax your neck, and tune your pipes to—Cockie-leerie-la!

The Sheffield Apprentice.

Smoothly and Moderate time.

I was brought up in Sheffield, but not of high de - gree, My pa - rents doat - ed on me, they

had no more but me; I rol - led in much plea - sure, where' - er my fan - cy led, Till

I was bound apprentice, then all my joys they fled. I did not like my master, he did not use me well, And

took a re - so - lu - tion not long with him to dwell; Un - known to my poor pa - rents from

rall. *sosten.*

him I ran a - way, And steer'd my course to Lon - don, Oh! curs - ed be the day!

This appears to be an English Air, and was popular years ago in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff. The Editor arranged the Air from the singing of Jamie Coul, Port-Gordon, and a set sent to him from Buchan. The Ballad is given as Jamie sung it. Its history is unknown to the Editor, further than detailed in the Ballad.

The Sheffield Apprentice.

I WAS brought up in Sheffield, but not of high degree,
My parents doated on me, they had no more but me ;
I rollèd in much pleasure, where'er my fancy led,
Till I was bound apprentice, then all my joys they fled.
I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
And took a resolution not long with him to dwell ;
Unknown to my poor parents from him I ran away,
And steer'd my course to London, Oh ! cursèd be the day !

A handsome lovely damsel from Holland was there ;
She offer'd me great wages to serve her for a year ;
And after great persuasion with her I did agree
To go with her to Holland, which prov'd my destiny.
I had not been in Holland, but years two or three,
Until my lovely mistress grew very fond of me ;
She said her gold and silver, her houses and free land,
If I'd consent to marry her, should be at my command.

" Oh no, dear honour'd lady, I cannot wed you both ;
For lately I have promisèd, and made a solemn oath
To wed with none but Polly, your pretty chamber-maid ;
Excuse me, my dear mistress, for she has my heart betrayed.
Then in an angry passion away from me she's gone,
Swearing to be revenged of me before that it was long ;
For she was so perplexèd, she could not be my wife,
That she soon laid a project to take away my life.

One day as I was walking all in the garden green,
The flowèrs they were springing delightful to be seen ;
A gold ring from her finger, as I was passing by,
She slipp'd into my pocket, and for it I must die.
Now in a few days after in haste then I was call'd
Before a dreadful Justice to answer for the fault ;
Though long I pleaded innocence, it was of no avail ;
She swore so sore against me, that I was sent to jail.

My mistress swore I robbèd her, which ne'er was my intent ;
Because I would not marry her, she did it from contempt.
From that place of confinement she brought me to the tree.
Oh ! woe be to my mistress, for she has ruined me.
All you that stand around me my wretched fate to see
Don't glory in my downfall, I pray you pity me !
Don't blame me, I am innocent, I bid the world adieu !
Farewell, my pretty Polly, I die for love of you !

The Black Bird.

Moderately and distinctly.

Up - on a fair morning for soft re-cre-a-tion, I heard a fair lady was making her moan, With sighing and sobbing, and sad la-men-ta-tion, Aye say-ing, My black bird most loy-al is flown. My thoughts they decieve me, re flec-tions do grieve me, And I am o'er-bur-den'd wi' sad mi-se-rie; Yet if death should blind me, as true love inclines me, My black bird I'll seek out where-ev-er he be.

This Air, which was arranged by the Editor from the way it was sung by his maternal grandfather, is more adapted to the words as first given in the "Tea-table Miscellany" in 1724 than the Air given in the "Pre-Burnsian Songs of Scotland" where Dr R. Chambers has had to make changes on the song to suit the Air he gives. The "Black Bird" was one of the nicknames given to the Chevalier St George. The black complexion of this personage was a matter of notoriety, and was much harped on by his party. Dr Chambers writes.—"In a ring now in the possession of a Jacobite family in Forfarshire, there is a small parcel of his raven locks with this flattering proverbial inscription: "The black man's the brauest."

The Black Bird.

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,
  I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
  Aye saying, My black bird most royal is flown.
My thoughts they deceive me, reflections do grieve me,
  And I am o'erburden'd wi' sad miserie ;
Yet if death should blind me, as true love inclines me,
  My black bird I'll seek out wherever he be.

Once into fair England my black bird did flourish ;
  He was the best flower that in it did spring ;
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
  Because he was the true son of a king.
But since that false fortune, which still is uncertain,
  Has causèd this parting between him and me,
His name I'll advance in Spain and in France,
  And seek out my black bird wherever he be.

The birds of the forest, they all met together ;
  The thrustle has chosen to dwell wi' the dove ;
And I am resolved in foul or fair weather,
  Once more in the spring to seek out my own love.
He is all my heart's treasure, my joy and my pleasure ;
  And justly, my love, does my heart follow thee,
Who art constant and kind, and courageous of mind :—
  All bliss on my black bird wherever he be !

In England my black bird and I were together,
  Where he was still noble and generous of heart ;
Ah, woe to the time when first he went thither !
  Alas, he was forcèd from thence to depart !
In Scotland he's deemèd and highly esteemèd ;
  In England he seemeth a stranger to be ;
Yet his fame shall remain in France and in Spain ;—
  All bliss to my black bird, wherever he be !

But what if the fowler my black bird has taken !
  Then sobbing and sighing will be all my tune ;
But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
  And hope yet to see him in May or in June.
For him, through the fire, the mud, and the mire,
  I'll go ; for I love him to such a degree,
Who is constant and kind, and noble of mind,
  Deserving all blessings wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
  Nor that like a pilgrim I wander forlorn ;
I may meet wi' friendship from one that's a stranger,
  Far more than from one that in Britain is born.
I pray Heaven, so spacious, to Britain be gracious,
  Though some there be odious to both him and me ;
Yet joy and renown and laurels shall crown
  My black bird with honour, wherever he be.

The Banks of Claudy.

Moderate time.

'Twas on a sum - mer's ev' - ning in the flow' - ry month of May, Down by a plea - sant gar - den, as I care - less - ly did stray; I o - ver - heard a fair maid most grie - vous - ly com - plain For the ab - sence of her lov - er, and John - ny was his name.

rall. *sosten.*

This beautiful Air (pentatonic) is given note for note as it was sung by the Editor's mother, and the words are those she sung to the Air. There is a tune popular in the Counties of Ross and Argyle with passages resembling some parts of this Air. The Highland Air is among the "Balmoral Quadrilles." "Banks of Claudy" in Bunting's Irish Airs, Nº 43, p. 33, (Ed. 1840) is totally different from the Air given above.

The Banks of Claudy.

'TWAS on a summer's evening in the flowr'y month of May,
Down by a pleasant garden, as I carelessly did stray;
I overheard a fair maid most grievously complain
For the absence of her lover, and Johnny was his name.

As I was near I went to her, and put her in surprise,
No wonder that she knew me not, for I was in disguise;
I said, "My lovely creature, my joy and heart's delight,
How far have you to wander this dark and misty night?"

"It's to the banks of Claudy, if you the road will show,
And pity a poor stranger that knows not where to go.
I'm in search of my true lover, and Johnny is his name,
And on the banks of Claudy, I'm told he does remain."

"This is the banks of Claudy, fair maid, whereon you stan';
But do not trust to Johnny, for he's a false young man,
Do not depend on Johnny, for he'll not meet you here;
But go and I'll protect you, no danger need you fear."

"If Johnny had been here this night, he'd kept me free from harm;
For on the field of battle dress'd in his uniform,
For on the field of battle he did his foes defy,
And like a king of honour he gain'd the victory."

"It's six long weeks and more since your Johnny left the shore,
To cross the rolling ocean, where the foaming billows roar,
To cross the rolling ocean for honour and for fame;
And now he's drown'd, I have been told, upon the coast of Spain."

When she did hear that dreadful news, she fell into despair,
And wrung her milk white hands with grief, and tore her flowing hair;—
"Oh, since of him I am bereft, no other man I'll take,
But through these woods and valleys I'll wander for his sake."

As I did see her love was true I could no longer feign;
But clasp'd her in my arms, and said, "Betsy, I'm the man,
My Betsy, I'm the Johnny, that causes all your pain,
And since we're met on Claudy's banks we'll never part again."

The Mountaineer's Death.

Slowly and pathetically.

Air — The Banks of Claudy, Minor Set.

I pray you, of your cour - te - sy, be - fore we far - ther move, Let me look back and see the place that I so dear - ly love; I am not old in years, yet where' - er I chanc'd to roam, The strong - est im - pulse of my heart was ev - er link'd with home.

This Air was also sung to "The Banks of Claudy," and was noted by the Editor note for note as sung by a native of the Parish of Monquhitter. It is a minor set of the foregoing Air, and is here given to "The Mountaineer's Death." This beautiful poem was written by Mr. Robert White of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was printed for the first time in "Blackie and Son's Scottish Songs." p. 436.

The Mountaineer's Death.

I PRAY you, of your courtesy, before we further move,
Let me look back and see the place that I so dearly love;
I am not old in years, yet where'er I chanc'd to roam,
The strongest impulse of my heart was ever link'd with home.

There saw I first the light of heaven—there, by my mother's knee,
In time of infancy and youth, her love supported me:
All that I prize on earth is now my aching sight before,
And glen and brae, and moorland grey, I'll witness never more!

Beneath yon trees that o'er the cot their deepening shadows fling,
My father first revealed to me the exile of our king;
Upon yon seat beside the door he gave to me his sword,
With charge to draw it only for our just and rightful lord.

And I remember when I went, unfriended and alone,
Amidst a world I never loved—ay! yonder is the stone,
At which my mother, bending low, for me did heaven implore:
Stone, seat, and tree are dear to me—I'll see them never more!

Yon hawthorn bower beside the burn, I never shall forget;
Ah! there my dear departed maid and I in rapture met:
What tender aspirations we breathed for other's weal!
How glow'd our hearts with sympathy, which none but lovers feel.

And when above our hapless prince the milk-white flag was flung,
While hamlet, mountain, rock and glen, with martial music rung;
We parted there—from her embrace myself I wildly tore;
Our hopes were vain,—I came again, but found her never more!

O! thank you for your gentleness—now stay one minute still:
There is a lone and quiet spot on yonder rising hill;
I mark it, and the sight revives emotions strong and deep
There, lowly laid, my parents in the dust together sleep.

And must I in a land afar from home and kindred lie?
Forbid it, heaven! and hear my prayer—'tis better now to die!
My limbs grow faint—I fain would rest—my eyes are darkening o'er;
Slow flags my breath—now, this is death,—adieu, for evermore!

Somebody.

Slowly with feeling.

Air—You'll look on me and rue.

Cou'd I be glad or hap-py yestreen, When some-bo-dy was-na there, Cou'd I look blythe or chee-ry yes-treen, A-las! when my heart was sair. What need I think or care a-bout ane, Wha may-be cares lit-tle for me;— Ay! some-bo-dy's got-ten my heart un-sought, An' what mair has a las-sie to gi'e?

This Air, named "You'll look on me and rue," was sung in Buchan to verses of very little merit. The lover ends by addressing his loved one as follows:—

"Your answer should be good, my dear,
Or you'll look on me and rue;
For your joys would be numberless,
And your sorrows but a few."

The Air is here given to a beautiful and simple ditty written by Mr. Gibson, a teacher in Greenock. Blackie's Songs, p. 199.

Somebody.

Cou'd I be glad or happy yestreen,
  When somebody wasna there,
Cou'd I look blythe or cheery yestreen,
  Alas! when my heart was sair.
What need I think or care about ane,
  Wha maybe cares little for me;—
Ay! somebody's gotten my heart unsought,
  An' what mair has a lassie to gi'e?

Somebody's words are wonderfu' words,
  They're wonderfu' words to hear;
Somebody's words can lighten the heart,
  Or fill the e'e wi' a tear.
They may say's they like, they may do's they like,
  An' somebody I may tine;
But I'll live's I am, and I'll dee's I am,
  If somebody mayna be mine.

Burnwell.

Moderate time.

Air— Pearlin Peggy, or, The Laird of Foveran.

As a - broad there walk - ed, On a sum - mer's day,

Lo - vers two that talk - ed, And the maid did say:

"Oh! my true love Sa - muel, Now be - gins our woe!"

"Oh! my true love Sa - rah, What makes you say so?"

rall.

This Air was arranged from the singing of the Editor's mother by his father, and was first published in the work referred to Vol. I. p. 20. The Air in this work, was called "Pearlin Peggy, or The Laird of Foveran;" but whether "Pearlin Peggy," and "The Laird of Foveran" are connected in the same Ballad, the Editor has been unable to discover. The only words the Editor's mother remembered were merely the following four lines:—

"Pearlin Peggy's bonny,
Pearlin Peggy's braw;
I'll get Pearlin Peggy,
Pearl cups and a'."

The person mentioned in note. Vol. I. p. 42, "Jenny Meesic," sung the Air to "Burnwell," inserted here, and written from her dictation. Who "Burnwell" was, or the history of the Ballad, the Editor knows not; but through "Jenny Meesic's" "forbears," he supposes it sung in the Enzie far into the last century.

Burnwell.

As abroad there walkèd,
On a summer's day,
Lovers two that talkèd,
And the maid did say:
"Oh! my true love Samuel,
Now begins our woe!"
"Oh! my true love Sarah,
What makes you say so?"

"Burnwell, my own brother,
Is displeas'd with thee;
And says he will slay thee,
On the mountains hie."
"Tell your brother, Burnwell,
I'm not such a man,
As to let him slay me,—
Do the worst he can.

"Give me your hand, Sarah,
And stand true to me;
Though I fight with Burnwell,
On the mountains hie."
"Far from town or city,
None will come near thee;
Use my brother kindly
On the mountains hie."

Yonder stands young Burnwell,
Bending at his bow;
Waiting for young Samuel,
As his deadly foe.
"Come here now, young Samuel,
And draw near to me;
For I mean to slay thee
On the mountains hie."

"Slay me not," says Samuel,
"Here so cowardlie;
I've no bow and arrows
On this mountain hie."
"If you will not give up
Sarah's companie,
Here I shall now slay thee
On this mountain hie."

Samuel stood amazèd,
And did nothing say;
But sprang at once on Burnwell,
And took his bow away.
Arrows he took from him,
His bow he broke in three;
"Where is now your arrows,
You've got to slay me?"

When he lost his arrows,
He cried out amain,—
"For my sister, Sarah,
Here I will be slain.
Slay me not," cried Burnwell,
"Slay me not," cried he,
"And I'll use you kindly
On the mountains hie."

"If you'll grant me one thing,
I will ask from thee;
I will use you kindly
On the mountains hie.
Grant me your sister Sarah,
Likewise your courtesy;
And I'll use you kindly
On the mountains hie."

"Half my lands and money
Freely I give thee,
Likewise my sister Sarah
Your wedded wife to be."
Yonder comes Sarah Burnwell,
Slowly over the plain,
Thinking to find her brother,
Or her lover, slain.

She her hands was ringing,
And she tore her hair,
Till she saw them coming
From the mountains there.
Burnwell stepp'd up to her,
And takes her right hand,
And gave it to Samuel,
There where they did stand.

Fair Rosanna.

Moderately.

Then all wonder'd at the rose. That in win_ter there did spring; And

if a_ny did it crop, In a mo_ment it grew a_gain. This

was blaz'd the coun_try round, And ma_ny the same went to see This

mi_ra_cle from hea_ven sent; And he 'mongst the rest must be.

This Air was noted and arranged from the singing of Jamie Coul, Port-Gordon, Enzie. The Air sung in Buchan is given in the Appendix. In Chap-books the Ballad is entitled "Rosanna; The Oxford Tragedy;" and in Mr Buchan's "Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish scarce Old Ballads, chiefly Tragical and Historical," (1825) it is called "Rosanna's Overthrow." The Ballad is so tragical and unsuited for this work, that the Editor has only inserted a few verses at the end of it, referring to the "damask rose" that grew summer and winter on Rosanna's grave, and, when cropped by any one, instantly grew again.

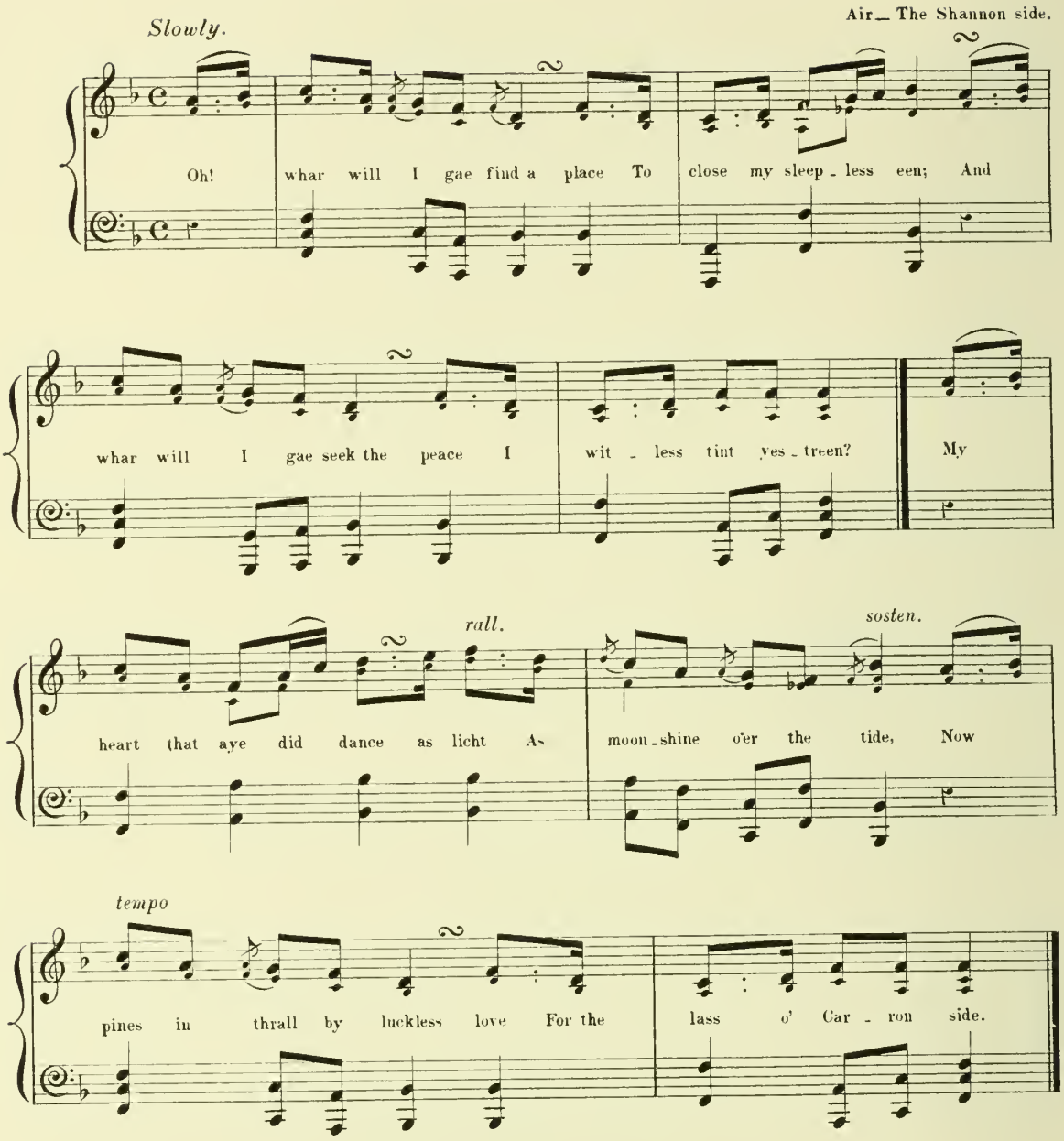
Fair Rosanna.

THEN all wonder'd at the rose,
  That in winter there did spring;
And if any did it crop,
  In a moment it grew again.
This was blazed the country round,
  And many the same went to see
This miracle from heaven sent;
  And he 'mongst the rest must be.

To see if it was true,
  And when to the plant he came,
The beauteous rose was in bloom,
  And he eagerly cropt the same.
The leaves did fall from the bush,
  The rose in his hand did die,—
"It's from fair Rosanna," he said,
  "And springs from her fair body."

The people that were there
  Took note of what he did say,
And cried, "Some ill deed's been done;"
  He confess'd without delay.
He then was punishèd sore,
  But he only got his due.
Then young men a warning did take,
  And to their sweethearts were true.

The Lass o' Carron side.



This Air was sung by the Editor's maternal grandfather to a Ballad called "The Shannon side." A set of the Air is found in Argyllshire, under the name of "A Robaidh tha thu gòrach," but without the beautiful rise to the fourth, as in this Air in the second bar. See the Revd Patrick Macdonald's Highland Airs, No 152, p. 25, published about the middle of the last century. The Ballad of "The Shannon side" is not suited for this work. The following is one of the verses:—

My name is Captain Thunderbolt,
My name I'll ne'er deny;
And I command a hundred men
On yonder mountain high.

The words, "The lass o' Carron side," here given to the Air, are the composition of C. J. Finlayson, and first printed in Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," p. 543.

The Lass o' Carron side.

OH! whar will I gae find a place
  To close my sleepless een;
And whar will I gae seek the peace
  I witless tint yestreen?
My heart that aye did dance as licht
  As moonshine o'er the tide,
Now pines in thrall by luckless love
  For the lass o' Carron side.

She sat the Goddess of the stream
  That murmur'd at her feet,
And aye she sung the artless sang
  Wi' a voice unearthly sweet;
Sae sweet,—the birds that used to wake
  The morn wi' glee and pride,
Sae mute, to hear the witching strain
  O' the lass o' Carron side.

Sair may I rue my reckless haste,
  Sair may I ban the hour,
That lur'd me frae my peacefu' cot
  Within the Siren's power;
Oh! had she sprung frae humble race
  As she's frae ane o' pride,
I might ha'e dreed a better weird
  Wi' the lass o' Carron side.

Hughie Graham.

Briskly.

Our lords are to the moun_tains gane, A - hunt - ing o' the fal - low deer, And

rall. *sosten.*

they ha'e grip_pit Hugh_ie Graham For steal - ing o' the bish_op's mare. And

express.

they ha'e tied him hand and foot, And led him up through Stir - ling town; The

rall.

lads and las - ses met him there, Cried, "Hugh - ie Graham thou art a loun."

The first four bars of this beautiful heroic Ballad air somewhat resembles the first four bars of the "Caravansera's March" in "The Forty Thieves." It has been long sung in Banffshire to "Hughie Graham." The copy of the Ballad here given is epitomized from the one sent by Burns to the Museum, Vol. IV. p. 312. The Grahams were a powerful and numerous clan inhabiting the Debateable Land. Sir Walter Scott says that there are "no traces of this particular Hughie Graham; but from the mention of the Bishop, he supposes he may have been one of about four hundred borderers, against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils, by them committed." See Nicolson's History of Cumberland, Introduction LXXXI. Stenhouse, in his Illustrations of the Museum, gives a very bad character to Bishop Aldridge; and Anthony Wood observes, that there were many changes in this prelate's time, both in church and state, but that "he retained his offices and preferments during them all."

Hughie Graham.

OUR lords are to the mountains gane,
A-hunting o' the fallow deer,
And they ha'e grippit Hughie Graham
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.
And they ha'e tied him hand and foot,
And led him up through Stirling town ;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, "Hughie Graham thou art a loun."

"O lowse my right hand free," he said,
"And put my braid sword in the same ;
He's no in Stirling town this day,
Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham."
Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the bishop's knee,
"Five hundred white stots I'll gi'e you,
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free"

"O haud your tongue," the bishop says,
"And wi' your pleading let me be ;
For though ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall dee."
Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the bishop's knee,
"Five hundred white pence I'll gi'e you,
If ye'll gi'e Hughie Graham to me."

"O haud your tongue now, lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be,
Although ten Grahams were in his coat,
It's for my honour he must dee."
They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He lookèd to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did it blin' his e'e.

At length he lookèd round about,
To see whatever he could spy ;
And there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.
"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be ;
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
Than a' that they can do to me.

"And ye may gi'e my brother James
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o'clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.
And ye may tell my kith and kin,
I never did disgrace their blood ;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak
To mak' it shorter by the hood."

Adonis' Garden.

Moderately.

A - do - nis' gar - den was so fair, So spa - cious and so wide, That

world - ly va - ni - ties ap-pear'd A - dorn'd with Flo - ra's pride; The

li - lies there with co - lours fair Shone as the bright - est gold; We

step - ped in with - out much din, And there we did be - hold

This Air was arranged by the Editor in 1851 from the singing of "Jenny Meesic," Buckie. He also took down the poem from her recitation. It appears to have been a great favourite with the populace in Banffshire, and in parts of Morayshire. It is thoroughly allegorical, and depicts the happy death of a young man, when he had just come to manhood.

Adonis' Garden.

Adonis' garden was so fair,
So spacious and so wide,
That worldly vanities appear'd
Adorn'd with Flora's pride;
The lilies there with colours fair
Shone as the brightest gold;
We steppèd in without much din,
And there we did behold

Fair Venus and her little son
Stand at the garden end,
And with his wings expanded wide,
He did his bow unbend;—
Boasting how many he had slain,
And wounded in an hour;
Then quickly he said to the youth,—
"Come here, and pull a flower."

Now with great joy and very coy
His offer he embrac'd,
The noonday rose he did it choose,
And pull'd it in great haste.
And being cut it gave a glance,
And seemèd to be glad;
While with a pleasant countenance
The leaves thereof did spread.

But in short time the Queen of Love,
Sprang high up in the air;
Her little son did follow her,
And flew I wist not where.
The misty weapons wind and rain,
Made us for shelter flee
All underneath a pleasant shade,
A spiral cedar tree.

The nightingale sung sweetly there
And we much pleasure took;
Till shortly at the garden door,
We heard a loud loud knock.
And going to the garden door,
A person there we saw;
And why he was thus standing there
To ask we stood in awe.

He had a scythe into his hand,
And bore a bloody shield;
And on his forehead gravèd was
"All mortals soon must yield!"
All pale and ghastly was his face,
And of a deadly hue;
And quickly he said to the youth,—
"My errand is to you."

"Speak out," said he, "what is your name,
Or on what errand sent,
Or what's your business now with me,
Or what is your intent?"
"Your folly makes you question so,
The weapon that I wear,
May well show forth the power of Him
Whose message I do bear.

"Your time is come, your glass is run;
Therefore make no delay,
Your running glass made me to know,
I had to come this way."
"My running glass makes me suspect
You would not come so soon:
Could you cut down the flowers in May,
Or set the sun at noon?"

"All flesh is grass before mine eyes.
I'm master o'er the field;
Your vain excuse will not prevail,
Nor to it will I yield."
"Must I go to the silent grave,
And to the shades below?"
"Yes, you must journey there alone,
Where only some you know."

"Is there no easier way for me,
Some company to have?
Ah! there are terrors in the way,
That leads unto the grave."
"Why trifle you your time away,
Still thinking I'm in jest?
Can you the invitation take
Unto the marriage feast?"

"My wedding garment is not on,
And I am sore afraid
The King will come and view His guests,
And find me unarrayed."
Then faith stepp'd in and whispering
Into his ear, did say,—
"An overflowing rich fountain
Lies open night and day.

"In yonder fountain wash your spots."
Then he, triumphantly
Relying on those blessèd streams,
To Death these words did say,—
"Now your hard sting is ta'en away,
I'm cleansèd from all errors;
And I will boldly hector you,
Though you be king of terrors.

"I'll boldly stare you in the face,
Since I'm at peace with Him;
For by His garden agony,
He's taken away the sting.
You're but a servant and a slave,
Though now you bear the sway;
Yet He who triumph'd o'er the grave
Shall conquer thee one day.

"You're welcome for your Master's sake,
Good tidings you do bring;
My coronation day is come,
I shall for ever reign.
The river, that I once thought deep,
Shall overflow no more;
But Faith and Hope shall be my guide
All to the other shore.

"And there I'll my Redeemer meet
To banish all my fears;
And I'll praise Him eternally,
Who wip'd away my tears."

Now Spring again.

Air— Bervie's Bowers are Bonny.

Slowly and smoothly.

Now spring a-gain wi' lie-some tread, 'Mang Ber-nard's bow'rs is seen; The mod-est snaw-drap hangs its head, True em-blem o' my Jean. But though fell win-ter's reign be ower, And storms nae mair do blaw, Yet cauld and cheer-less is the bow'r, If love is far a-wa'.

rall. *tempo* *rall.* *sosten.*

This beautiful Air was noted, note for note, as sung by a ploughman in the Parish of Longside. It is apparently from the same original as "He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel," though somewhat different. The only words that the Editor can remember, as sung to the Air by the ploughman, are the following:—

Oh, Bervie's bow'rs are bonny,
They're a' built roun' about;
And Bervie's seas are mony,
As they roll in and out;
As they roll in, and they roll out,
As they roll up and down,—
My love's a lad most gentle,
And the flower o' Bervie's town.

The Air is here given to "Now Spring again," taken from a small volume entitled "A Pilgrimage to Craigmillar Castle, and other Poems, by James Fraser, Edinburgh, 1817." Mr. Fraser is the author of "The Soldier's Grave." See Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," pp. 16. 410.

Now Spring again.

NOW spring again, wi' liesome tread,
  'Mang Bernard's bow'rs is seen ;
The modest snaw-drap hangs its head,
  True emblem o' my Jean.
But though fell winter's reign be ower,
  And storms nae mair do blaw,
Yet cauld and cheerless is the bow'r,
  If love is far awa'.

The sun shines clearer i' the lift,
  The breeze mair gentle sighs ;
And glowin' is the sleety drift,
  If warm'd by beauty's eyes.
An' O gin love but lead the way,
  What cares can e'er befa' ?
The sun o' pleasure shines a' day,
  If love's no far awa'.

How swift the langest night flees by,
  When twa fond lovers meet—
An' balmy kiss and breathing sigh
  Together mingle sweet.
And oh ! how wae ilk ane's to part,
  When forc'd at duty's ca' ;
But dowie, dowie is the heart
  Whase love is far awa'.

Then, while our youth is i' the prime,
  Let's catch the fleeting hour ;
And offer vows at beauty's shrine,
  In token o' her pow'r.
An' when auld age upon our pow
  Begins to fling his snaw,
We'll welcome him wi' friendly low,
  If love's no far awa'.

Bonnie Lizzie Lindsay.

Sprightly.

There was a braw ball in Ed_in_bro', And mo_ny braw la_dies were there; But nae ane at a' the as_sem_bly Could wi' Liz_zie Lind_say com_pare. In cam' the young laird o' King_caus_sie, And a bon_nie young lad_die was he,— "Will ye lea' ye're ain kin_tra, Liz_zie, And gang to the Hie_lands wi' me?"

This Air, which the Editor has heard sung in Buchan, he noted from the singing of Jamie Coul, Port-Gordon. It has been sung to Lizzie Lindsay from time immemorial in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff. Burns sent the Air, Nº 434, to the Museum with one verse, and was to send more words, but did not do so, probably being in his last illness, as may be seen from a letter sent by him to Johnson and which is inserted in the Preface to the 5th Vol. of the Museum in which his Air occurs. The Ballad which is here epitomized was taken from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow. She had the hero as the "laird o' Kincassie," while Mr Buchan, which, doubtless, is the right way, has the "laird o' Kingcaussie." Kingcaussie is on the south bank of the Dee, the origin of the name being Kin or Cean, a head, and Ghousie, a fir wood. It belonged at one time to the family of Drum, and so it is probable that an Irvine was the hero of the Ballad. See Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Ballads," p. 51, and Buchan's "Ballads of the North," Vol. II. p. 102.

Bonnie Lizzie Lindsay.

THERE was a braw ball in Edinbro',
And mony braw ladies were there;
But nae ane at a' the assembly
Could wi' Lizzie Lindsay compare.
In cam' the young laird o' Kingcaussie,
And a bonnie young laddie was he,—
"Will ye lea' ye're ain kintra, Lizzie,
And gang to the Hielands wi' me?"

She turnèd roun' on her heel,
An' a very loud laughter gaed she,—
"I would like to ken whar I was ganging,
And wha I was gaun to gang wi'."
"My name is young Donald M'Donald,
My name I will never deny,
My father he is an auld shepherd,
Sae weel as he can herd the kye."

"Now pack up my silks and my satins,
And pack up my hose and my shoon,
And likewise my clothes in small bundles,
And away wi' young Donald I'll gang."
When that they cam to the Hielands,
The braes they were baith lang and stey,
Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi' ganging—
She had travell'd a lang summer day.

"O are we near hame, young Donald,
O are we near hame? I pray."
"We're no near hame, bonnie Lizzie,
Nor yet the half o' the way."
They cam' to a lonely poor cottage,
An auld man was standing by;
"Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
Ye've been sae lang away."

"O call me no more Sir Donald,
But call me young Donald your son;
For I have a bonnie young lady
Behind me for to come in."
"Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,
Come in, come in," said he,
"Although that our cottage be little
Perhaps the better we'll gree."

"O make us a supper, dear mother,
And mak' it of curds and green whey;
And make us a bed o' green rushes,
And cover it o'er wi' green hay.
Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
Why lie ye so long in the day?
Ye might ha'e been helping my mother
To make the curds and green whey."

"O haud your tongue, young Donald,
O haud your tongue, I pray;
I wish I had ne'er left my mother,
I can neither make curds nor whey."
"Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
And put on your satins so fine;
For we maun be at Kingcaussie
Before that the clock strikes nine."

But when they came to Kingcaussie
The porter was standing by;—
"Ye're welcome home, Sir Donald,
Ye've been so long away."
It's down then came his auld mither,
With all the keys in her hand,
Saying, "Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,
All under them's at your command."

Clara and Corydon.

Slowly.

As I went out in a morning in May, And pass'd through the fields clad in gaudy array, I chanced to hear, as I came to a grove, A shepherd lamenting the loss of his love. 'Twas near to this grove where he sat all alone, The birds flock'd around him to hear his sad moan: Some sat on the branches that over him hung, And seem'd to attend him, while softly he sung:—

This Air was noted and arranged by the Editor from the singing of "Jenny Meesic," Buckie, and the Ballad of "Clara and Corydon" to which it was sung was obtained from her recitation. It is in the style of some of the pastoral Ballads of the last century; and the Air is in the style of some half dozen others given in this Work, especially the one in Vol. I. p. 262.

Clara and Corydon.

As I went out in a morning in May,
And pass'd through the fields clad in gaudy array,
I chancèd to hear, as I came to a grove,
A shepherd lamenting the loss of his love.
'Twas near to this grove where he sat all alone,
The birds flock'd around him to hear his sad moan :
Some sat on the branches that over him hung,
And seem'd to attend him, while softly he sung :—

"These birds can now witness, which hear me complain,
How oft she has sworn to be true to her swain ;
But now she is gone and has left me alone,
Fair Clara's forsaken her lov'd Corydon.
'Twas near to this fountain she heard my pipes play ;
She'd come and sit by me the whole livelong day ;
In innocent pleasure we spent all our time,
No joy in the world could be equal to mine.

"I sigh'd to fair Clara, and this I did say,—
To make us both happy, love, wants but one day."
"That day, loving shepherd, must not as yet come,
That we will be married, for we are too young.
I will go to service, and when I return,
It's then we'll be married, my lov'd Corydon."
"Oh ! why go to service and leave me?" said I,—
"Oh ! dearly lov'd shepherd I'll tell you for why,—

"To marry so early I think it's not fit ;
With years we'll increase both in substance and wit."
"Perhaps, my dear Clara, when once you are gone,
You will then forget your true love Corydon.
Some others, my fair one, may chance you to spy,
And if you do leave me, I'm sure I will die."
"Oh ! do not mistrust me !" fair Clara did say,
"Will ever my love for my shepherd decay?"

As fortune had order'd, to service she went,
To wait on a lady it was her intent ;
She chancèd to wait on a fair lady gay,
That clothèd fair Clara in costly array.
A month or two after a letter he penn'd,
And this to fair Clara he instantly sent ;
It was of her health and her state to inquire,
And see if her love to him was still sincere.

Her answer came quickly, which made him soon know,
That she was promoted, and he was but low ;
And that she was living so happy a life,
That she never would change to be Corydon's wife.
These lines from fair Clara did pierce like a dart ;
But he pluckèd up courage and cheer'd up his heart,
With the hope that she would not write so any more ;
But the same answer came to him several times o'er.

"Oh ! woe to the day of her gaudy attire,
Some of the brave gallants her charms will admire ;
But as she has gone now and left me alone,
Oh ! may he deceive her as she has me done.
Oh ! farewell, my flock, I now bid you adieu,
My sheep-crook and black dog, farewell unto you,
My bag and my bottle, I leave all behind,
Since Clara, fair Clara has changèd her mind !"

The Ploughman's Daughter.

Slowly.

As I went up by Dee side; 'twas on an ev'ning clear, There I did see two lov - ers, as they were drawing near; I lean'd me down be - hind a bank to hear what they would say; And *rall.* see what love was made to her, and if she'd say him nay. Said he, "The ploughman's daugh - ter, the ploughman's las - sie braw, The plough - man's bon - ny daugh - ter has stow'n my heart a - wa'. So what wish you for love-to-kens, my *rall.* dear," said he, "from me; You've got my heart, my dear - est dear, the best that I can gi'e."

The Air of "The Ploughman's Daughter" has been long a favourite with the populace in Aberdeenshire. It was sung through the markets in Buchan; and so, many of the country lads and lasses learned it. The Editor, in his young days, has often heard it sung with the Ballad, which he cannot say is so worthy of preservation as the Air. Here there is merely an epitome given of it.

The Ploughman's Daughter.

As I went up by Dee side, 'twas on an evening clear,
There I did see two lovers, as they were drawing near;
I lean'd me down behind a bank to hear what they would say;
And see what love was made to her, and if she'd say him nay.
Said he, "The ploughman's daughter, the ploughman's lassie braw,
The ploughman's bonny daughter has stow'n my heart awa'.
So what wish you for love tokens, my dear," said he, "from me;
You've got my heart, my dearest dear, the best that I can gi'e?"

"I wish the ring from your finger a love-token to be,
I wish the brooch from your bosom, to show your love for me,
I wish to be your wedded wife, your joy and only dear,
Before that you call me your own, then I'll have nought to fear."
He gave the ring from his finger a love-token to be,
He gave the brooch from his bosom, says, "Take you that from me."
Then he did take her milk-white hand and led her up the town,
And led her to the Auldtown kirk, and wed her wi' a ring.

Loch Cathrine.

Air— There liv'd a lady in Lincoln town.

A - mid Loch Cat'- rine's scene-ry wild, Is seen my las - sie's dwell - ing, Where ca - vern'd rocks on moun-tains pil'd Howl to the breez - es swell-ing:— She's pur - er than the snaw that fa's On moun-tain's sum - mit air - y; The sweet - est moun - tain flow'r that blaws Is not so fair as Ma - ry.

This Air, which is like some of the other Aberdeenshire Airs given in this Work, was sung to "There liv'd a lady in Lincoln town, who lov'd a single soldier." The soldier did not return her love as is seen from the following lines:—

"Oh, when will ye come back again,
When will ye come and see me?"
"When sun and moon dance on the green,
Its then I'll come and see thee."
"Oh, when will we twa married be
Oh, when will ye me marry?"
"When heather cows grow owsen bows,
I'll then nae langer tarry."

The "heather cows" and "owsen bows" are in "The Trooper and fair Maid" given by Buchan, Vol. I. p. 230. The Ballad is unsuited for this Work, and therefore the Editor gives the Air to "Loch Cathrine." Blackie's Songs, p. 287.

Loch Cathrine.

AMID Loch Cat'rine's scenery wild,
Is seen my lassie's dwelling,
Where cavern'd rocks on mountains pil'd
Howl to the breezes swelling :—
She's purer than the snaw that fa's
On mountain's summit airy ;
The sweetest mountain flow'r that blaws
Is not so fair as Mary.

'Tis sweet when woodland echo rings,
Where purling streams meander,
But sweeter when my Mary sings,
As through the glens we wander.
The wild deer on the mountain side,
The fabled elf or fairy,
Or skiff, that skims the crystal tide,
Moves not more light than Mary.

From Lowland plains I've wandered far,
In endless search of pleasure ;
Till guided by some friendly star,
I found this lovely treasure.
Although my native home has charms,
Amang these hills I'll tarry ;
And while life's blood my bosom warms,
I'll love my dearest Mary.

High, Jeanie, High.

Sprightly.

My fa - ther was a gen - tle - man, a gen - tle - man was he, And he

wed me to an old man of three score and three. And sing

express.

high, Jean - ie, high, and sing low, Jean - ie, low; Ane can

rall.

nev - er mak' a sing - in' bird out o' a hoo - dy crow.

This Air, with its song, was a great favourite with the Editor's maternal grandfather. It is given note for note as he sung it. The Editor is unable to state from what source his grandfather got it, or what is its history. He has merely the copy of the Air and song which he wrote from the singing of his mother, who died some years ago. She supposed it to be exactly the same as sung by her father.

High, Jeanie, High.

My father was a gentleman, a gentleman was he,
And he wed me to an old man o' three score and three.
And sing high, Jeanie, high, and sing low, Jeanie, low;
Ane can never mak' a singing bird out o' a hoody-crow.

Before I'd love an old man wi' thirty ploughs o' land,
I would rather have a young man wi' only staff in hand.
And sing high, Jeanie, high, &c.

An old man he comes pechin' in, as if he wanted life;
A young man he comes bouncin' in, says, "Kiss me, my dear wife."
And sing high, Jeanie, high, &c.

At night when he goes to his bed, he turns him to the wa',
And ne'er a word to me he speaks till morning light does daw.
And sing high, Jeanie, high, &c.

Some neighbours have advis'd me to drown him in a well;
And others have advis'd me to grind him in a mill.
And sing high, Jeanie, high, &c.

But I ha'e ta'en my own advice, and bore him to a plain,
Where I tied him to a windle-strae, and he ne'er came back again
And sing high, Jeanie, high, &c.

The Gosport Tragedy.

Smoothly and slowly.

In Gos - port of late a young dam - sel did dwell, For wit and for beau - ty did ma - ny ex - cel, A young man did court her for to be his dear, And he by his trade was a ship - car - pen - ter. A young man did court her for to be his dear, And he by his trade was a ship - car - pen - ter.

rall. *sosten.* *tr*

The Editor noted this Air from the singing of Jamie Coul, Port-Gordon. The Ballad is given in Mr Buchan's "Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish, scarce Old Ballads," (1825) and consists of thirty-four verses of four lines each. When Jamie sung the whole of the Ballad, some of his auditors would say, "Jamie, that's a lang sang;" and Jamie always answered, — "I wouldna care sae muckle for the lenth o't gin it werena sae wicious cruel on the woice." As may be supposed, Jamie's stories were unique and racy, as is referred to in the note Vol. I. p. 94. Only a few verses of the Ballad are given here, the whole being unsuited for this work. See Buchan's "Gleanings," p. 46. The second set of the Air is in the Appendix. It was taken from singing in Buchan.

The Gosport Tragedy.

In Gosport of late a young damsel did dwell,
For wit and for beauty did many excel,
A young man did court her for to be his dear,
And he by his trade was a ship carpenter. A young man, &c.

He said, "My dear Molly, if you will agree,
And now will consent, love, for to marry me,
Your love it will ease me of sorrow and care,
If you will but marry a ship carpenter." Your love, &c.

"The life of a virgin, sweet William, I prize;
For marriage brings sorrow and trouble likewise;
I'm loth for to venture, and therefore forbear,
For I will not marry a ship carpenter." I'm loth, &c.

This pass'd on a while, at length we do hear,
The king wanted sailors, to sea he must steer;
Which griev'd the young damsel indeed to the heart,
To think that with William she now soon must part. Which griev'd, &c.

She said, "My dear William, ere you go to sea,
Remember the vows which you made unto me;
And if you now leave me, I ne'er shall have rest,
Oh, why will you leave me with sorrow oppress'd!" And if, &c.

The kindest expressions to her he did say,
"I'll marry my Molly ere I go away;
And if that to me to-morrow you'll come,
The priest shall be brought, love, and all shall be done." And if, &c.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The Dark – eyed Sailor.

Slowly and smoothly.

There was a come - ly young la - dy fair, While walk - ing out to take the air, Did meet a sai - lor while on her way, And I paid at - ten - tion— And I paid at - ten - tion to hear what he did say.

rall. *rall.* *sosten.*

This beautiful Air, which has been long a favourite in the three North-eastern Counties, may be often heard sung by street Ballad singers. The Editor has often heard it sung by these singers; but none of them sung such a melodious set of the Air as the one here given, which he noted, note for note, from the singing of a native of the Parish of Monquhitter. The Ballad is in the usual style of the sailor lover coming home under disguise, and, after torturing the feelings of his sweetheart, discovering himself and thus at last causing her much joy.

The Dark-eyed Sailor.

THERE was a comely young lady fair,
While walking out to take the air,
Did meet a sailor while on her way,
And I paid attention—
And I paid attention to hear what he would say.

He said, "Oh! lady, why roam alone?
The night is coming, and the day's near gone;"
She said, while tears from her eyes did flow,
"'Tis a dark-eyed sailor that causes all my woe.

"Its seven long years since he left the land,
When I took the gold ring from my hand,
We broke the token, here's a part with me,
And the other is rolling at the bottom of the sea."

"Oh! lady fair, drive him from your mind,
Some other sailor as good you'll find;
Love turns aside, and soon cold does grow,
Like a wintry morning, when the land is clad with snow."

These words did Phœbe's fond heart inflame,
She said, "On me you shall play no game,"
Then drawing a dagger she this did cry,—
"For my dark-eyed sailor a maid I'll live and die.

"For his coal-black eyes and his curling hair,
And pleasant words did my heart ensnare,—
A brave young sailor, but not like you,
Who'd advise a maiden to slight the jacket blue.

"And yet," said Phœbe, "I'll ne'er disdain
A tarry sailor, but treat the same;
To drink his health—here's a piece of coin,
For my dark-eyed sailor still claims this heart of mine."

Then William half the ring did show,
And she, transported to joy from woe,
Cried, "Welcome, William, I have land and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor, so manly, true, and bold!"

Now in a village down by the sea,
They live in wedlock and in harmony;
So, maids, be true while your love's away,
For a cloudy morning oft brings a pleasant day.

President Parker.

Moderate time.

Ye Gods a-bove pro-tect the wi-dow, and with pi-ty look on me! Oh!

help me, help me out of trou-ble, And out of all ca-la-mi-ty! For,

by the death of my dear Par-ker, Fate to me has prov'd un-kind; Though,

doom'd by law, he was to suf-fer, I couldn't e-rase him from my mind.

The Editor noted this Air from the singing of Jamie Coul, and also wrote the Ballad from his recitation. Parker was the chief mutineer in the mutiny at the Nore in 1797. The mutiny at Spithead commenced on the 15th of April; but was stopped by the influence of Lord Home, who offered to get the sailors' grievances redressed. On the 22nd of May, however, mutiny again broke out in part of Lord Duncan's squadron at the mouth of the Thames, and, by the 6th of June, the whole fleet hoisted the red flag, except the Admiral's ship and two frigates. This mutiny paralyzed the Government, and brought Britain almost to the verge of destruction. President Parker, as he was named, having assumed the title of "President of the Floating Republic," took the place of Admiral Duncan, though merely a common seaman, but possessed of great natural ability. The mutiny was at last quelled, and a number of the mutineers along with Parker were hung at the yard-arm.

President Parker.

Ye Gods above, protect the widow,
  And with pity look on me!
Oh! help me, help me out of trouble,
  And out of all calamity!
For, by the death of my dear Parker,
  Fate to me has prov'd unkind;
Though doom'd by law, he was to suffer,
  I couldn't erase him from my mind.

Brave Parker was my lawful husband,
  My bosom friend I lov'd so dear;
And at the moment he was to suffer,
  I was not allowèd to come near.
In vain I ask'd, in vain I strove,
  Ay, three times o'er and o'er again;
But still they replied, you must be denied,
  And must return on shore again.

I thought I saw the yellow flag flying,
  The signal for my husband to die,
A gun was fir'd, as they requir'd,
  When they hung on the yard arm so high.
I thought I saw his hand a-waving,
  Bidding me a last farewell,
The grief I suffer'd at this moment,
  No heart can paint nor tongue can tell.

My fainting spirit I thought would follow
  The soul of him I lov'd most dear,
No friend or neighbour would come near me,
  To ease me of my grief and care.
Then unto the shore my Parker was brought
  Most scornfully to be laid in the ground,
And for to get my husband's body
  An artful scheme I quickly found.

In dead of night when all was silent,
  And many thousands fast asleep,
I and three more went to the shore,
  And to his grave did quietly creep.
With trembling hands we work'd with shovel,
  And digg'd his body from the cold clay,
And there I had a coach a-waiting
  To carry to London his body away.

And there I got him decently buried,
  And then the doleful task was done,
I soon did finish the doleful task,
  That his imprudence had begun.
Oh! farewell, Parker, thou bright genius,
  Thou wert once my only pride;
Though parted now, it won't be long
  Till I am laid down by your side.

Ye Gods above, protect the widow,
  And with pity look on me!
Although my Parker was hung for mutiny,
  There were worse men in the wars than he.
All you who hear my tender ditty,
  Do not laugh at me in disdain;
But look on me with an eye of pity,
  For it is now my only claim.

The Gaberlunzie.

Moderately.

'Twas on a morn - ing fresh and fair, As I went out to take the air, I pu'd the ro - ses here and there, I pu'd them at my plea - sure. A bon - ny lad stood by my side, At him I look'd wi' mic - kle pride, And said, "I'd range the warld wide, Gin ye wad tak' me wi' ye."

express. *rall.*

This Air was arranged by the Editor from the singing of "Jenny Meesic," and the Ballad is given as taken down from her recitation with some changes made upon it. As may be seen in the 1st Volume of this Work, many of the Airs, noted by the Editor from Jenny's singing, appear to be ancient. The one above may be considered, through her "forbears," a very ancient copy, and may be the original from which the next Air and "Johnny Cope" sprung.

The Gaberlunzie.

'Twas on a morning fresh and fair,
As I went out to take the air,
I pu'd the roses here and there,
  I pu'd them at my pleasure.
A bonny lad stood by my side,
At him I look'd wi' mickle pride,
And said, " I'd range the warld wide,
  Gin ye wad tak' me wi' ye."

" O lady, you must understand,
Last time when I was in this land,
You had my heart at your command,
  And you would not gae wi' me."
" My friends held me at war wi' thee,
And would not let me to thy countrie,
They would not let me gae wi' thee,
  O laddie tak' me wi' ye!"

" Fair lady, you must understand,
For crime I had to leave that land,
And wander on wi' staff in hand;
  So you must stay behind me."
" I've thirty ploughs in ferny lea,
My uncle he gae them to me,
And I'll gi'e them to borrow thee,
  Gin ye will tak' me wi' ye."

" My horse is high, he'll not let you ride,
Yon water's deep you cannot it wyde,
Nor climb the brow o' yon mountain side,
  So you must stay behind me."
" O I will wyde yon water still,
I'll climb the brow o' yon high hill,
I'll climb its brow wi' right gude will,
  Gin ye will tak' me wi' ye"

When a' the lave were fast asleep,
She from the door did quietly creep,
And on his horse did quickly leap,
  To gang wi' the gaberlunzie.
Her father sent men to the shore,
Where they'd see shipping them before,
And bade them ask if she was there,
  Or awa' wi' the gaberlunzie.

" You'll hire," said he, " bold mariners three,
And send them to yon ship to see,
If that your lady be gone them wi',
  Or awa' wi' the gaberlunzie."
The captain being well hir'd wi' gold,
He made the brazen cannons bold;
So none of them come nigh her could,
  To see if she were in her.

He took her hame to his ain countrie,
Where he had sixty ploughs and three,
And now the flower o' a' is she,
  That sail'd wi' the gaberlunzie.
Aboon he wears the scarlet brade,
Bedizen'd wi' the goud sae red;
For he begg'd the lady, and not his bread,
  That sail'd the saut seas wi' him.

The Gaberlunzie Man.

Gaily.

The paw - ky auld carle cam' ower the lee, Wi' mo - ny guid-e'ens and

days to me, Say - ing, Guid - wife, for your cour - te - sie, Will ye

rall.

lodge a sil - ly puir man? The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat, And

down a - yont the in - gle he sat; My douch - ter's shou - thers he

rall.

'gan to clap, And cad - gi - ly rant - ed and sang.

This Air was sung by the Editor's maternal grandfather to "The Gaberlunzie Man." The Air in the Museum, Nº 226, though ancient, as Stenhouse says, is ill adapted to the subject of the Ballad. It will be perceived at once how well the above Air is adapted to it. The Ballad appeared first in the "Tea-table Miscellany," and has been usually ascribed to King James V, apparently on no authority, but merely because it relates a rustic adventure, such as James occasionally engaged in. It is said that James, when a young man, often strolled about the country in the dress of a tinker, beggar, or mechanic, and, being second to none, at that time, as a poet and a musician, he made his frolicsome excursions the themes of Ballads and songs; but none of them have been preserved. The Ballad, after it was published by Herd, was generally sung to the Air "Muirland Willie" in the South of Scotland.

The Gaberlunzie Man.

THE pawky auld carle cam' ower the lee,
Wi' mony guid-e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Guidwife, for your courtesie,
  Will ye lodge a silly puir man?
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And doun ayont the ingle he sat;
My douchter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
  And cadgily ranted and sang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They rase a wee afore the cock,
And wylily they shot the lock,
  And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up i' the morn the auld wife rase,
And at her leisure put on her claise,
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
  To spier for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
The strae was cauld—he was away;
She clapped her hands, cried, Waladay!
  For some o' our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, some ran to kist;
But nocht was stown that could be mist.
She danced her lane, cried, Praise be blest,
  I have lodged a leal puir man!

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to yirne;
Gae butt the house, and wauken my bairn,
  And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the douchter lay:
The sheets were cauld—she was away,
And fast to her guidwife 'gan say,
  She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man!

Oh, fye gar ride, and fye gar rin,
And haste ye find thae traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
  The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.
Meantime, far hind out ower the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
  Cut frae a new cheese a whang.

O kend my minnie I were wi' you,
Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou';
Sic a puir man she'll never trow,
  After the gaberlunzie man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet ower young,
And ha'na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
  And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need;
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
  To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout ower my e'e;
A cripple and blind they will ca' me,
  While we'll be merry and sing.

Bonny Bows the Birks 'been the Waters o' Dee.

Slow and pathetic.

Oh! bon-ny bows the birks, And bon-ny bows the tree, Oh!

bon-ny bows the birks 'Been the wa - ters o' Dee. This

nicht I maun sit doun, Wi' mo - ny sab, and greet; I

maun sit doun this nicht, And sew my love's wind - ing sheet.

This Air was arranged by the Editor from the way it was sung by his paternal grandfather. The only lines of the pathetic Ballad, which the Editor remembered were the first eight, and the four lines commencing "Lang will I sit and greet;" he, therefore, requested his friend and relative, Dr Patrick Buchan, son of the late Mr Buchan, Peterhead, to give him twelve lines more to fill up the hiatus, and give a story to the words he remembered. The other twelve lines given are the result. The Air, which the Editor can trace far into the last century, is, doubtless, the original of "The mucking o' Geordie's Byre," given in the Museum, No 96, and in the "Orpheus Caledonius" in 1725, but in each set changed from the one here given.

Bonny Bows the Birks 'been the Waters o' Dee.

Oh! bonny bows the birks,
And bonny bows the tree,
Oh! bonny bows the birks
'Been the waters o' Dee.
This nicht I maun sit doun,
Wi' mony sab, and greet;
I maun sit doun this nicht,
And sew my love's winding sheet.

They herrit byre and fauld,
They spulyit bour and ha',—
My happy bridal hame
Is now a roofless wa'.
My lov'd, my brave guidman,
They slew him ane to three;
Now birk leaves hap his corse,
By the waters o' Dee.

Lang will I sit and greet,
Ere my love comfort me;
Though bonny bows the birks
Ower the waters o' Dee!
Sair, sair is my heart,
And the saut tear blin's my e'e,
As I sew his winding sheet,
By the waters o' Dee.

I Winna hae Tailor nor Sutor.

Briskly.

I win - na hae tai - lor nor su - tor, Nor o - ny ane i - ther, I vow, But my buird - ly, my braw ploughman lad - die, Wha to me is con - stant and true. He's blythe - some and can - ty at ev - en, Though tired he comes in frae the plough, And oh! but his words are sae cou - thy; But sweet - er a kiss o' his mou'.

This Air was sent to the Editor's father in 1812 by the gentleman referred to in the notes Vol. I. p. 174, and Vol. II. p. 28. It is given note for note. The copy sent is in the Editor's possession. Burns sent a set of the first strain to the Museum, No 296, to which he had composed the fine comic song, "My heart is a breaking dear tittie." The above Air is one of the instances of a traditional Air having a second strain, while it was supposed to have only one strain. The Air is named, in the copy sent to the Editor's father, "I winna hae tailor nor sutor," and as the Editor failed to procure the original words, the accompanying ditty is his effort to give words to the Air.

I Winna hae Tailor nor Sutor.

I WINNA hae tailor nor sutor,
  Nor ony ane ither, I vow,
But my buirdly, my braw ploughman laddie,
  Wha to me is constant and true.
He's blythesome and canty at even,
  Though tired he comes in frae the plough,
And oh! but his words are sae couthy;
  But sweeter a kiss o' his mou'.

My Johnny has promised to wed me,
  When this weary half towmond's deen;
In thinkin' o't I'm aye sae vaunty,
  I maistly could loup ower the meen.
For now his auld father's forgi'en him,
  For leivin' him to be near me;
And promis'd to gi'e's a braw haddin',
  Wi' kye, and our plenishin' free.

But plague tak' this auld miser body,
  He girns at our tinin' our fee;
And says we maun byde in our places,
  Till Martinmas set us baith free.
Then turn about time in a hurry,
  And bring about Martinmas seen;
For I'm sure we'll baith be sae happy,
  When this weary half towmond's deen.

Clerk Sandy.

Moderate time.

Then in it came her fa - ther dear, And he was belt - ed in a brand, Sae saft - ly as he trade the fleer, And in her bower did state - ly stand, Says, "Hold your tongue, my daugh - ter dear, And ye'll lat a' your mourn - ing be; I'll wed you to a high - er match, Than San - dy's fa - ther's son cou'd be."

This Air was arranged by the Editor's father from the way it was sung in Buchan to "Clerk Sandy." The Ballad is necessarily epitomized for this work, only a few verses at the end of Mr Buchan's version being given. "Ballads of the North," I. 160. Versions of the Ballad are given by Sir Walter Scott, and Mr Jamieson. Sir Walter's copy concludes with the last five verses of "William's Ghost," published by Wotherspoon, I. 76. Mr Jamieson's copy appears more ancient. Part of it was transmitted to him by Mrs Arrott of Aberbrothick; and he enlarged this copy from two fragments, adding two stanzas by himself.

Clerk Sandy.

THEN in it came her father dear,
And he was belted in a brand,
Sae saftly as he trade the fleer,
And in her bower did stately stand,—
Says, "Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
And ye'll let a' your mourning be;
I'll wed you to a higher match,
Than Sandy's father's son cou'd be."

"Wed well, wed well your seven sons,
I wish ill wedded they may be;
Sin' they ha'e kill'd him, Clerk Sandy,
For wedded shall I never be."
His corpse was laid in the cauld clay,
The bells went tinkling thro' the town;
"Alas! alas!" said the lady gay,
"That e'er I heard that waefu' soun'!"

When she had sitten intill her bower
A twalmonth lang and weary day;
Even below her bower window,
She heard some one to knock an' cry.
She says, "Ye're thief or bauld robber,
Or biggin' come to burn or brake;
Or are you ony masterfu' man,
That is come seeking ony make?"

"I am not thief nor bauld robber,
Nor biggin' come to brake or burn,
But I'm Clerk Sandy, your first love,
That wants wi' you to speak again."
"Gin ye're Clerk Sandy, my first love,
That wants wi' me to speak again;
Tell me some of the love tokens
That you and I had last between."

"O mind ye not, ye gay lady,
When I was last along wi' thee,
That in it came your seven brethren,
The youngest gart me sairly dree."
Sae painfully she clam the wa',
She clam the wa' up after him;
And in the midst o' gude greenwood,
'Twas there she lost the sight o' him.

The lady sat a-mourning there,
Until she cou'dna weep nae mair;
At length the flies, the wanton flies,
A' biggit in her yellow hair.
"O haud your peace, my dearest dear,
For I am come to mak' you wise;
Ere this night nine nights come and gang,
We baith shall be in Paradise!"

The Golden Glove.

Cheerfully.

A weal - thy young squire liv'd in Tam - worth, we hear, Who court - ed a No - ble - man's daugh - ter so fair; And for to wed her it was his in - tent, As her friends and re - la - tions had given their con - sent. The time being ap - point - ed for the wed - ding day, A far - mer was chos - en to give her a - way; But, when this young la - dy the far - mer did spy, He in - flam - ed her heart, "Oh, my heart!" she did cry!

The Air of "The Golden Glove," which appears to be an English one has been long a favourite in Aberdeenshire. The Air given above was arranged by the Editor's father from a set sent to him by the old soldier, who sent him "The Plains of Waterloo." This soldier sent two copies of the Ballad. In one of them, instead of "liv'd in Tamworth," was given "liv'd to townward." The Ballad is printed on broad-sides and in chap-books, and in any of those, which the Editor has seen, it is "Tamworth," not "townward."

The Golden Glove.

A WEALTHY young squire liv'd in Tamworth, we hear,
Who courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;
And for to wed her it was his intent,
As her friends and relations had given their consent.
The time being appointed for the wedding-day,
A farmer was chosen to give her away;
But, when this young lady the farmer did spy,
He inflamèd her heart, "Oh, my heart!" she did cry!

She turn'd from the squire, and nothing she said;
Instead of being married, she went to her bed;
But the thought of the farmer still ran in her mind,
And a way for to get him she quickly did find.
Coat, waiscoat, and trowsers this lady put on,
And she went out to hunt with a dog and a gun.
She hunted all around where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she lov'd him so well.

She oftentimes fir'd but nothing she kill'd;
At length the young farmer came into the field;
And now to speak with him it was her intent,
So with dog and with gun to meet him she went.
"I thought you had been at the wedding," she cried,
"To wait on the squire, and to give him his bride;"
"No, sir," said the farmer, "the truth I will tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

"But suppose that the lady would grant you her love,
You know that the squire your rival would prove."
"Oh, then," said the farmer, "I'll take sword in hand,
And gain her by honour, or my life's at command."
The lady was pleas'd to hear him so bold,
And gave him a glove that was flowerèd with gold,
And said she had found it when coming along,
As she was hunting with her dog and her gun.

The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she had lost a glove.
She said, "He that finds it, and brings it to me,
The very same man my husband shall be."
The farmer was pleas'd when he heard of the news,
And with heart full of love to the lady he goes;
Says, "Dear honour'd lady, I've pick'd up a glove,
And hope you'll be pleas'd now to grant me your love."

"It is already granted, I will be your bride,
For I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she cried,
"I'll be mistress of my dairy, and milking my cow,
While my jolly young farmer goes whistling at his plough."
One day as the squire and the farmer did meet,
Said the squire to the farmer, "You are indiscreet
In taking from me my lovely sweet bride;
You must either fight now, or die by my side."

"With all my whole heart," the farmer did cry,
"To fight for my jewel I'll never deny."
Then to fighting with vigour they instantly went;
But the squire soon yielded, and gave his consent.
And now they are married in splendour, we hear,
And he now enjoys ten thousand a year,
With his lovely sweet lady and likewise his Hall,
And his men and maid servants, and all at his call.

The Bonniest Lass in a' the Land.

Cheerfully.

The bonni - est lass in a' the land Is com - in' wi' the brose, man, And

rall. *tr*

she will gie our hearts a drill, As ye may weel sup - pose, man. Sae

gin ye like your Jen - ny weel, And vow'd ye will be true, man, Ye'll

rall. *sosten.* *tr*

bet - ter o' your heart tak' care, For she may mak' you rue, man.

As far as the Editor can discover, this Air was sent to his father about the year 1814 by the gentleman alluded to in the note in a preceding page, 110. The only words of the song which he sent with the Air are the following:—

The bonniest lass in a' the land
Is comin' wi' the brose, man.

From these lines the Editor tried to give words and a story to the Air, although somewhat meagre.

The Bonniest Lass in a' the Land.

THE bonniest lass in a' the land
  Is comin' wi' the brose, man,
And she will gie our hearts a drill,
  As ye may weel suppose, man.
Sae gin ye like your Jenny weel,
  And vowed ye will be true, man,
Ye'll better o' your heart tak' care,
  For she may mak' you rue, man.

Oh, I hae nane that I like best,
  And fain would mak' her mine, O;
But fear to gi'e her a' my heart,
  For she might mak' me pine, O.
For bonny though she be, I ween,
  She is a saucy dame, O;
And mony ane that's socht her love,
  She has sent waefu' hame, O.

For a' that she's a bonny lass,
  And has a canty smile, O;
And for ae blythe blink o' her e'e,
  I wad gang mony a mile, O.
Sae keep ye to your Jenny, lad,
  And see gin my love gains her;
For maybe yet she will be mine,
  Though now she says it pains her.

Home is Home, be it Ever so Homely.

Slowly and feelingly.

Sweet grows our eg - lan - tine, Bright in the sun - shine, Kiss'd by the wild bees, and fann'd by the breezes; Ne'er to earth's grandeur, then, shall our thoughts wander, when *rall.* Friendship and love, link'd with ro - ses, can please us. Sim - ple our bless - ings are, Sweet our ca - ress - ings are, Peace and con - tent - ment gar a' thing look come - ly. *rall.* Home is earth's sweet - est scene, *sosten.* Bright with our bo - som sheen, Home is home, be it ev - er so home - ly.

This Air, in the style of some of the Highland Airs, was composed by the Editor to "Home is home, be it ever so homely," which appeared in "The Aberdeen Herald," April 30th, 1853. There were a number of songs at that time inserted in the Herald under the title "Theory of song writing." This one was No XVI. of the series.

Home is Home, be it Ever so Homely.

SWEET grows our eglantine,
Bright in the sunshine,
Kiss'd by the wild bees, and fann'd by the breezes;
Ne'er to earth's grandeur, then,
Shall our thoughts wander, when
Friendship and love, link'd with roses, can please us.
Simple our blessings are,
Sweet our caressings are,
Peace and contentment gar a' thing look comely.
Home is earth's sweetest scene,
Bright with our bosom sheen,—
Home is home, be it ever so homely.

Dream not that richest bowers
Know more of heaven than ours;
Ours be the bosoms that nurse a' their pleasures,
Ours be the breast that feels
Justly that fortune deals,—
Equal to every true heart are her treasures.
Lone though our cot may seem,
Joy gilds't with beauty's beam—
Peace and contentment gar a' thing look comely.
Home is earth's sweetest scene,
Bright with our bosom sheen—
Home is home, be it ever so homely.

Ne'er let us deem the great
Blest with a sweeter fate,
Dearer to nature or nearer to glory;
Still when the muses sing
Heart pleasures light their wing,
Joys, which are native, put heaven in their story.
Fair in the happy breast,
Nature and life are drest—
Peace and contentment gar a' thing look comely.
Home is earth's sweetest scene,
Bright with our bosom sheen—
Home is home, be it ever so homely.

My Bonny Laddie has my Heart.

Slow and tender.

The brave young sod_gers at E_din_bo_ro', As all in rank there they did stan', Their

cres.

Cap_tain saw a bonny las_sie, And wish'd that she was a' his ain. The

cres. *p*

Cap_tain said, "I would gi'e gui_neas, I would gi'e gui_neas and pints o' wine; I

expressione

would gi'e wine and red goud gui_neas To ane wha'd try to mak' her mine.

This Air was arranged from the singing of the Editor's mother by his father, and given in the work referred to in the note, Vol. I. p. 20. The Editor's mother had the Air and song from her grandmother, who died in 1838 at the age of 98. She distinctly remembered seeing the Duke of Cumberland and his army pass through Old Cullen, her native place, on their way to Culloden. The two stanzas of the Ballad omitted were not suited for this work.

My Bonny Laddie has my Heart.

THE brave young sodgers at Edinboro',
As all in rank there they did stan',
Their Captain saw a bonny lassie,
And wish'd that she was a' his ain.
The Captain said, "I would gi'e guineas,
I would gi'e guineas and pints o' wine;
I would gi'e wine and red goud guineas
To ane wha'd try to mak' her mine."

* * * * *

Now he has married that bonny lassie,
And vow'd that they would never part;
And now the lassie aft sits a-singing—
"My bonnie laddie has my heart."
And now the lassie sits aften singing,
And now the laddie may do the same;
And now the lassie may sit a-singing,
And bless the day he made her his ain.

Mary's Grave.

Slowly and feelingly.

Air—The Beggar Wench of Wales.

Ye brie-ry fields, where ro-ses blaw! Ye flow'-ry fells an' sun-ny braes! Whase scrog-gie bo-soms fos-ter'd a' The plea-sures o' my youth-fu' days. A-mang your lea-fy sim-mer claes, And blush-in' blooms, the ze-phyr flies, Syne wings a-wa', and wan-ton plays A-round the grave where Ma-ry lies.

rall. *sosten.*

This Air was arranged from the singing of "Jenny Meesic," Buckie. It appears to be ancient. The Ballad to which she sung it is unsuited for this work. The first eight lines are the following:—

O listen and I'll tell you tales
Of a beggar wench that liv'd in Wales,
Of a beggar wench so full of wile,
That a merchant's son she did beguile.
As he was riding a milk white steed
To go to London with great speed,
This beggar wench he chanc'd to see,
Who ask'd from him some charity.

The words here given to the Air are by T. Mouncey Cunningham. Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," p. 557.

Mary's Grave.

Ye briery fields, where roses blaw!
  Ye flow'ry fells an' sunny braes!
Whase scroggie bosoms foster'd a'
  The pleasures o' my youthfu' days.
Amang your leafy simmer claes,
  And blushin' blooms, the zephyr flies,
Syne wings awa', and wanton plays
  Around the grave where Mary lies.

Nae mair your bonnie birken bowers,
  Your streamlets fair, and woodlands gay,
Can cheer the weary wingèd hours,
  As up the glen I joyless stray:
For a' my hopes ha'e flown away,
  And when they reach'd their native skies,
Left me, amid the world o' wae,
  To weet the grave where Mary lies.

It is na beauty's fairest bloom,
  It is na maiden charms consigned,
And hurried to an early tomb,
  That wrings my heart and clouds my mind;
But sparkling wit, and sense refin'd,
  And spotless truth without disguise,
Make me with sighs enrich the wind,
  That fans the grave where Mary lies.

The gay Goss-Hawk.

Moderately.

"O wa - ly, wa - ly, my gay goss - hawk, Gin your fea - thering be sheen!" "And wa - ly, wa - ly, my mas - ter dear, Gin ye look pale and lean! O have ye tint, at tour - na - ment, Your sword, or yet your spear? Or mourn ye for the South - ern lass, Whom you may not win near?"

tr *ral!.* *sosten.* *tr*

This Air was also arranged from the singing of "Jenny Meesic." The Ballad given here is epitomized from the one given in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Motherwell gives another copy in his Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern. The Editor may well again express his regret, as he did in the 1st Vol. of this Work, that he did not write Jenny's copies of the published Ballads, and also those of others from whom he noted down the Airs. As far as he can remember none of those, whom he heard sing the Ballads like those published, had seen Sir Walter Scott's, Motherwell's, or Buchan's publications. If he had noted the Ballads from those singers the copies would have shown a very interesting contrast; although he must own that he never heard two persons sing the same Ballad in the same words.

The Gay Goss-Hawk.

"O WALY, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!"
"And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!
O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the Southern lass,
Whom you may not win near?"

"I have not tint at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.
But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee;
Ye shall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me."

Lord William has written a love letter,
Put it under his pinion gray;
And he's awa' to Southern land,
As fast as wings can gae.
He lighted at the ladye's yate,
And sat him on a pin;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low low note,
And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was—"Your love can no win here.
Have there a letter from lord William,
He says he's sent you three,
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll dee."

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."
The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to dee.

"A boon, a boon, my father dear,
A boon I beg of thee!"
"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.
But for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be."
"Then gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me."

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour,
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.
And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.
The first Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They garr'd the bells be rung,
The next Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam' to St Mary's kirk,
There stood spearmen all in a raw;
And up and started lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.
"Set down, set down the bier," he said,
And let me look her upon;"
But as soon as lord William touched her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone;
With rosy cheek and ruby lip,
She smil'd her love upon.
A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine;
For I ha'e fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers!
Gae hame and blaw your horn!
I trow ye wad ha'e gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn.
Commend me to my grey father,
That wish'd my saul gude rest;
But wae be to my cruel step mother,
Garr'd burn me on the breast."

The Lion's Den.

Lightly and cheerfully.

There were two bro_thers, both not_ed warri_ors, Who fell in love with a la_dy gay; And

for to won her was their en_deav_our;— They tried to gain her both night and day. One

of them had been made a Cap_tain, And was com_mand_ed by brave Colo_nel Carr; The

o_ther was a brave Lieu_te_nant, On board the Ti_ger, a Man_of_War.

This Air was arranged from the way it was sung to "The Lion's Den" in Buchan. A set of the first strain is given in Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland," under the name of "The Robber, or Charley Reilly," Nº 48, (Ed. 1811.) The Air appears more like an English than an Irish one. Leigh Hunt composed a Ballad from the one here given which he called "The Glove and the Lions." It has a different termination, as may be seen from the following lines:—

"She dropped her glove to prove his love; then looked at him and smiled:
He bowed and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained his place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!"

The Lion's Den.

THERE were two brothers, both noted warriors,
  Who fell in love with a lady gay;
And for to won her was their endeavour;—
  They tried to gain her both night and day.
One of them had been made a Captain,
  And was commanded by brave Colonel Carr;
The other was a brisk Lieutenant,
  On board the Tiger, a Man-of-War.

This lady made a resolution,
  That she would wed no man but he,
Who show'd himself a man of valour
  All in the wars by land or sea.
She call'd her coach to be made ready,
  In early morning by the break of day,
And her two gallants follow'd after,
  Until they came where the cannons lay.

And when she came into the Tower,
  She threw her fan in the lion's den,
Saying, "Either of you that would gain a lady,
  Must bring me back my fan again."
Then out did speak the faint-hearted Captain—
  For he was sore distress'd in mind,—
"In battle I was ne'er call'd coward;
  To fight my foes I was well inclin'd.

"But among these lions, bears and tigers,
  I think my life would no ransom prove;
I will not venture my life in danger,
  Though I should never gain your love."
Then out did speak the bold Lieutenant,
  With a voice like thunder loud and shrill,
"Oh, I will venture my life in danger,
  All for to gain my love's good will."

So while they were into the Tower,
  The lions all look'd fierce and grim;
But well behav'd the bold Lieutenant,
  For he look'd ten times as fierce as them.
Then from his side he drew a rapier,
  Two of the lions he did kill;
When the others saw his manly courage,
  Down at their conq'ror's feet they fell.

He stoopèd down the fan to lift up,
  This courteous warrior made no delay;
The lady while looking on was trembling,
  Fearing he would become their prey.
But when she saw her bold hero coming,
  And that to him no harm was done,
With open arms she did embrace him,
  Says, "Take the prize, love, that you have won."

It was not long till the king got notice,
  That two of his lions had been slain;
Yet he was not at all displeasèd,
  But gave him honour for the same.
He advancèd him from a first Lieutenant,
  And made him Admiral of the Blue,
And soon this lady and he were married;
  This lets one see what love can do.

The Brisk young Squire.

Moderately.

'Twas in sweet summer, in pleasant wea_ther, When Flora yields a fine fragrant scent, A brisk young squire with hat and fea_ther, In_to the town of Norwich went. And as he tar_ried, and mo_ney car_ried, He saw a dam_sel sweet and fair, And did her fan_cy, her name was Nan_cy, A wea_ver's daugh_ter that liv_ed there.

This Air was arranged from the singing of "Jenny Meesic." A second set, as sung in Buchan, is given in the Appendix. The Editor has heard it sung to an Irish Ballad called "Nancy Whisky," by which the hero of the Ballad was occasionally over-come. The Ballad here given is from a Chap-book, and from the one sung by Jenny Meesic. Her way of singing the first four lines was as follows:—

"'Twas in sweet summer, in pleasant weather,
When all the fields were clad in green;
A brisk young Squire with hat and feather,
Came to the town of Lauraleen."

The Brisk Young Squire.

'TWAS in sweet summer, in pleasant weather,
  When Flora yields a fine fragrant scent,
A brisk young squire with hat and feather,
  Into the town of Norwich went.
And as he tarried, and money carried,
  He saw a damsel sweet and fair,
And did her fancy, her name was Nancy,
  A weaver's daughter that livèd there.

He often spoke to this lovely maiden,
  And with her did this converse hold:
"Oh, my dear Nancy, be thou my fancy,
  And I will give you a chain of gold!"
"I wear not laces, nor yet fine dresses;
  For none of these my mind shall move;
If I don't marry, I'll single tarry,
  No man on earth shall my sorrow prove.

"Although I am but a weaver's daughter,
  As you, I think myself as good,
Or any lady, with silk or satin,
  Or finest clothing got from abroad."
The squire he stood in a musing mood,
  And for a season he nothing said;
He stood amazèd, and on her gazèd,
  At last he said to the pretty maid:—

"I've been in Flanders 'mong high commanders,
  And I have travell'd to many shore;
I've been 'mongst ladies dress'd in fine satin,
  But one like you saw I ne'er before.
And I'll take pleasure to wait your leisure,
  For this will show you how much I've lov'd;"
And there he tarried till they were married,
  And he her honour'd husband prov'd.

Janet.

Air— The Birken Tree.

Briskly.

I'll mak' a fire u - po' the knowe, An' blaw it till it bleeze an' lowe; Syne

rall.

in't I'll ha'e ye burnt, I trow— Ye ha'e be-witch'd me Ja - net! Your

een in il - ka starn I see— The hale night lang I dream of thee— The

rall.

bon - nie lin - tie on the lea, I lik - en to you Janet!

This Air was a great favourite with the populace in the early part of the present century. It was sung by street Ballad-singers to a Ballad called "The Birken Tree," which is given on Broad-sides and in Chap-books. As a whole the Ballad is unsuited for this Work, and the Air is, therefore, given to "Janet," by Robert Nicoll, the son of a farmer in Perthshire. He published a volume of poems when only 21 years of age. He latterly conducted "The Leeds Times;" but, at the early age of 23, he died at the house of his friend, patron, and biographer, Mrs Johnstone of Laverock Bank in 1837. The following is a specimen of "The Birken Tree," being the second and last verses of the Ballad:—

"I darena frae my mammy gae, she locks the door and keeps the key,
And even and morn she charges me, and a' about the men.
She says, "They're a' deceivers, deceivers, deceivers,"
She says, "They're a' deceivers, you canna trust to ane."
"I'm overjoy'd with raptures now," cried he, and pried her cherry mou',
And Jeanie ne'er had cause to rue that night upon the green;
For she has got her Jamie, her sweet, dear, loving Jamie,
For she has got her Jamie, and Jamie's got his Jean.

Janet.

I'LL mak' a fire upo' the knowe,
An' blaw it till it bleeze an' lowe;
Syne in't I'll ha'e ye burnt, I trow—
  Ye ha'e bewitch'd me, Janet!
Your een in ilka starn I see—
The hale night lang I dream o' thee—
The bonnie lintie on the lea,
  I liken to you, Janet!

'Twas but yestreen, as I gaed hame,
The minister said, "What's your name?"
My answer—'deed I may think shame—
  Was, "Sir, my name is Janet!"
Last Sabbath, as I sang the psalm,
I fell into an unco dwaum,
An' naething frae my lips e'er cam'
  But "Janet! Janet! Janet!"

I've fought, I've danced, and drucken too;
But nane o' thae are like to do;
Sae I maun come an' speer at you,
  "What ails me, think ye, Janet?"
I'll soon be either dead or daft,
Sic drams o' luve frae you I've quaff'd;
Sae lay aside your woman-craft—
  Ha'e mercy on me, Janet!

An' if ye winna, there's my loof,
I'll gar the provost lead a proof,
An' pit ye 'neath the tolbooth roof;
  Syne what will ye do, Janet?
I'll mak' a fire upo' the knowe,
And blaw it till it bleeze an' lowe;
Syne in't I'll ha'e ye burnt, I trow—
  Ye ha'e bewitched me, Janet!

The Banks of the Esk.

Air — The Banks of the Bann.

Smoothly and slowly.

In life's sun_ny morn_ing, by Esk's wind_ing stream, My days glid_ed by like a beau_ti_ful dream, And free as a bird I would care_less_ly rove, In_dulging fond visions of beau_ty and love. Then nature was clad in her richest of green, And youth's bound_ing pulse lent a charm to the scene, While each liv_ing thing in its joy was a part Of the glad_ness that found a sweet home in my heart.

tr *tr* *rall.* *rall.* *sosten.*

This Air was arranged from the way it was sung in Buchan. The Editor has been unable to procure the Ballad to which it was sung. It was, as far as he remembers, of little merit. It is, doubtless, an Irish Air, but it does not appear among the traditional Airs given by Bunting or Petrie. The words here given to the Air are by Alexander Smart, a compositor in Edinburgh, who published a volume of very clever poetical pieces, entitled, "Rambling Rhymes, by Alexander Smart: Edinburgh, 1834." Blackie's Songs, p. 231.

The Banks of the Esk.

In life's sunny morning, by Esk's winding stream,
My days glided by like a beautiful dream,
And free as a bird I would carelessly rove,
Indulging fond visions of beauty and love.
Then nature was clad in her richest of green,
And youth's bounding pulse lent a charm to the scene,
While each living thing in its joy was a part
Of the gladness that found a sweet home in my heart.

By Esk's winding stream, in the pride of the year,
The banks are as green and the waters as clear,
But nature's soft verdure can never again
Impart the same feelings that gladdened me then.
Sweet home of my childhood; though far from my view,
In fancy's fond dreams I am ever with you;
And Oh! your remembrance can only depart
With the last throb of feeling that gladdens my heart.

It Hasna been my Lot to get Her.

Feelingly in moderate time.

I court - ed a las - sie for mo - ny lang day, And aye conter'd them that a - gainst her did say; But now she's re - ward - ed me by say - ing nay, And she's to be wed to an - o - ther.

rall.

When I saw the bon - ny lass a' drest in white, Wi' tears in my een she daz - zl'd my sight; I thought wi' my - sel' I could nev - er be right, Sin' it has - na been my lot to get her.

rall.

This Air the Editor arranged from the singing of a farmer's daughter, a native of the Parish of Longside, Buchan. The song sung by her to the Air is here epitomized and arranged by the Editor.

It Hasna been my Lot to Get Her.

I COURTED a lassie for mony lang day,
And aye conter'd them that against her did say,
But now she's rewarded me by saying nay,
  And she's to be wed to another.
When I saw the bonny lass a' drest in white,
Wi' tears in my een she dazzl'd my sight;
I thought wi' mysel' I could never be right,
  Sin' it hasna been my lot to get her.

When I saw the bonny lass to the church go,
With her young men and maidens that made a fine show,
I followèd after with heart full of woe,
  Sin' it hasna been my lot to get her.
When I pass'd the bonny lass in the church style,
I tramp'd on her gown though I didna it fyle;
She turnèd to me and said wi' a smile,
  "Young man, ye are troubl'd about nothing."

Mess John of the parish he gave a loud cry,—
"If any object now, I pray they'll draw nigh;"
I thought wi' mysel' good occasion ha'e I,
  For it hasna been my lot to get her.
When I saw the bonny lass in the church stand,
Wi' the ring on her finger and glove in her hand;
I wish'd him that got her both houses and land,
  Though it wasna my lot to get her.

Now after the wedding we sat down to dine,
I took up the bottle and servèd the wine,
And drank to the bride that should ha'e been mine,
  Though it hasna been my lot to get her.
They a' got sae merry that I couldna byde;
I leant o'er the table, shook hands wi' the bride,
I bade her farewell, should ha'e been by my side,
  And oh! I was wae then to leave her.

Now ye'll dig my grave baith lang, wide and deep,
Put a stone at my head, a green turf at my feet,
And there I'll lie down and tak' a lang sleep,
  And when I awake I'll think on her.
So they dug his grave baith lang, wide and deep,
Put a stone at his head, a green turf at his feet,
And there he was laid down to tak' a lang sleep,
  But he will tak' lang to think on her.

The Wee Primrose.

Smoothly in moderate time.

Air — The Lass that made &c.

My love is like the wee prim-rose, That smirks sae sweet be-neath the thorn, That mo-dest keeks out frae the leaves, An' sips the sweets frae dew-y morn. I met her in my ear-ly walk, As by the ver-dant woods I stray'd, Whaur nought, but art-less me-lo-dy, Had ev-er charm'd her fragrant shade.

This Air was sung in Buchan to the original Ballad of "The Lass that made, &c." Burns found the old, clever, but not very decorous Ballad, which recorded an adventure of Charles II, while in Scotland at the house of Port Letham, and produced a still too free one, Nº 448 in the Museum. Stenhouse, in his notes on the Museum, remarks with regard to the old Ballad—"Had the delicacy of this old Ballad been equal to its humour, the writer of this article, who has frequently heard it in his youth, would gladly have inserted it in this work; but it is inadmissible, and even Burns' first draught of the imitative verses are not altogether unobjectionable." Burns wrote a second version, which is given by Stenhouse, but even it is peculiar. The Air sent by Burns to the Museum is totally different from the one given above; and has the first four bars of "Johnny Cope." The Air given here was sung on the pentatonic scale, the Editor having made a change on the bar before the last slightly to vary the melody.

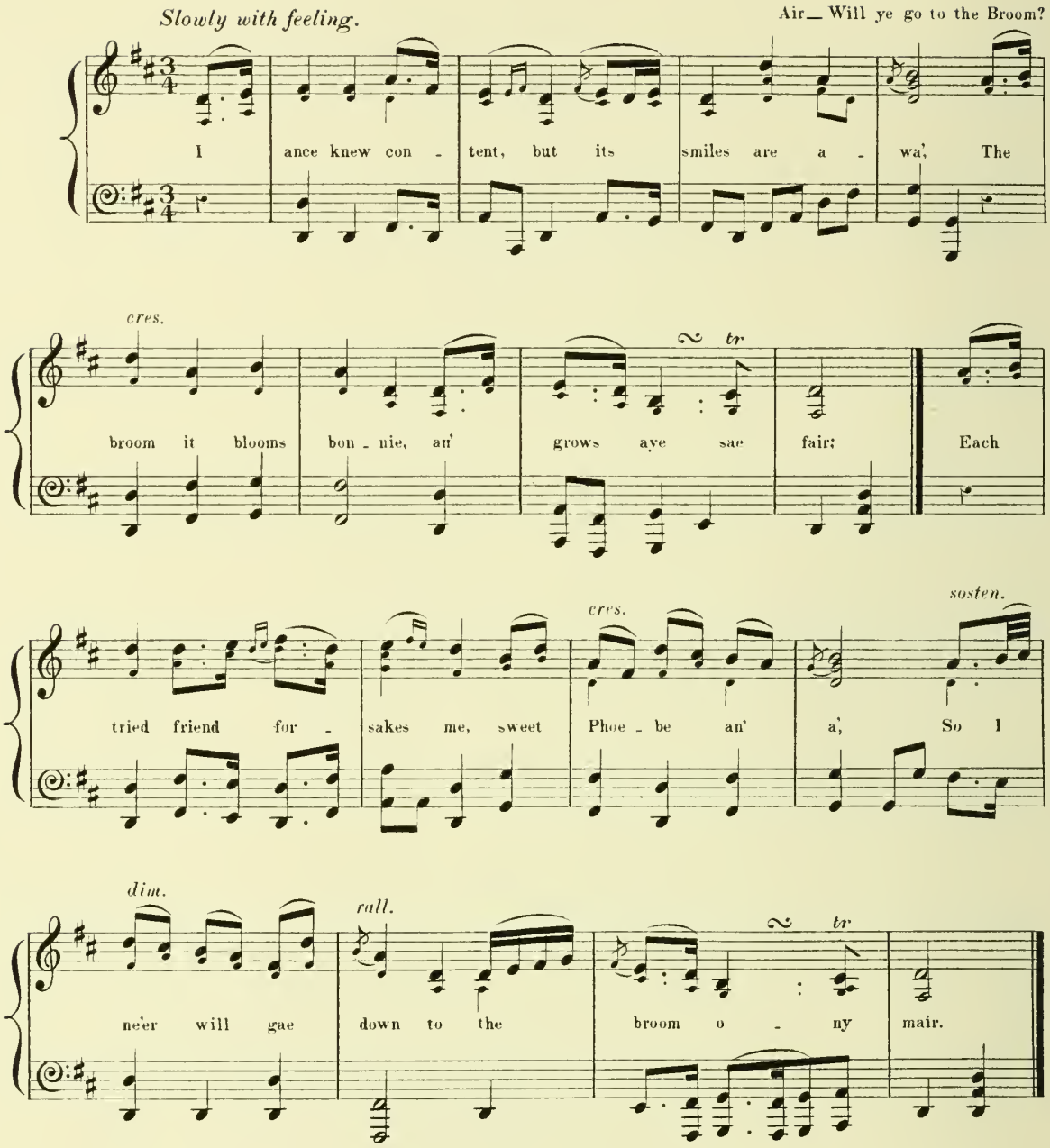
The Wee Primrose.

My love is like the wee primrose,
  That smirks sae sweet beneath the thorn,
That modest keeks out frae the leaves,
  An' sips the sweets frae dewy morn.
I met her in my early walk,
  As by the verdant woods I stray'd,
Whaur nought, but artless melody,
  Had ever charmed her fragrant shade.

A burnie poppled by her bower,
  Whaur nature made a foggy seat—
While resting there she look'd and smiled,
  And aye I felt my bosom beat.
I press'd her, smiling, to my lips—
  Though she was laith, I pree'd her mou' ;
And oh, sae sweet, sae virgin pure!—
  'Twas hinny mix'd wi' draps o' dew.

Whan gowden clouds float at the dawn,
  I view the spot whaur Mary dwells—
That rural spot whaur spotless love
  Speaks to the heart which ardent swells.
May nae rude haun molest her youth—
  May nae vile e'e disturb her hame—
Whan ocht immodest enters there,
  May innocence put guilt to shame.

I ance knew Content.



The Editor's father arranged this Air from the singing of his mother. She sung it to "Will ye go to the Broom? or, Allan Mc Lean." It was inserted in the work referred to in the note Vol. I. p. 20. Allan Mc Lean, according to tradition, was expelled from King's College, Aberdeen, sometime in the latter half of the last century. As there is another Air to Allan Mc Lean, the Editor has given this Air to "I ance knew Content," which he has adapted to it. This song is by Thomas Lyle, a surgeon in Glasgow, who proved himself to be the author of the popular song, "Kelvin Grove." "Kelvin Grove" was supposed to have been composed by a Mr John Sim, who had done much to get up "The Harp of Renfrewshire," in which it was first printed, and who had contributed a number of original pieces to it. Mr Sim went to the West Indies, and died soon after his arrival. It was, however, found that Mr Lyle had communicated "Kelvin Grove" to Mr Sim, and was, therefore, declared the author of it. This Air appears to be from the same original as the one Vol. I. p. 220.

I ance knew Content.

I ANCE knew content, but its smiles are awa',
  The broom it blooms bonnie, an' grows aye sae fair,
Each tried friend forsakes me, sweet Phœbe an' a',
  So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

How light was my step, and my heart, O how gay,
  The broom it blooms bonnie, the broom blooms sae fair;
Till Phœbe was crownèd our queen of the May,
  When the bloom o' the broom strew'd its sweets on the air.

She was mine when the snaw-draps hung white on the lea,
  Ere the broom bloom'd sae bonnie, an' grew aye sae fair;
Till May-day, anither wysed Phœbe frae me,
  So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

Sing, Love, thy fond promises melt like the snaw,
  When broom waves sae lonely, an' bleak blaws the air;
For Phœbe to me now is naething ava,
  If my heart could say, "Gang to the broom now nae mair."

Durst I trow that thy dreams in the night hover o'er,
  Where the broom blooms sae bonnie, an' grows aye sae fair,
The swain (who, while waking, thou thinks of no more,)
  Whisp'ring, "Love, will ye gang to the broom ony mair?"

No! Fare thee well, Phœbe, I'm owre wae to weep,
  Or to think o' the broom growing bonnie an' fair;
Since thy heart is another's, in death I maun sleep,
  'Neath the broom on the lea, an' the bawm sunny air.

The Shepherdess.

Slowly and feelingly.

In North - um - ber - land Coun - ty there liv'd a proud squire, Who

had an on - ly daugh - ter most love - ly and fair: But she

lov - ed a shep - herd be - low her de - gree, Which

rall.

caus'd her much sor - row and sad mi - se - rie.

The Editor arranged this Air from the singing of a native of Aberdeenshire, from whose recitation he also wrote a traditional copy of the Ballad. The Ballad here given is from his copy and one on a broad-side. This shepherdess, who called herself "Feckless Fannie," was the first conception of the character of "Madge Wildfire" in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." Mr Train, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, sent him many particulars about "Feckless Fannie," which are given in Sir Walter's notes to the Novel. The main incidents, detailed in the Ballad, are corroborated by the researches of Mr Train. "Charlie," one of sheep, he was informed, having entered a kale-yard at Moffat, was hunted to death, by a mastiff belonging to the proprietor of the yard; and the grave of "Charlie," even in Mr Train's day, was respected by the school-boys there. The whole of Mr Train's letter to Sir Walter Scott will be found in the Appendix, shewing many particulars of the birth, wanderings and death of "Feckless Fannie."

The Shepherdess.

In Northumberland County there liv'd a proud squire,
Who had an only daughter most lovely and fair ;
But she lovèd a shepherd below her degree,
Which caus'd her much sorrow and sad miserie.

When her father did know it his passion was hot,
And he loaded a pistol, and the shepherd he shot.
As the shepherd lay bleeding, the lady came by ;
At the sight she did weep and did cry bitterly :—

" Oh ! curs'd be the gold, it my true love has slain ;
My joy is transported to sorrow and pain !"
" Alas !" said the shepherd, " none can my life save !
But a wonder you'll see when I'm laid in my grave.

" Of the flocks that I feed, my own share is but small,
They are fifteen in number, they feed near yon wall ;
My dear, they'll attend you wherever you go,
And be your companions through rain, wind and snow."

She took up his crook, and she took up his plaid,
And then like a shepherd, to the valley she strayed,
When she got to the valley, the sheep to her came,
All bleating, entreating her love to obtain.

She call'd the ram Charlie, and Sally, his dame,
And Johnny and Andrew soon knew their own name ;
When she wish'd them to stay for her in a green plain,
She said, " You must stay here till I come again."

With humble submission they always did so,
And when she stay'd long, they all mourning did go :
They walk on beside her and bleat in her face,
There's not such a token 'mong the whole human race.

She wander'd from England, to Scotland she came,
Of true-love controllers the doom is the same ;
The shepherd's no more, and her father soon died,
For the loss of his daughter and the murder beside.

If I would return to my father's bright hall,
I might live in great splendour, but that I ne'er shall ;
I'll constantly wander till death end the strife,
Lamenting my shepherd all the days of my life.

Jeanie o' Planteenie.

Cheerfully.

"Oh, shep-herd, the wea-ther is mis-ty and changing, Will ye show me o-ver the hill o' Traquair?" "Oh, yes, gen-tle stran-ger, whaur ha'e ye been rang-ing, To see such a gen-tle-man walk-ing is rare?" "I've been in the for-est a-mang the young las-ses, I've sung wi' the shep-herds on mo-ny green hill; But now I am going to give o-ver my rov-ing, Of ev'-ry thing in it I've got-ten my will."

rall. *tempo* *rall.*

This Air was written, note for note, from the singing of a native of Buchan, and the Ballad was arranged by the Editor from her recitation. The Air and Ballad have been long favourites in Buchan. The Editor has not heard it sung in the Counties of Banff or Moray. It is somewhat like "Mary of Castlecary" by Hector Mc Neill, and may have given him a hint for his beautiful song commencing, "Oh saw ye my wee thing?" which was published at Edinburgh, in May 1791, in a periodical work conducted by Dr Anderson, entitled, "The Bee." As far as the Editor has discovered through old people, "Jeanie o' Planteenie" was sung in Buchan, and, doubtless, in other parts of Scotland, during the latter half of the last century.

Jeanie o' Planteenie.

"Oh, shepherd, the weather is misty and changing,
Will ye show me over the hill o' Traquair?"
"Oh, yes, gentle stranger, whaur hae ye been ranging,
To see such a gentleman walking is rare?"
"I've been in the forest, and seen the young lasses,
I've sung wi' the shepherds on mony green hills;
But now I am going to give over my roving,
Of every thing in it I've gotten my will."

The stranger said, "Shepherd, ha'e ye got a wife yet,
Or do you live single, come tell me now true?
For if you live single, you'll ever be happy,
For the bonny young lassies they mak' mony rue."
"No; but I trow ye have left some lassie mourning,
A finer young gentleman I never saw;
Your eyes are like diamonds, your hair's like the gowan,
I fear you have tried to mak' some break the law.

"As for mysel', I lo'e nae ane in the forest,
I mind them nae mair than the leaf o' the tree;
But there's ae bonny lassie to whom I am promis'd,
And her I will wed when my stock has got free.
She's charming and pretty, she's baith young and witty,
She's just like a swan in a clear crystal pool,
Her hair's like the gowan, her cheeks are like roses,
I've lov'd her since ever we baith were at school."

The stranger said, "I'm now in no mind to marry,
But dawt a' the lassies that come in my way;
For the very last summer 'tween Ettrick and Yarrow,
I dawted sae mony wha ne'er said me nay.
But the kindest young lassie, that ever I met wi',
Lives now wi' her mammy, wi' nae mair ava;
When I gaed to see her, it was very lucky,
That day her auld mammy had just gaen awa'."

"Oh, what is the name o' that bonny young lassie,
Oh, where does she dwell, or what age does she seem?"
"Her name it is Jeanie, she lives at Planteenie,
A bonny young lassie about seventeen."
"O woe be unto you, and a' o' your forbears,
And a' your ancestors, oh, woe may you feel!
For if you are after her, villain, here's at you;
For that's the sweet lassie that I lo'e sae weel."

"Oh, Jamie, dear Jamie, wi' patience look round you,
I fear that your true love has blinded your e'en;
Oh, my ain dear Jamie, ha'e deen wi' your passion,
Ye kenna the looks nor the voice o' your Jean."
"Oh, Jeanie, my Jeanie, why could you sae tease me?
I winna be weel for this towman' and mair;
Come into my arms afore I forgi'e ye,
And gi'e's a' the kisses that ye can now spare."

"Oh, Jamie, I thought that your mind had been changing,
It's twenty lang weeks and mair since I you saw;
I borrow'd this claithing frae ane o' my neighbours,
And wasna o' mind ye wad ken me ava."
But Jamie soon wed his ain dear lovely Jeanie,
They dwell at the foot o' the hill o' Traquair;
They live in great happiness, peace, and contentment,
And the langer they live, they like ither the mair.

Willy Reilly.

Moderately.

"Oh! rise up. Wil_ly Reil_ly, and go a_long with me, For I mean to go with you, and leave mine own coun_trie; I'll leave my fa_ther's dwelling, his houses and free lan';"— And a_way goes Wil_ly Reil_ly with his fair Cooleen Bawn. They go by hills and moun_tains, and by a lonesome plain, Through sha_dy groves and val_leys all dan_ger to re_frain; But her fa_ther fol_low'd af_ter with a well_arm'd cho_sen band, And ta_ken was poor Reil_ly and his fair Coo_leen Bawn.

rall.

The Editor has not seen this Air in the many works on Irish Music, which he has examined. It is arranged from the way it has been sung for long in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff. With some alterations from a traditional copy given to the Editor by a native of Banffshire, the Ballad is from "Willy Reilly and his dear Cooleen Bawn, a Tale founded on fact, by William Carleton, Author of Tales of the Irish Peasantry, &c. 1855." Mr Carleton in his Preface to the Tale says "Willy Reilly" is still sung, and will long continue to be sung at many a hearth in Ireland." The same may be said as to the hearths of many of the Peasantry in the Counties where the Air as given above is sung.

Willy Reilly.

"Oh! rise up, Willy Reilly, and go along with me,
For I mean to go with you, and leave mine own countrie;
I'll leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free land;—"
And away goes Willy Reilly with his fair Cooleen Bawn.
They go by hills and mountains, and by a lonesome plain,
Through shady groves and valleys all danger to refrain;
But her father follow'd after with a well-arm'd chosen band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his fair Cooleen Bawn.

Then she was taken to her home, and in her chamber bound,
And Reilly plac'd in Sligo jail, lay on the stony ground,
Till at the bar of justice before the judge he'd stan',
For nothing but the going along with his dear Cooleen Bawn.
The jailor's son to Reilly comes, and thus to him did say,—
"Now get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
For great Squire Folliard's anger you never can withstan';
I fear you'll suffer sorely for your dear Cooleen Bawn.

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear,
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you clear."
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stan',
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear Cooleen Bawn."
Now Willy's drest from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most lovely to be seen;
He's tall and straight, and comely as any could be found,
He's fit for Folliard's daughter, were she heiress to a crown.

The Judge did say, "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her, she will declare the truth."
Then bright in all her beauty, before him she did stan';
"You're welcome here," said Reilly, "my own dear Cooleen Bawn."
"Oh, gentlemen," Squire Folliard said, "with pity look on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned;
If satisfaction I don't get, I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady then with tears began, and thus replied she—
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me;
I forced him to leave this place and go along with me;
I loved him out of measure, which has wrought our destiny."
Then out bespoke the noble Fox,* at the table he stood by,
"Oh! gentlemen, consider well on this extremity,
To hang a man for love, is a murder you may see;
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave his own countrie."

"Oh! good my Lord, he stole her, her diamonds and her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred pounds;
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."
"Now, good my Lord, I gave them as tokens of my love,
And when we are a-parting, he'll let me them remove;
Now you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me,
They're poor compared to that poor heart that I have given to thee.

"There is a ring among them I wish yourself to wear,
With thirty sparkling diamonds well set in gold so fair;
And as a true love token you'll wear't on your right hand,
To mind you on my broken heart when in a foreign land."
Then out did speak the noble Fox, says, "Let the prisoner go,
The lady's oath has clear'd him, as the Jury now do know;
She has releas'd her own true love, she has renewed his name,
May her honour bright gain high estate, and her offspring rise to fame."

* His counsel, a celebrated advocate, and afterwards a Judge.

Low Germany.

Slowly and feelingly.

As I sail'd past green Ju-ra's isle A-mong the wa-ters lone, I

heard a voice — a sweet low voice, A-tween a sigh and moan; With

ae babe at her bo-som, and An-o-ther at her knee, A

rall. *sosten.*

mo-ther wail'd the bloo-dy wars In Low Ger-ma-nie.

This Air, apparently Irish, is given note for note as sung by a native of Buchan to "The Shannon side." The words here given to it are by Allan Cunningham. See Blackie's Scottish Songs, page 115.

Low Germanie.

As I sail'd past green Jura's isle,
  Among the waters lone,
I heard a voice—a sweet low voice,
  Atween a sigh and moan :
With ae babe at her bosom, and
  Another at her knee,
A mother wail'd the bloody wars
  In Low Germanie.

"Oh, woe unto these cruel wars,
  That ever they began !
For they have swept my native isle
  Of many a pretty man ;
For first they took my brethren twain,
  Then wiled my love frae me.
Woe, woe unto the cruel wars
  In Low Germanie !

"I saw him when he sail'd away,
  And furrow'd far the brine ;
And down his foes came to the shore,
  In many a glittering line.
The war-steeds rush'd amang the waves,
  The guns came flashing free,
But could nae keep my gallant love
  From Low Germanie !

"Oh, say, ye maidens, have ye seen,
  When swells the battle cry,
A stately youth with bonnet blue,
  And feather floating high,—
An eye that flashes fierce for all,
  But ever mild to me ?
Oh, that's the lad who loves me best
  In Low Germanie !

"I sit upon the high green land,
  When mute the waters lie,
And think I see my true love's sail
  Atween the sea and sky.
With ae bairn at my bosom, and
  Another at my knee,
I sorrow for my soldier lad
  In Low Germanie."

Charming Molly, O.

Briskly.

"O will ye go to Flanders wi' me, Mol_ly, O? "What would I get in Flan_ders wi' thee, Wil_lie, O?" "Ye'll get white bread and bran_dy, Cake and su_gar can_dy, And me at your com_mand aye, My charm_ing Mol_ly, O." "Now will ye go to Flan_ders wi' me, Mol_ly, O?" "What would I see in Flan_ders wi' thee, Wil_lie, O?" "Ye'll

rall.

see sol_diers dy_ing, And hear wi_dows cry_ing, And get gold for ga_ther_ing, My charm_ing Mol_ly, O."

This Air was arranged from the set sung by "Jamie Coul," Port-Gordon, and the way it was sung in Buchan. It has been long a favourite in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff. The words sung to it appear to be a fragment. It was known in these Counties under the name of "The Nine links o' Yarrow" or "Charming Molly, O." What the Nine links o' Yarrow refer to the Editor has been unable to discover. Two verses, but different, are given in Ritson's volume, p. 48, 1794. He gives, as the Air to which it was sung, a set of the Irish Air, "Gramachree," or "Molly Astore," to which Moore gave "The harp that once through Tara's Halls."

Charming Molly, O.

"O WILL ye go to Flanders wi' me, Molly, O?"
"What would I get in Flanders wi' thee, Willie, O?"
"Ye'll get white bread and brandy,
Cake and sugar-candy,
And me at your command aye,
My charming Molly, O."

"Now will ye go to Flanders wi' me, Molly, O?"
"What would I see in Flanders wi' thee, Willie, O?"
"Ye'll see soldiers dying,
And hear widows crying,
And get gold for gathering,
My charming Molly, O."

"You're my gramachree of love, and a fine girl, O,
You're sweeter than the roses, that in bunches grow,
Like the nine links o' Yarrow,
Ye hae bound me so,
You're the only one entices me
To sing high and low.

"If ye will go to Flanders wi' me, Molly, O,
Ye'll see the chief commanders all there, Molly, O.
Ye'll see bullets flying,
And see soldiers dying,
And hear ladies crying,
My charming Molly, O."

The Haughs o' Newe, or, The Downie.

As I gaed up the haughs o' Newe, And through Stra'-doun up - on my pony; I

met a may baith brisk and gay, Wha said to me her name was Dow-nie. Wi'

cher - ry cheeks and coal black een — Her een ap-pear'd to me like lam-mer, — I

view'd her ower frae tap to tae, Till my head grew licht, and my tongue did stam-mer.

This Air was arranged from the singing of a native of the Parish of Monquhitter, "Bellie Cumine." It appears to be an ancient Air; but what it was sung to originally, the Editor has been unable to find out. The Ballad here given, which he arranged from "Bellie's" dictation, she said, was composed, in the end of the last century, by a horse-couper born at Cairnbanno, Parish of Monquhitter.

The Haughs o' Newe; or, The Downie.

As I gaed up the haughs o' Newe,
And through Stra'doun upon my pony;
I met a may baith young and gay,
Wha said to me her name was Downie.
Wi' cherry cheeks and coal black een—
Her een appear'd to me like lammer,—
I view'd her ower frae tap to tae,
Till my head grew licht, and my tongue did stammer.

There's nae her like on Tweed or Tay,
Nor in Stra'doun, nor yet Lochearn:
She far excels young Scottish Jean,
That stays where ye gae through the Cairn.*
The lads and lasses a' convened,
And ate and drank and syne they dancèd:
But 'mang them a' I shared but sma',
Though aft in that may's face I glancèd.

She said "Young man, you are not wise,
Or in your head there is some frolic;
For ye can neither speak nor dance,
Ye canna speak our Hielan' Gaelic."
"The Gaelic tongue I dinna hae,
Because my mither never had it;
But for to dance I well may try,
As my profession does not forbid it.

"But could I dance like young Maclean,
To him I would gi'e my grey meirie;
And could I speak Macpherson's tongue,
I would gae on and court you, dearie.
And could I get your own consent,
And syne had you upon my pony,
I would nae mair range through a fair,
But stay at hame wi' my love Downie."

* The Cairn o' Mounth is here referred to.

Willie and fair Burd Ann.

Moderately.

Sweet Wil-lie could nei-ther read nor write, And An-nie could nei-ther card nor spin; But

he is on to E-din-bo-ro', To learn to be a gay mer-chant. A

hun-dred pounds o' pen-nies round, His love rowed up in ser-vet sma'; Says,

"Take ye that, my love, Wil-lie, It will be-gin your pack with-a'."

This Air, which may be Irish, was sung in the beginning of the present century to "The County Caven," or "The Forsaken Maiden," the proper Air to which is given in a future page of this volume along with the Ballad. The Air above is given to "Willie and fair Burd Ann" which is in Mr Buchan's first volume, page 167. In his note p. 307 he merely gives a "resumé" of the Ballad, and so it would appear that nothing is known of its history.

Willie and Fair Burd Ann.

SWEET WILLIE could neither read nor write,
And Annie could neither card nor spin ;
But he is on to Edinboro',
To learn to be a gay merchant.
A hundred pounds o' pennies round,
His love rowed up in servet sma' ;
Says, "Take ye that, my love, Willie,
It will begin your pack witha'.

"When ye are gane to Edinboro',
And hae your trade in your right hand,
O come ye back some misty night,
And steal awa' your ain burd Ann."
When Willie had gane to Edinboro',
And had his trade in his right han' ;
Then he came back in a misty night
And stole awa' his ain burd Ann.

When they were got on good ship board,
As they lay there a while wind-bound ;
Annie minded on a glove she left,
And Willie on a gude grey hound.
But now to have his grey hound fetch'd,
Willie jumped upon the land ;
The wind blew fair, the ship did sail,—
They had awa' his dear burd Ann.

Annie stood upon the deck,
And waved her fan' into her han' ;
"Return, return, sweet Willie," she said,
"They're taking awa' your ain burd Ann.
Ye've lost the thing ye'll never get ;
Ye've lost the thing ye'll never find ;
Ye've lost the thing ye'll never get,
Your true love for a grey bitch hound."

Willie stood upon the shore,
And waved his hat into his han' ;
"Stay still, stay still, ye bold mariners,
Do not hae awa' my dear burd Ann."
Seven days Annie sailed the sea,
And seven days Willie gaed by lan',
But a true woman Ann was aye,
And a true woman her he fan'.

Byde, byde and hae me wi' Ye O.

Briskly.

The last time I did see him, O, The last time I did see him, O, It

was up - on fair Los - sie's banks, And sae fain's I wad gane wi' him, O.

The Banks o' Skene.

Moderate time.

When I was just a ran-tin' girl, A - bout the age six - teen, I

fell in love wi' a heck - ler lad, Up - on the banks o' Skene. I

fell in love wi' a heck - ler lad, Up - on the banks o' Skene.

"Byde, byde and hae me wi' ye, O."— The Air is note for note as sung in Buchan, and the Air, "The Banks o' Skene," is also note for note from the singing of the same person. Though the words and music of the Ballads are scarcely worth being preserved, the Editor thinks it right to give them, as they were favourites, for years, in the Counties of Moray and Aberdeen.

Byde, byde and ha'e me wi' ye, O.

THE last time I did see him, O,
The last time I did see him, O,
It was upon fair Lossie's banks,
And sae fain's I wad gane wi' him, O.

"Byde, byde and ha'e me wi' ye, O.
Byde, byde and ha'e me wi' ye, O,
For I could go through frost and snow,
Through the warld I could wander wi' ye, O."

"Oh, ye can not gae wi' me, O,
Oh, ye can not gae wi' me, O,
For I do go where the winds do blow,
And the Hielan' hills wad tire ye, O."

"Byde, byde and ha'e me wi' ye, O,
Byde, byde and ha'e me wi' ye, O,
For I could go through frost and snow,
Through the warld I could wander wi' ye, O."

The Banks o' Skene.

WHEN I was just a rantin' girl,
About the age sixteen,
I fell in love wi' a heckler lad,
Upon the Banks o' Skene. I fell in love, &c.

And I cut a' my hair afore,
Sae did I it ahin,
And I put on a suit o' claes,
A boy as gin I'd been. And I put on, &c.

Syne I gaed to the heckler lad,
Upon the Banks o' Skene,
And said, "If ye want for 'prentice boys,
It's here I am for ane." And said, &c.

Said he, "Ye are a bonny boy,
And ye're baith neat and clean;
But I'll mak' you the heckler's wife,
Upon the Banks o' Skene." But I'll, &c.

Young Akin.

Moderate time.

"O where are all my ran-gers bold, That I pay meat and fee, To search the for - est far an' wide, And bring A - kin to me?" Then out it speaks the little wee boy, — "Na, na, this man - na be; With - out ye grant a free par - don, I hope ye'll nae him see."

rall.

This Air was arranged by the Editor from the singing of a native of Banffshire. The verses given here are merely the end of the long Ballad which was first published as a whole in the Ballads of the North. I. 8. Mr Buchan, in his note to "Young Akin," says, — "In some late publications, I have seen fragments of this beautiful Ballad under various names, — It is now for the first time given in a complete state. The Ballad is, to all appearance, very old; and agrees with the romantic history and times of Fergus II. It will be considered by all lovers of Scottish song, as a great acquisition to their store of traditionary poetry." The heroine, lady Margaret, a king's daughter, was stolen by her father's cup-bearer, Young Akin, and hid in a wood for a number of years. The Ballad concludes with the pardon of Akin, his reception at the king's court, and the baptism of the children, as is here given.

Young Akin.

"O WHERE are all my rangers bold,
  That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far an' wide,
  And bring Akin to me?"
Then out it speaks the little wee boy,—
  "Na, na, this manna be;
Without ye grant a free pardon,
  I hope ye'll nae him see."

"O here I grant a free pardon,
  Well seal'd by my own han';
Ye may make search for young Akin,
  As soon as e'er you can."
They search'd the country wide and braid,
  The forests far and near;
And found him into Elmond's-wood,
  Tearing his yellow hair.

Win up, win up, now young Akin,
  Win' up and boun wi' me;
We're messengers come from the court,
  The king wants you to see."
"O lat him tak' frae me my head,
  Or hang me on a tree;
For since I've lost my dear lady,
  Life's no pleasure to me."

"Your head will nae be touch'd, Akin,
  Nor hang'd upon a tree;
Your lady's in her father's court,
  And all he wants is thee."
When he came in before the king,
  He fell down on his knee:
"Win up, win up, now young Akin,
  This day ye'se dine wi' me."

But as they were at dinner set,
  The boy asked a boun;—
"I wish we were in the good church,
  For to get Christendoun;
We ha'e lived in guid green wood,
  This seven years and ane;
But a' this time since e'er I mind,
  Was never a church within."

"Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,
  But granted it shall be;
This day to guid church ye shall gang,
  And your mother shall gang you wi'."
Then out it speaks the parish priest,
  And a sweet smile gae he;—
"Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,
  Present your babes to me."

Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,
  And likewise James and John;
They call'd the eldest Young Akin,
  Which was his father's name.
Then they staid in the royal court,
  And liv'd wi' mirth and glee;
And when her father was deceas'd,
  Heir of the crown was she.

Marchioness of Douglas.

Moderately and feelingly.

O wa - ly, wa - ly, up yon bank, And wa - ly, wa - ly, down yon brae; And wa - ly, wa - ly, by yon burn - side, Where I and my love wont to gae! My mo - ther tauld me, when I was young, That young man's love was ill to trow; But un - till her I would give nae ear, And, a - las, my ain wand dings me now!

This Air was arranged by the Editor from the singing of his mother. The Ballad is founded on circumstances in real life. James second Marquis of Douglas, at the age of twenty-four, married Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar, on the 7th of September 1670. The lady had been previously courted without success by a gentleman named Lowrie, who afterwards married the heiress of Blackwood, Lanarkshire, and was, therefore, called Blackwood, as in the Ballad. He was chamberlain to the Marquis of Douglas, and, after a time, by sly insinuations, raised suspicions in the mind of the Marquis against the fidelity of the Marchioness. Soon after she led such a miserable life that she was obliged to seek refuge with her father, who at once came for her with a large retinue. She had borne a son, and so the Marquis, even at the last hour, wished to be reconciled to her, but was prevented from being so by the sarcasms of Blackwood. It is improbable that the reconciliation in the Ballad took place. The venerable Lord Douglas, who died in 1827, was but grandson, to the "fause love," who sent the heroine of "Waly, waly" to have her couch on Arthur's Seat, and slake her thirst at St Anton's Well, in the decade of 1670. Lowrie was a prominent character in the religious troubles in the reign of Charles II. He was accessory to the insurrection in 1666, was condemned to death for the part he took at Bothwell-bridge, but was pardoned. It is said that he was disliked by people of every party and every condition. See Chambers' Book of Ballads.

Marchioness of Douglas.

"O WALY, waly, up yon bank,
And waly, waly, doun yon brae ;
And waly, waly, by yon burn-side,
Where I and my true love wont to gae !
My mother tauld me, when I was young,
That young man's love was ill to trow ;
But untill her I would give nae ear,
And, alas, my ain wand dings me now !

"O had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had locked my heart wi' a key o' gowd,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
O wherefore should I busk my head,
Or wherefore should I kaim my hair,
Since my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair ?

"Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me ;
St Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Gae, little page, and tell your lord,
Gin he'll come doun and dine wi' me,
I'll set him on a chair o' gowd,
And serve him on my bended knee."

The little page gaed up the stair :
"Lord Douglas, dine wi' your ladye ;
She'll set you on a chair o' gowd,
And serve you on her bended knee."
"When cockle shells turn silver bells,
When wine drieps red frae ilka tree,
When frost and snaw will warm us a',
Then I'll come doun and dine wi' thee."

"But when my father got word o' this,
O what an angry man was he !
He sent fourscore o' his archers bauld,
To bring me safe to his ain countrie.
Fare ye weel, then, Jamie Douglas ;
I need care as little as ye care for me :
The Earl of Mar is my father dear,
And I sune will see my ain countrie.

"Ye thocht that I was like yoursel',
And loving ilk ane I did see ;
But here I swear, by the heavens clear,
I never loved a man but thee.
Slowly, slowly rase he up,
And slowly, slowly came he doun ;
And when he saw me set on his horse,
He garred his drums and trumpets sound.

"When I upon my horse was set,
My tenants all were with me ta'en ;
They set them down upon their knees,
And they begged me to come back again.
It's fare ye weel, my bonny palace,
And fare ye weel my children three !
God grant your father may get mair grace,
And love ye better than he's loved me.

"It's fare ye weel, my servants all,
And you, my bonnie children three !
God grant your father grace to be kind,
Till I see you safe in my ain countrie.
Now wae be to you, fause Blackwood,
Ay, and an ill death may you dee !
Ye was the first and foremost man,
That parted my true love and me."

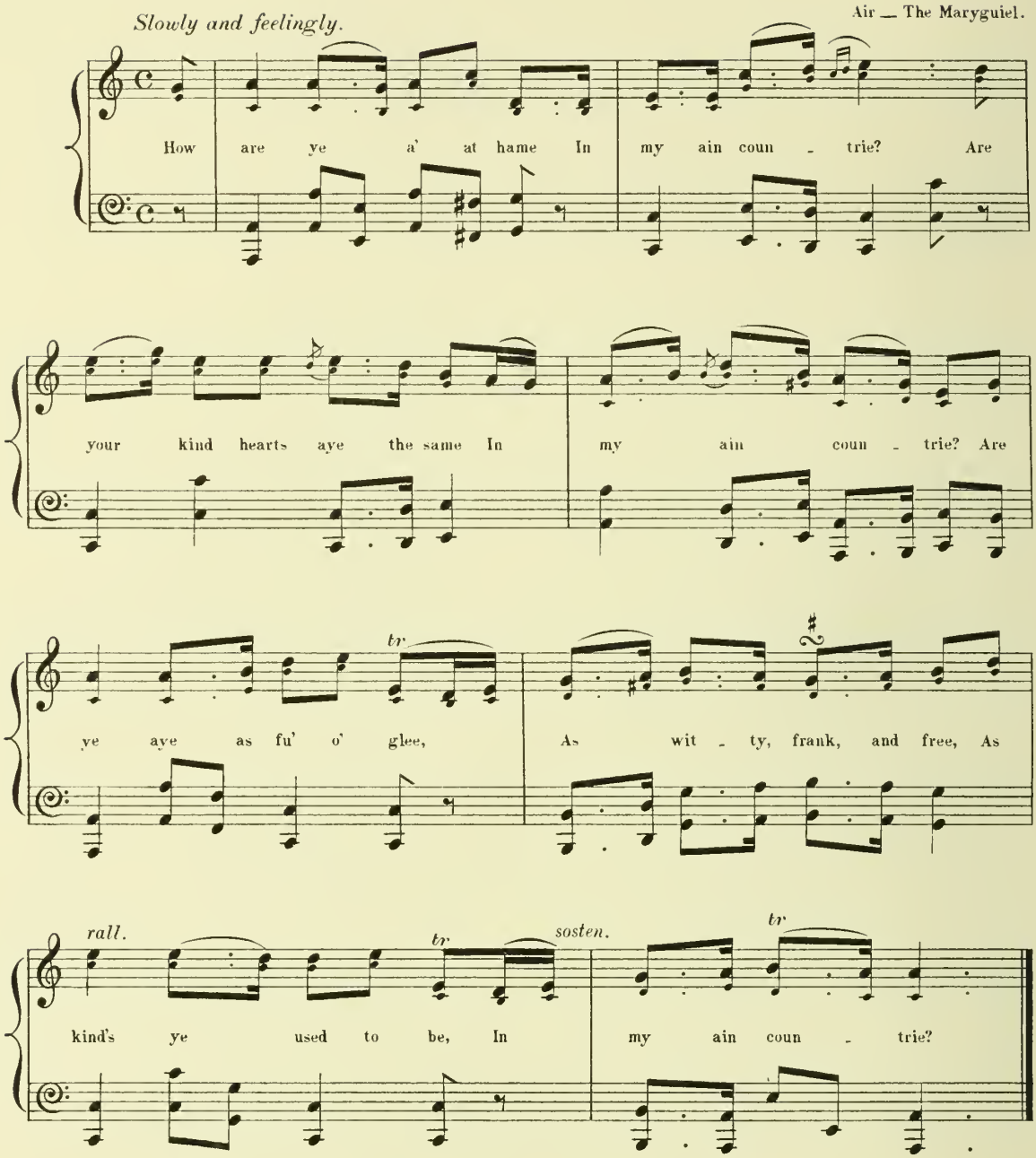
As she was sitting at her bouir window,
Looking afar ower hill and glen,
Wha did she see but fourscore soldiers,
That cam' to tak' her back again.
Out bespak' the foremost man ;
And whaten a weel-spoken man was he !
"If the Lady Douglas be within,
Ye'll bid her come doun and speak to me."

But out bespak' her father then ;
I wat an angry man was he !
"Ye may gae back the gate ye cam',
For her face again ye'll never see."
"Now haud your tongue, my father," she says,
"And of your folly let me be ;
For I'll gae back to my gude lord,
Since his love has come back to me."

Sae she has dressed hersel' fu' braw,
And mounted on her dapple grey,
And, like a queen, wi' her men behind,
She has ridden gaily out the way,
She laughed like ony new-made bride,
When she took fareweel o' her father's towers ;
But the tear, I wat, stude in her e'e,
When she cam' in sicht o' her lover's bowers.

As she cam' by the Orange gate,
Whaten a blythe sicht did she see ;
Her gude lord coming her to meet,
And in his hand her bairnies three !
"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
That I may drink to my ladie ;"
She took the cup intill her hand,
But her bonnie heart it brak' in three.

My Ain Countrie.



The Editor has often heard this Air, in his young days, sung to an absurd nursery rhyme as follows:—

"Hech hey the maryguiel, and the down dee,
Hech hey the maryguiel, and the down dee;
Hech hey the maryguiel, and the down, and the down,
Hech hey the maryguiel, and the down dee."

The Editor has never heard it sung to other words, and therefore gives "My Ain Countrie" to it by Alexander Maclaggan from his volume entitled "Poems and Songs, Scotch and English, published at Edinburgh in 1841. It is a volume which contains much genuine and vigorous poetry.

My Ain Countrie.

How are ye a' at hame
  In my ain countrie?
Are your kind hearts aye the same
  In my ain countrie?
Are ye aye as fu' o' glee,
As witty, frank, and free,
As kind's ye used to be,
  In my ain countrie?

Oh! a coggie I will fill
  To my ain countrie!
Ay, and toom it wi good will
  To my ain countrie!
Here's to a' the folk I ken,
'Mang the lasses and the men,
In ilk canty but and ben
  O' my ain countrie!

Heaven watch thou ever o'er
  My ain countrie!
Let tyrants never more
  Rule my ain countrie!
May her heroes, dear to thee—
The bauld hearts and the free—
Be ready aye to dee
  For my ain countrie!

Oh, may a blessing light on a'
  In my ain countrie!
Baith the great folk and the sma',
  In my ain countrie!
On whatever sod I kneel,
Heaven knows, I ever feel
For the honour, and the weal
  O' my ain countrie!

The Miller's Son.

Moderate time.

tr

Oh! mo - ny mourn sair for ou - sen, And mo - ny sair for

kye, And mo - ny mourn for dow - ie days; There's

tr

nane sae wae as I! My love has left me burd a - lane, He's

sail - ing on the sea, And oh! the wind blaws

express. *rall.* tr

snell and cauld A - tween my love and me!

This Air was arranged from the way it was sung by the Editor's paternal grandmother to "The Miller's Son." The Ballad here given is a combination and arrangement from Mr. Buchan's copy, "Jenny Meesic's" copy, and Dr. Milne's copy, the gentleman referred to in the note, Vol. 1. p. 112.

The Miller's Son.

"Oh! mony mourn sair for ousen,
And mony sair for kye,
And mony mourn for dowie days;
There's nane sae wae as I!
My love has left me burd alane,
He's sailing on the sea,
And oh! the wind blaws snell and cauld
Atween my love and me!

"My love he is now gaein' awa,
Wi' me he winna byde;
He's waiting on the weary wind,
And the upcome o' the tide,—
The upcome o' the raging tide,
This day now, Oh, wae's me!
For oh, the wind blaws snell and cauld
Atween my love and me!"

She took her mantle her about
And hurried to the shore,
She thocht her sorrows wad grow less;
But they grew more and more.
"Oh, see ye nae yon bonny ship,
As she sails ower the sea
In that same ship is my love bound
And he's forsaking me.

"He's neither come o' Lairds nor Lords,
Nor yet o' noble kin;
He's but a roving sailor lad,
Bot an' a miller's son.
But what care I for Lairds or Lords,
Or folk o' high degree;
For oh, the wind blaws snell and cauld
Atween my love and me!"

But while she thought him far awa',
And sailing on the sea,
There was na mair atween them twa,
Than just an apple tree.
Quo' he, "I'm neither Laird nor Lord,
Nor come o' noble kin;
Ye ne'er shall rue ye lo'ed the lad,
Was but a miller's son.

"When ye come to my father's mill,
Your meillar shall be free;
Nae mair the sea nor stormy winds,
Shall twin my love and me.
Nae mair to other lands I'll rove,
Nor tempt the raging sea;
But spend our days in married love,
Upo' the banks o' Dee."

You'll never mind me more, Dear Love.

Slowly and feelingly.

"When you are on the sea sail - ing, And far from a - ny shore; I fear you'll nev - er mind on me, You'll nev - er mind me more, my dear, You'll nev - er mind me more." "The seas will be dry, and the fish - es will fly, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; Be - fore I could ev - er prove fause to my love, Then my span of life would be run, dear love, Then my span of life would be run.

rall. *express.* *rall.* *tempo* *tr* *express.* *rall.*

This Air was arranged from the way it was sung by an old woman who lived in the neighbourhood of Keith, Banffshire, and the Air and Ballad as she sung them can be traced far into the last century, as far as the Editor has been able to find out. The Ballad is apparently the one from which Burns made his "Red, Red Rose."

You'll never mind me more, Dear Love.

"When you are on the sea sailing,
And far from any shore;
I fear you'll never mind on me,
You'll never mind me more, my dear,
You'll never mind me more."
"The seas will be dry, and the fishes will fly,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
Before I could ever prove fause to my love,
Then my span of life would be run, dear love,
Then my span of life would be run.

"So fare-you-weel, my ain true love,
And fare-you-weel a while;
For I'll be sure to come back again,
Though I go ten thousand mile, dear love,
Though I go ten thousand mile."
"Ten thousand mile is a long, long way,
For you to be from me gone;
You'll leave me here to lament and mourn,
But you will not hear my moan, my dear,
And you will not hear me moan."

"To hear you moan I could not bear,
Though I would wish you eas'd;
But I'll return back to you again,
When I hope your friends will be pleas'd, dear love,
When I hope your friends will be pleas'd.
But suppose that your friends will never be pleas'd,
Since they are so proud and high;
Yet I'll ne'er prove fause to my heart's delight,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

"And should the stars ne'er fall from the sky,
Nor rocks melt wi' the sun;
Yet I'll ne'er prove fause to you, dear love,
Till all these things be done, dear love,
Till all these things be done.
And though these things should ne'er be done,
While you and I do live;
Yet I'll ne'er be fause to the girl that I love,
For we'll both lie in one grave, dear love,
For we'll both lie in one grave."

"You see yon lonely turtle dove,
That sits on yonder tree,
It's making a sore lament for its mate,
And so will I for thee, dear love,
And so will I for thee.
Now since that we must part, dear love,
Perhaps to meet no more;
Your promise to me I hope you will mind,
Till you return on shore, dear love,
Till you return on shore."

Mary Shaw.

Slow with feeling. Air — Foundling Baby.

express.

When Ma - ry Shaw cam' to our val - ley, Sweet and gen - tle was her form — A

rall. *sosten.*

li - ly blos - som droop - ing pale - ly 'Neath the frown of ear - ly storm.

Highland Mary.

Slowly. Air — I'll never leave thee.

I would I were the light fern grow - ing Be - neath my High - land Ma - ry's tread, I

rall.

would I were the green tree throw - ing Its sha - dow o'er her gen - tle head! I

would I were a wild flower spring - ing Where my sweet Ma - ry loves to rest, That

rall.

she might pluck me while she's sing - ing. And place me on her snow - y breast!

Mary Shaw.

WHEN Mary Shaw cam' to our valley,
Sweet and gentle was her form—
A lily blossom drooping palely
'Neath the frown of early storm.

Sad was her smile, but words o' pleasure
Ever left her guileless tongue ;
We wonder'd aft that heaven's treasure
Fill'd the heart o' ane sae young.

She wander'd where the violet's blossom
Spent its fragrance in the shade,
And aft she bid it on her bosom
Softly rest its purpled head.

But aye it droop'd in pining sorrow,
And seem'd as if it whispering said,
"Dear sister, ere the winter's morrow,
Cold will be our narrow bed."

And when the year was sadly waning,
Ere the rough winds 'gan to rave,
Young Mary faded, uncomplaining,
Wasted to an early grave.

Now o'er her bed the autumn morrow
Strews the wither'd flower and leaf ;
And the wind wakes its sighs of sorrow,
In concert with our tears of grief.

Highland Mary.

I WOULD I were the light fern growing
Beneath my Highland Mary's tread,
I would I were the green tree throwing
Its shadow o'er her gentle head !
I would I were a wild flower springing,
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest,
That she might pluck me while she's singing,
And place me on her snowy breast !

I would I were in yonder heaven
A silver star, whose soft dim light
Would rise to bless each summer even,
And watch my Mary all the night !
I would, beneath these small white fingers,
I were the lute her breath has fanned—
The gentle lute, whose soft note lingers,
As loth to leave her fairy hand !

Ah, happy things ! ye may not wander
From Scotland to some darker sky,
But ever live unchanging yonder,
To happiness and Mary nigh !
While I at midnight sadly weeping,
Upon its deep transparent blue,
Can only gaze while all are sleeping,
And dream my Mary watches too !

"The Foundling Baby."—This Air is given note for note as sung in Buchan. The ballad to which it was sung is not suited for this work, and therefore the Air is given to the beautiful and affecting ditty, "Mary Shaw," by Peter M'Arthur, published for the first time in Blackie's Scottish Songs. "I'll never leave thee" was arranged from the singing of a native of Port-Gordon. Another set of the Air is given in a following page to "Billy Taylor." "Highland Mary," given here to the Air, is by the Hon. Mrs Norton. The verse of the ballad which gave the title to the Air is the following, and the only words the Editor got :—

"I'll never leave thee, nor yet forsake thee,
I'll never travel as I have done ;
With thee I'll tarry, whom I do marry,
Till the last sand of my glass is run."

The Missworn Man.

Slowly.

In a plea_sant mea_dow I sat me down, While pret_ty birds were all sing_ing roun', And

grass all clad in love_ly green, And there my lad found me a_lane. He

took a hold of my right hand, And vow'd to Ma_ker of sea and land, And

wish'd that He would him be_reave Of health and strength, if he'd me de_ceive!

This Air was arranged by the Editor in 1850 from the singing of "Jenny Meesic." The Ballad was also arranged from her dictation.

The Missworn Man.

In a pleasant meadow I sat me down,
While pretty birds were all singing roun',
And grass all clad in lovely green,
And there my lad found me alane.
He took a hold of my right hand,
And vow'd to Maker of sea and land,
And wish'd that He would him bereave
Of health and strength, if he'd me deceive!

He saw me often for three months time,
And always seem'd to be very kind;
But ere the fourth month was come and gone,
He broke his vows to leave me alone.
I held his hand nor would let him go;
And said, "You're mine by right you know;
Don't you mind the vows you made to me,
When the sun shone bright on yon valley?"

"Oh! let me go now, I cannot stay,
My parent's counsel I must obey;
They wish me to a richer wed,
And break the promise to you I made."
I wrung my hands and tore my hair,
And cried, "Alas! I'm in despair!
Alas! alack! what shall I do,
Since I am now bereft of you?"

The Laird of Ochiltrie.

Moderately.

O lis - ten gude peo-ple to my tale, Lis - ten to what I tell to thee, The king hae ta - ken a poor priso-ner, The wan-ton laird of O - chil-trie. When news came to our guid - ly queen, She sicht and said richt mourn - ful - lie,— "O what will come of la - dy Mar - garet, Wha bears sic luve to O - chil-trie.

This Air was also arranged by the Editor from "Jenny's" singing. The Ballad which was first given in Herd's Collection, is founded on a circumstance which took place in 1592, and is thus related by Spotswood.—"At the same time John Weymis, younger of Bogie, gentleman of his majesty's chamber, and in great favour both with the king and queen, was discovered to have the like dealing with Bothwell; and, being committed to the keeping of the guard, escaped by the policy of one of the Dutch maids, with whom he entertained a secret love. The gentlewoman, named Mistress Margaret Twinslace, coming one night, whilst the king and queen were in bed, to his keepers, showed that the king called for the prisoner, to ask of him some question. The keepers, suspecting nothing, for they knew her to be the principal maid in the chamber, conveighed him to the door of the bed-chamber; and, making a stay without as they were commanded, the gentlewoman did let him down at a window, by a cord that she had prepared. The keepers, waiting upon his return, stayed there till the morning, and then found themselves deceived. This, with the manner of the escape ministered great occasion of laughter; and, not many days after the king being pacified by the queen's means, he was pardoned, and took to wife the gentlewoman who had, in this sort hazarded her credit for his safety. "It has not been discovered how "Bogie" was changed into Ochiltrie as in this Ballad, or to "Logie" as in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

The Laird of Ochiltrie.

O LISTEN gude people to my tale,
  Listen to what I tell to thee,
The king has taken a poor prisoner,
  The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.
When news came to our guidly queen,
  She sicht and said richt mournfullie,—
"O what will come of lady Margaret,
  Wha bears sic love to Ochiltrie?"

Lady Margaret tore hir yellow hair,
  When as the queen told her the same:
"I wish that I had ne'er been born,
  Nor ne'er had known Ochiltrie's name."
"Fy na," quo' the queen "that maunna be,
  Fy na, that maunna be,
I'll find you out a better way
  To save the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

The queen she trippet up the stair,
  And lowly knielt upon her knee;
"The first boon which I come to crave
  Is the life of gentle Ochiltrie."
"O if you had ask'd me castles and towers,
  I would hae gi'en them twa or three;
But a' the money in fair Scotland
  Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

The queen she trippet down the stair,
  And down she gaed richt mourfullie,
"Its a' the money in fair Scotland,
  Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."
Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair,
  When as the queen told her the same,
"I'll tak' a knife and end my lyfe,
  And be in the grave as soon as him."

But the queen she slippet up the stair,
  And she gaed up richt privatlie,
And she has stown the prison-keys,
  And gane and set young Ochiltrie free.
And she's gi'en him a purse of gowd,
  And another of white monie:
She's gi'en him twa pistols by his side,
  Saying to him "Shute when ye win free."

And when he cam' to the queen's window,
  Whaten a joyfu' shute gae he!
"Peace be to our royal queen,
  And peace be in her companie."
"O whaten a voice is that," quoth the king,
  "Whaten a voice is that," quoth he,
"Whaten a voice is that," quoth the king,
  "I think it's the voice of Ochiltrie.

"Call to me all my gaolours,
  Call them by thirtie and by three,
Wharefor the morn at twelve o'clock
  It's hangit shall they ilk ane be."
"O didna ye send your keys to us!
  Ye sent them by thirtie and by three;
And wi' them sent a strait command,
  To set at large young Ochiltrie."

"Ah! na, fie! na," quoth the queen,
  "Fie, my dear luve! this maunna be,
And if ye're gawn to hang them a,'
  Indeed ye maun begin wi' me."
The tane was shippit at the pier of Leith,
  The ither at the Queensferie;
And now the lady has gotten her luve,
  The winsome laird of Ochiltrie.

William Guiseman.

Moderately with feeling.

My name is Wil - liam Guise - man, In Lon - don I do dwell; I did com - mit a great of - fence, Which now is known full well; I did com - mit a great of - fence, Which now is known full well, And for that great of - fence I must die!

express. *rall.* *express.*

The Editor noted this Air, note for note, from the singing of his children's nurse in 1865. Her copy of the Ballad, necessarily epitomized is given here, with some emendations from the one given in Kinloch's "Ancient Scottish Ballads." p. 156. Had it not been that the Editor has not seen this beautiful traditional Ballad Air, which is apparently English, in any of the Works on English music he has examined, he would not have inserted it, or the epitome of the Ballad, in this Work.

William Guiseman.

My name is William Guiseman,
  In London I do dwell;
I did commit a great offence,
  Which now is known full well;
I did commit a great offence,
  Which now is known full well,
And for that great offence I must die!

As all the neighbours 'round us
  Said I the deed had done;
I put my foot on good ship-board
  My wretched fate to shun;
The ship she would not sail away,
  But turnèd roun' and roun',
And for mine own offence I must die.

Then up bespak' the skipper's boy,
  I wot he did speak high:—
"A sinful man's amongst us,
  The sea will not obey!"
Then we cuist cavels us amang,
  The cavel fell on me,
And so for mine offence I must die.

I have a loving mother
  That of me took great care;
She would have given the good red gold
  To buy me from the snare,
But gold it was no use to me,
  And I must pay my share,
And now for mine offence I must die.

The Soldiers Grave.

Slowly and feelingly. Air — The Braes of Boyndlie.

p

"Dear land of my birth, of my friends of my love, Shall I nev-er a-gain climb thy

tr *cres.*

moun - tains; Nor wan-der at eve through some lone lea - fy grove, To

tr *cres.* *p*

list to the dash of thy foun-tains? Shall no hand that I love close my faint beaming eye, That

f *tr* *cres.* *express.*

dark-ens 'mid war-fare and dan - ger? Ah, no! for I feel that my

rall. *tr*

last heav - ing sigh Must fleet on the gale of the stran - ger.

This traditional Air, "The Braes of Boyndlie," was arranged by the Editor's father for the Work referred to in the note, Volume 1st p. 20. The words to which it was sung are given in a following page to an Air to which they were more commonly sung. It is given here to "The Soldier's Grave," which appeared first in a small volume of poems by J. Fraser, Edinburgh, published about 1818. It was quoted in the Scotsman Newspaper, and became generally popular. One might suppose it to be the wail of one of the fallen at Aboukir Bay in the beginning of the present century.

The Soldier's Grave.

"DEAR land of my birth, of my friends, of my love,
  Shall I never again climb thy mountains;
Nor wander at eve through some lone leafy grove,
  To list to the dash of thy fountains?
Shall no hand that I love close my faint beaming eye,
  That darkens 'mid warfare and danger?
Ah, no! for I feel that my last heaving sigh
  Must fleet on the gale of the stranger.

"Then farewell, ye valleys, ye fresh blooming bow'rs,
  Of childhood the once happy dwelling;
No more in your haunts shall I chase the gay hours,
  For death at my bosom is knelling.
But proudly the lotus shall bloom o'er my grave,
  And mark where a freeman is sleeping,
And my dirge shall be heard in the Nile's dashing wave,
  While the Arab his night watch is keeping."

'Twas a soldier who spoke—but his voice now is gone,
  And lowly the hero is lying;
No sound meets the ear, save the crocodile's moan,
  Or the breeze through the palm-tree sighing.
But lone though he rests where the camel is seen,
  By the wilderness heavily pacing;
His grave in our bosoms shall ever be green,
  And his monument ne'er know defacing.

The Bold Damosel.

Briskly.

Come all ye young da_mo_sels in Scot_land draw near, And to this strange sto_ry come lend now an ear; It's of a bold da_mo_sel that ye now shall hear, Who ven_tur'd her life for the love of her dear. In the same ship she serv'd two twelve months and more, And the ship was then bound for the old Eng_lish shore; But a French ship they spied standing off on the main, Which made them to haul up their top_sails a_gain.

This Air was arranged from the singing of "Jamie Coul," and the Ballad was also arranged from his dictation. The Air and Ballad were long favourites in Scotland. The late Provost Blackie of Glasgow asked the Editor if he had got the Air and Ballad, and said it was a favourite with his mother in her young days.

The Bold Damosel.

COME all ye young damosels in Scotland draw near,
And to this strange story come lend now an ear ;
It's of a bold damosel that ye now shall hear,
Who ventur'd her life for the love of her dear.
In the same ship she serv'd two twelvemonths and more,
And the ship was then bound for the old English shore ;
But a French ship they spied standing off on the main,
Which made them to haul up their topsails again.

They preparèd immediately, like heroes bold and free,
And expected to take her or sink her in the sea ;
They soon overtook her in the ocean so wide,
And their first salutation was a heavy broadside.
The French gave another, as good as they sent,
And to sink her or board her was now their intent ;
But by their second broadside the captain was slain,
And the damosel was forc'd then to stand in his room.

"Oh, quarters ! Oh, quarters"! the Frenchmen they cried !
"No quarters, no quarters"! the damosel replied ;
"You have the best quarters that I can afford ;
For you now must all sink, or all come on board."
We fought them five hours in battle so hot,
Till many a brave man lay dead on the spot ;
They had not a man that could now fire a gun,
And out at the gun-ports the blood it did run.

Their frigate did thunder with all her high pride,
And carried brass guns, sixty on every side ;
While our goodly ship carried only sixty three,
And so we did bravely o'ercome our enemy.
She met her sweetheart as the ship there did lay ;
But did not speak to him, nor word to him say,
Nor did she make known herself then unto him,
Till she laid up the ship, and did pay off the men.

Come let us be merry, for here we've good wine,
And ye'll drink to your love, and I'll drink to mine,
Here's a health to the damosel of brave gallant fame,
Who fought on a frigate, a captain by name.
She paid off the men, and home she did steer,
And the king settled on her six hundred a year ;
He royally enrobed her in a raiment of gold,
Because she did fight with a courage so bold.

The Minerva.

Moderately.

On the four-teenth day of A - pril, From Liver-pool we set sail, Bound to St John's New Bruns - wick, With a sweet and plea-sant gale. We had a soft and plea-sant breeze, For thir - teen weeks and more, And so ex - pect - ed soon to get Up - on a fo - reign shore.

This Air, which contrasts very favourably with the set given in "Popular Music of the Olden Time," and in that Work named "We are poor frozen out Gardeners," was noted, note for note, as it was sung in Buchan to "The Minerva." It was occasionally sung on the streets by blind men to words lamenting their blindness, and was therefore called also "The blind man's Lament." Some of its phrases remind one of "Urbs beata," in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," an ancient melody arranged by W. H. Monk, Organist at King's College, London. Doubtless, from the apparent ancient tonality of the above Air, its original may have been one of the plain-song church hymn tunes. Mr Chappell remarks, "Popular Music &c." Vol. II. p. 747, "This is the tune of many songs. If the reader should meet any half-a-dozen men perambulating the streets of London together, and singing, the probabilities are great that they sing to this tune. Sometimes the men are dressed like sailors; at other times they look like workmen out of employment. I recollect hearing the tune at Kilburn, full forty years ago, and have with tolerable annual regularity, ever since. I regret never having stopped to hear the words." The Editor may well express the same regret; for, though he had often heard the Air sung by all sorts of "tramps" on the street, he could only get "The Minerva."

The Minerva.

On the fourteenth day of April,
From Liverpool we set sail,
Bound to St John's, New Brunswick,
With a sweet and pleasant gale.
We had a soft and pleasant breeze,
For thirteen weeks and more,
And so expected, soon to get
Upon a foreign shore.

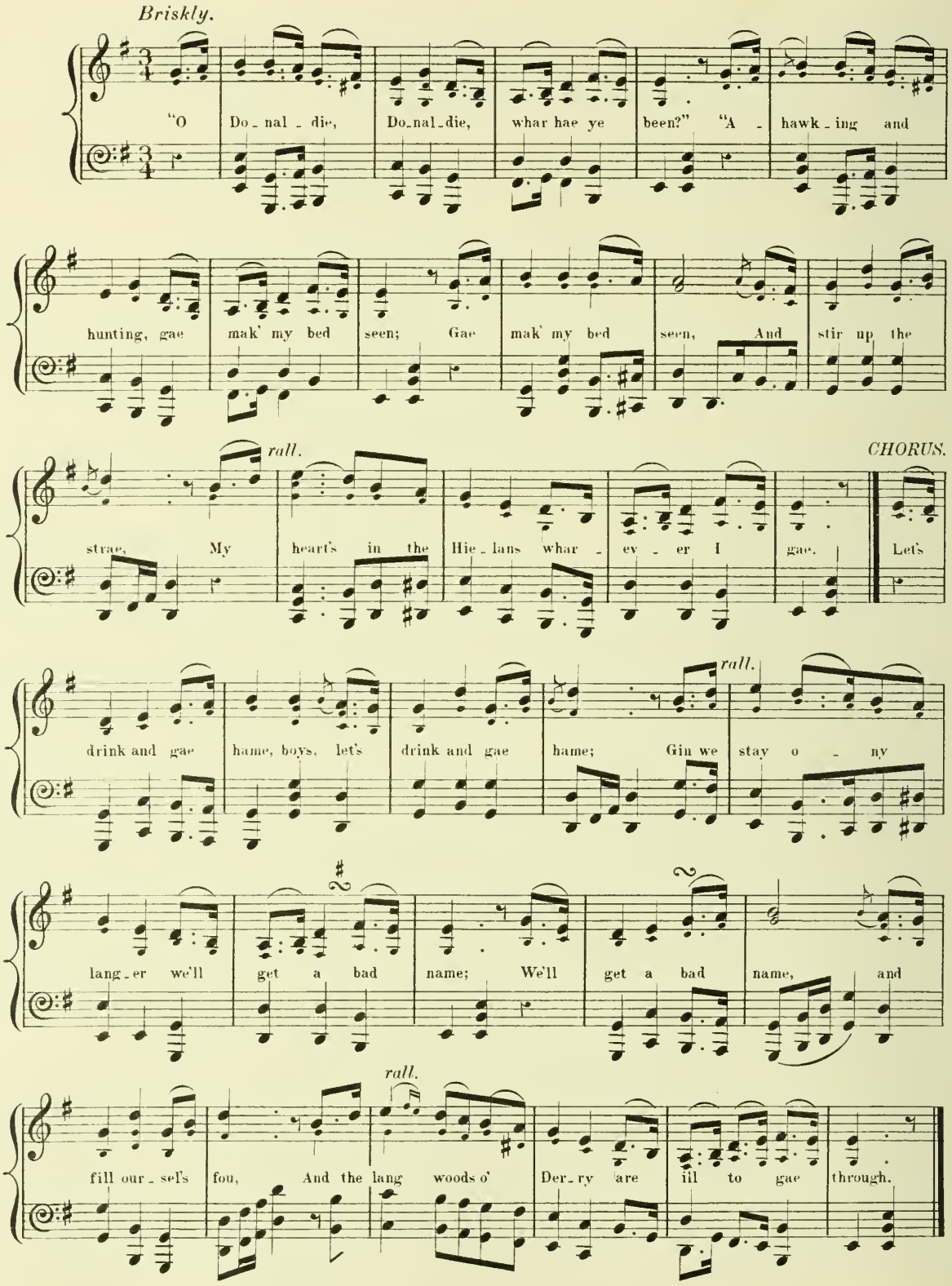
But at the third watch of the night,
We got a dreadful shock,
Our vessel struck most heavily
Against an unknown rock;
Against an unknown rock she struck,
Our foremast then was split,
And soon the sea did wash away
Our foremast by the deck.

Then overboard our stores we threw,
And cargo on the wave;
All hands unto the rigging flew
Their precious lives to save;
For full five days and nights we did
In this condition lay,—
Expecting every moment,
A ship to pass that way.

The boatswain to the topmast went
To see both far and near;
And says, "Keep up your hearts, my boys,
A ship is coming here."
We hoisted our flag of distress,
And near to us she drew,
Expecting soon to save the lives,
Of our brave British crew.

Our ship was "The Minerva,"
And belonged to Liverpool,
And so did those swept of her deck,
Their span of life being full.
As I've experience of the sea,
Advice now take from me,
And ne'er let any dear to you,
Go to plough the raging sea.

Portmore, or, My heart's in the Hielans.



Portmore, or, My heart's in the Hielans.

"O DONALDIE, Donaldie, whar hae ye been?"
"A-hawking and hunting, gae mak' my bed seen;
Gae mak' my bed seen, and stir up the strae,
My heart's in the Hielan's wharever I gae."

Chorus—
Let's drink and gae hame, boys, let's drink and gae hame;
Gin we stay ony longer we'll get a bad name;
We'll get a bad name, and fill oursel's fou,
And the lang woods o' Derry are ill to gae through.

My heart's in the Hielans, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Hielans a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and catching the roe,
My heart's in the Hielans wharever I go.
Chorus—Let's drink and gae hame, &c.

O, bonny Portmore, ye shine where ye charm,
The more I think on you, it makes my heart warm;
But when I look from you, it makes my heart sore
To think of the valiant in bonny Portmore.
Chorus—Let's drink and gae hame, &c.

There are mony words but there's few of them best,
And he that speaks fewest, lives langest at rest;
My mind by experience, teaches me it is sae,
My heart's in the Hielans wharever I gae.
Chorus—Let's drink and gae hame, &c.

NOTE.—The Editor noted the Air, "Portmore, or My heart's in the Hielans," note for note, from the singing of a native of the Parish of Monquhitter. It can be traced through her forefathers far into the last century. The Ballad, with some alterations, is given as in "Ballads of the North," Vol. II. p. 158, which is almost the same as what she sung to it, as far as the Editor can remember. Mr Buchan in his note says,—"Donald Cameron was the author of this very beautful and very old song. It is well known to most poetical readers, with how little success Burns endeavoured to graft upon this stock, a twig of his own rearing. Even Mr Cunningham, in his Songs of Scotland, admits the fact, and regrets that he could give no more than the first four lines of the original. The whole is now, for the first time, given complete, from the recitation of a very old person. Mr Cunningham, in his critical notices to Burns' Songs, says,—"The words and the air, ('*Failte na Miosg*,') are in the Museum to which they were contributed by Burns. He says in his notes on that collection, 'The first half stanza of this song is old; the rest mine.' Of the old strain no one has recorded any remembrance." The air is here given for the first time, and from its also being called the "Strong Walls of Derry," and the "Lang Woods of Derry" being referred to, it is probable that the air is Irish, although the Editor has not seen it in any of the Irish Musical Works he has examined. Others suppose it Celtic, which it evidently appears to be more that Irish.

Gude nicht, an' Joy be wi' Ye a'.

Slowly.

The best o' joys maun hae an end, The best o' friends maun part, I trow; The

cres. *rall.*

lang-est day will wear a-way, And I maun bid fare-weel to you. The

dolce

tear will tell when hearts are fu'; For words, gin they hae sense a-va, They're

cres. *rall.*

bro-ken, fal-ter-ing, and few; Gude nicht, an' joy be wi' ye a'.

This Air, which appears to be ancient, was got in Buchan by the Editor's father and given for the first time in the Work referred to Vol. I. p. 20. It was sung to "The Last Guid night." It is here given to "Gude nicht, an' Joy be wi' Ye a'," by the Baroness Nairne who, like Lady Anne Barnard, Authoress of "Auld Robin Gray," kept up the secret of her authorship, and shunned all notoriety. The best of her lyrics are about half-a-dozen in number. "The Land o' the Leal," to the same tune as "Scots wha Hae," is a pathetic little song, often ascribed to Burns, and said to have been composed on his death bed, the name "Jean" being substituted for "John." Next to this in merit is "The Laird o' Cockpen," to which Miss Ferrier added two verses, giving a happy termination to the story by marrying "Mistress Jean" to the laird. "The Lass o' Gowrie," "Caller Herrin'," "There grows a bonny brier-bush," and "John Tod," are excellent songs, full of character and nationality. Baroness Nairne was the daughter of Oliphant the Laird of Gask, in Perthshire, a staunch Jacobite, who was out in the '45, and so he named her Carolina after Prince Charlie. When George IV. visited Scotland in 1822, the representatives of attainted Scottish Peers waited on the Monarch to plead for a restoration of the lost honours. His majesty graciously acceded to the request, and a Bill for restoring the honours was passed in 1824. Major Nairne was one of the memorialists, and was restored to his rank, and so his wife, Carolina Oliphant the songstress became Baroness Nairne. Lord Nairne died before her and also her son at the age of twenty-nine; and her death took place on the 27th Oct. 1845, in her seventy-ninth year. See Appendix for some anecdotes about the Laird of Gask, and for "The Last Guid night" given in Buchan's Collection, II. p. 127.

Gude Nicht, and Joy be wi' ye a'.

"THE best o' joys maun hae an end,
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The langest day will wear away,
And I maun bid fareweel to you.
The tear will tell when hearts are fu';
For words, gin they ha'e sense ava,
They're broken, faltering, and few;
Gude nicht, an' joy be wi' ye a'.

"O we ha'e wandered far and wide
O'er Scotia's lands o' firth and fell,
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
And twined it wi' the heather bell.
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot-house and the baron's ha';
Now we maun tak' a last fareweel,
Gude nicht, an' joy be wi' ye a'.

"My harp fareweel, thy strains are past,
Of gleefu' mirth, and heartfelt wae;
The voice of song maun cease at last,
And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
But, oh! where sorrow canna' win,
Nor parting tears are shed ava,
May we meet neighbour, kith, and kin,
And joy for aye be wi' us a'!"

Allan Maclean, or, The Aulton College Hall.

Moderate time.

Young Al - lan Mac - lean was a mi - nis - ter's son, Brought up wi' good learn - ing till his school - ing was done. Brought up wi' good learn - ing till his school - ing was done.

This Air is given, note for note, as it was sung by the Editor's mother. The Air sung to the Ballad by his paternal grandmother, "Will ye go to the Broom?" is given at p. 138 of this Volume. Allan Maclean, or whatever his name was, for the Editor has seen the name different in different copies of the Ballad, according to tradition, was expelled, sometime during the latter half of the last century, from the University and King's College, Old Aberdeen. Three young students, natives of Monquhitter, one of whom succeeded his father as Schoolmaster of that Parish, went to King's College about the year 1819. One of them told the Editor's father that he had seen the "Pretty Sarah" of the ballad, who went "to the Broom," and who appeared at that time an old woman of eighty or ninety years of age. The expulsion, therefore, must have taken place about 1758 or '60. The bride, married at the "wedding of Westfield," which "quite ruined" Allan Maclean, was the grandmother of a lady, whom the Editor knew many years ago. In a copy of the Ballad on a Broad-side which the Editor saw in his young days, printed for an old cripple man, a street ballad-singer, and a native of Old Aberdeen, the first line was "Young Allan Maclean was a free Baron's son." In another copy the hero was son of a minister of Cullen, and in another a minister's son in Caithness.

Allan Maclean, or, The Aulton College Hall.

YOUNG Allan Maclean was a minister's son,
Brought up wi' good learning till his schooling was done.
Brought up wi' good learning, &c.

And then to the College he gaed to pursue
His learning, that he might the classes gae through.
His learning, that he might, &c.

With him gaed MacGregor and Jamie M'Queen;
But a wedding at Westfield it quite ruin'd him.
But a wedding at Westfield, &c.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Regent heard of it, and for him did call,
And said, "You're expellèd from the Aulton College Hall."
And said, "You're expellèd," &c.

"The morn's the graduation, and Friday's the ball;
But I am excluded from the Aulton College Hall.
But I am excluded, &c.

"My father a minister wish'd me to be;
But now to study medicine I must pay a fee.
But now to study medicine, &c.

"The ship, 'Royal Charlotte,' is ready for sea,
To take me to Jamaica, a doctor to be.
To take me to Jamaica," &c.

Ye're sair dung, Annie, or, Bervie's Braes.

Moderately.

"Whare will ye get a bou-nie boy, To rin your er-ran' can-nie, And gae a-wa' to Ber-vie's braes, Wi' a let-ter to your John-nie? For ye're

express.

sair dung, An-nie lass, Ye're sair dung An-nie; Ye're sair dung, An-nie lass, Ye're dung for lik-in' John-nie.

The Editor's mother, in her young days, learnt this Air and song, in the end of the last century, when on a visit to her uncle, the late Dr. Guthrie, Bervie. A copy of the Air and song, different from what is given above, was sent to Findlay Dun from Aberdeenshire; but, as Mr. Farquhar Graham says, in his note in Wood's Songs of Scotland, the Air appears modern. It is composite,—part of it being the Air to a traditional song, apparently English, long a favourite in Buchan, "He's a Royal Rose," which is given in a future page of this volume. "Doun," in "Woods Songs," is ugly and wrong. "Dung," given here, and as sung in Bervie, means "disconsolate" "Begunk," as far as the Editor has found, is not used in the Mearns, or in the three north eastern Counties. The word used in these districts is "begeik" (Saxon begeck,) meaning "jilted by a male or female." "Begunk" is used in the South of Scotland as "a ledgerdemain trick." See, for these words, Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary. The word "begeik" reminds the Editor of an anecdote told of an imbecile, named "Gabbie," probably from his much foolish talking, who flourished, in the end of the last and beginning of the present century, as fool and carrier of water and peats to the kitchen of Troup House, Aberdeenshire. After the water was brought in to Troup House, the Provost of Banff, being on a visit to the Laird, met "Gabbie" and said, "What'll come o' ye now, Gabbie, sin' the water's taen in to the House?" "Gabbie" at once answered,—"The folk o' Banff got a greater begeik fan their Provost brak'!" This Provost had sometime before been unfortunately obliged to suspend payments, and compound with his creditors. See Appendix for anecdotes.

Ye're sair dung, Annie, or, Bervie's Braes.

"WHARE will ye get a bonnie boy,
To rin your erran' cannie,
And gae awa' to Bervie's braes,
Wi' a letter to your Johnnie?
For ye're sair dung, Annie lass,
Ye're sair dung, Annie;
Ye're sair dung, Annie lass,
Ye're dung for likin' Johnnie.

"Ye sit there on a creepy steel,
And sigh and sab for Johnnie;
But he likes you fu' unco' weel,
To leave you now for ony.
Sae be nae sair dung, dung,
Sae sair dung, Annie,
Sae be nae dung, Annie lass,
A' for the likin' Johnnie.

"Ye think he will anither like,
And sigh and sab for Johnnie;
But he'll nae gi'e you the begeik,
And marry ane for monie.*
Sae be nae sae sair dung,
Sae sair dung, Annie,
For ye'll get your laddie yet,
Ye'll get your ain love Johnnie."

* In "Bourtrees' Braes," the Buchan set of this Ballad, the line is,—
"And marry ane mair bonnie."

The Air to "Bourtrees' Braes" was also sung to a nursery rhyme,—"The Craw's ta'en the Pussie,"—which is given at a subsequent page.

Auld Uncle Watty.

Lightly and cheerfully.

p

O, weel I hae mind o' my auld un-cle Wat-ty, When but a bit cal-lan' I stood by his knee, Or clamb the big chair, where at e'en-in' the sat aye; He made us fu' blythe wi' his fun and his glee:

cres.

For oh! he was knack-ie, and couth-ie, and crack-ie, Baith hum-our and lair in his noddle had he— The youths o' the clachan he'd keep a' a-laugh-in', Wi' his queer ob-ser-va-tions and stor-ries sae slee.

rall.

In his young days, the Editor often heard this beautiful and favourite bag-pipe Air played by "Pipers" in Buchan. It was named "Bilbo." It is here given to a quaint song, "Auld Uncle Watty," by Archibald M'Kay, Kilmarnock.

Auld Uncle Watty.

O, WEEL I ha'e mind o' my auld uncle Watty,
  When but a bit callan' I stood by his knee,
Or clamb the big chair, where at e'enin' he sat aye;
  He made us fu' blythe wi' his fun and his glee:
For oh! he was knackie, and couthie, and crackie,
  Baith humour and lair in his noddle had he,—
The youths o' the clachan he'd keep a' a-laughin',
  Wi' his queer observations and stories sae slee.

The last Hogmanay that we met in his cottie,
  To talk owre the past, and the nappy to pree,
Some auld-farrant sangs, that were touchin' and witty,
  He sung, till the bairnies were dancin' wi' glee;
And syne in the dance, like a youngster o' twenty,
  He lap and he flang wi' auld Nannie Macfee,—
In a' the blythe meeting nae ane was sae canty,
  Sae jokin', sae gabby, sae furthy, and free.

And oh! had ye seen him that e'enin' when Rory
  Was kippled to Maggie o' Riccarton Mill,
Wi' jokes rare and witty he kept up the glory,
  Till morning's faint glimmer was seen on the hill.
Oh! he was a body, when warm'd wi' the toddy,
  Whase wit to ilk bosom enchantment could gi'e,
For funnin' and daffin', and punnin' and laughin',
  Throughout the hale parish nae equal had he.

But worn out at last wi' life's cares and its labours,
  He bade an adieu to his friends a' sae dear,
And sunk in death's sleep, sair bewail'd by his neebors,
  Wha yet speak his praise, and his memory revere.
Whar slumbers the dust o' my auld auntie Matty,
  We dug him a grave wi' the tear in our e'e,
And there laid the banes o' my auld uncle Watty,
  To moulder in peace by the big aiken-tree.

The Parted Lovers.

Feelingly.

"Wild drives the bit - ter north-ern blast, Fierce whir-ling wide the cris-py snaw, Young

rall.

las - sie, turn your wand'-ring steps, For ev'-ning's gloom be - gins to fa', I'll

take you to my fa - ther's ha', And shield you from the win - try air, For,

rall. *sosten.*

wand'-ring through the drift - ing snaw, I fear ye'll sink to rise nae mair!"

The Editor's father composed this Air to "The Parted Lovers," a fragment of a Scottish Ballad, by Robert Tannahill.

The Parted Lovers.

"WILD drives the bitter northern blast,
  Fierce whirling wide the crispy snaw,
Young lasssie, turn your wand'ring steps,
  For ev'ning's gloom begins to fa'.
I'll take you to my father's ha',
  And shield you from the wintry air,
For, wand'ring through the drifting snaw,
  I fear ye'll sink to rise nae mair!"

"Ah! gentle lady, airt my way
  Across this langsome, lonely moor,
For he wha's dearest to my heart,
  Now waits me on the western shore.
With morn he spreads his outward sail,
  This night I vow'd to meet him there,
To take ae secret fond fareweel,
  We may-be part to meet nae mair."

"Dear lassie turn—'twill be your deid!
  The dreary waste lies far and wide;
Abide till morn, and then ye'll ha'e
  My father's herd-boy for your guide."
"No, lady,—no! I maun na turn,
  Impatient love now chides my stay,
Yon rising moon, with kindly beam,
  Will light me on my weary way."

"Ah! Donald, wherefore bounds thy heart!
  Why beams with joy thy wishful e'e?
Yon's but thy true love's fleeting form,
  Thy true love mair thou'lt never see.
Deep in the hollow glen she lies,
  Amang the snaw, beneath the tree,
She soundly sleeps in death's cauld arms,
  A victim to her love for thee."

The Man to the green Joe.

Boldly and quickly.

'Twas ear - ly in the morn - ing, the cat she crew day, Quo' the man to the joe, quo' the man to the joe; The cock sad - dled's steed, And he fast rade a - way, Quo' the mer - ry, mer - ry man to the green joe. And he sad - dled the spur, And he brid - led the mane, Quo' the man to the joe, Quo' the man to the joe; And he rade on the rumple, wi' the tail in his hand, Quo' the mer - ry, mer - ry man to the green joe.

This quaint Air was arranged from the singing of a person, who learnt it from a very old man in the Parish of Monquhitter. He died in the beginning of the present century. The Air was sung by him to "The man to the green joe," which appears to be a sort of nursery rhyme, containing a set of contraries. The Kirk and the Mill are well put, and give a good idea of the Scottish saying,—"Ye can mak' a kirk or a mill o' it," seeing that country kirks had generally a round ball on the gable the same as was on the gables of the mills.

The Man to the Green Joe.

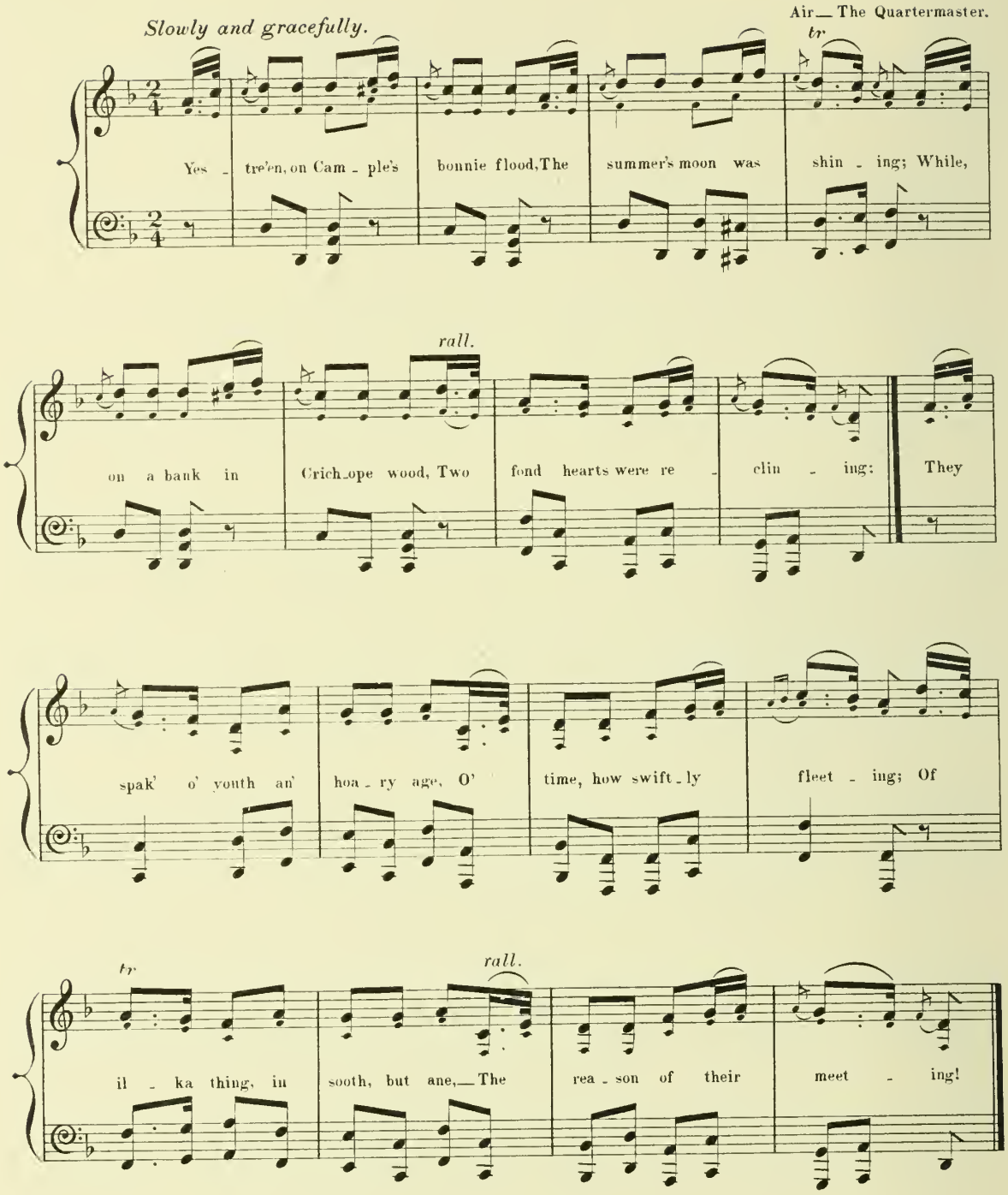
'TWAS early in the morning, the cat she crew day,
  Quo' the man to the joe, quo' the man to the joe;
The cock saddled's steed, and he fast rade away,
  Quo' the merry, merry man to the green joe.
And he saddlèd the spur, and he bridlèd the mane,
  Quo' the man to the joe, quo' the man to the joe;
And he rade on the rumple, wi' the tail in his hand,
  Quo' the merry, merry man to the green joe.

As he rade by the mill, the mass it was singing,
  Quo' the man to the joe, quo' the man to the joe;
When he came by the kirk, the corn it was grinding,
  Quo' the merry, merry man to the green joe.
The gudeman o' the mill, they ca'd him Gibbie Reid,
  Quo' the man to the joe, quo' the man to the joe;
Wi' his bonnet on his feet, and his breeks on his heid,
  Quo' the merry, merry man to the green joe.

There were four an' twenty headless men playing at the ba',
  Quo' the man to the joe, quo' the man to the joe;
But by came Footless, and took her frae them a',
  Quo' the merry, merry man to the green joe.
Up starts Mou'less, and merrily he leuch,
  Quo' the man to the joe, quo' the man to the joe;
And up starts Tongueless, and tauld's tale teuch,
  Quo' the merry, merry man to the green joe.

Ower Benachie I saw a skate flee,
  Quo' the man to the joe, quo' the man to the joe;
And four an' twenty little anes fleeing her wi',
  Quo' the merry, merry man to the green joe.
Four an' twenty skate's birds in a drake's nest,
  Quo' the man to the joe, quo' the man to the joe;
And they turn'd them about wi' their heads to the west,
  Quo' the merry, merry man to the green joe.

Courtship.



This Air was noted by the Editor from the singing of his mother to "The Quartermaster," or, as it was sometimes called, "The Winter Quarters." The Ballad is not suited for this Work. It relates the result of a wager between the Quartermaster and a young maiden, who gains the wager with credit to herself. "Courtship," here given to the Air is by Francis Bennoch, who published a Volume, "The Storm, and other Poems." London, 1841.

Courtship.

YESTREEN, on Cample's bonnie flood,
  The summer moon was shining;
While, on a bank in Crichope wood,
  Two fond hearts were reclining:
They spak' o' youth an' hoary age,
  O' time, how swiftly fleeting;
Of ilka thing, in sooth, but ane,—
  The reason of their meeting!

When Willie thocht his heart was firm,
  An' micht declare its feeling,
A glance frae Bessie's starry een
  Sent a' his senses reeling;
For aye when he essay'd to speak,
  An' she prepared to hear him,
The thochts in crimson dyed his cheek,
  An' words would no' come near him!

But nature, gentle mither, came
  In pity to assist him;
She whisper'd what he ought to do—
  'Twas her advice that bless'd him!
He flung his arm round her neck,
  Nor did the maid resent it;
Syne kiss'd her ripe and rosy lip—
  A deed he ne'er repented.

'Tis ever thus that love is taught
  By his divinest teacher;
He silent adoration seeks,
  But shuns the prosy preacher.
Now read me right, ye gentle anes,
  Nor deem my lesson hollow:
The deepest river silent rins,
  The babbling brook is shallow.

Sweet Willie, and Fair Annie, or, The Nut-brown Bride.

Moderate time.

Sweet Wil - lie and fair An - nie Sat a' day on a hill; And though they had sit - ten se - ven year, They ne'er wad had their fill. Sweet Wil - lie said a word in haste, And An - nie took it ill: "I win - na wed a tocher - less maid, A - gainst my pa - rent's will."

This Air was arranged by the Editor from the singing of "Jenny Meesic" to "The Nut-brown Bride," as she named the Ballad. Her copy of the Ballad was, as far as the Editor remembers, the same as to circumstances, but with fewer verses than in the copies published. The Ballad given here, is an epitome of the one given by Jamieson, which he took down from Mrs W. Arrot, Aberbrothick. She had, when a child, learnt the Ballad from an elderly maid-servant, and probably, as Mr Jamieson says, had not repeated it for a dozen of years before he had the good fortune to be introduced to her. He says, "It may be depended upon, that every line was recited to me as nearly as possible in the exact form in which she learnt it." The Editor can only regret that he did not take down "Jenny Meesic's" copy of the Ballad which, as far as he can remember, would have been a very interesting contrast to those copies published. Neither Jenny nor her father had seen any of the Ballad Books published, and therefore her copy would have been thoroughly traditional, as sung in the Enzie, Banffshire.

Sweet Willie, and Fair Annie; or, The Nut-brown Bride.

SWEET Willie and fair Annie
Sat a' day on a hill;
And though they had sitten seven year,
They ne'er wad had their fill.
Sweet Willie said a word in haste,
And Annie took it ill:
"I winnna wed a tocherless maid,
Against my parent's will."

O Annie she's gane till her bower,
And Willie down the den;
And he's come till his mither's bower,
By the lei light o' the moon.
"O sleep ye, wake ye, mither?" he says,
"Or are ye the bower within?"
"I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft;
What want ye wi' me, son?

"Whare ha'e ye been a' night, Willie?
O wow! ye've tarried lang!"
"I have been courtin' fair Annie,
And she is frae me gane.
There is twa maidens in a bower,
Which o' them sall I bring hame?
The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,
And fair Annie has nane."

"It's an ye wed the nut-brown maid,
I'll heap gold wi' my hand;
But an ye wed her, fair Annie,
I'll straik it wi' a wand."
"O I sall wed the nut-brown maid,
And I sall bring her hame;
But peace nor rest between us twa,
Till death sinder's again.

"Whar will I get a bonnie boy,
That wad fain win hose and shoon,
That will rin to fair Annie's bower,
Wi' the lei light o' the moon?
Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',
The morn at twal at noon;
Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',
The heir o' Duplin town."

"It's I will come to Willie's weddin',
The morn at twal at noon;
It's I will come to Willie's weddin',
But I rather the mass had been mine.
Maidens, to my bower come,
And lay gold on my hair;
And whare ye laid ae plait before,
Ye'll now lay ten times mair."

At every tate o' Annie's horse' mane
There hang a silver bell;
And there came a wind out frae the south,
Which made them a' to knell.
And when she came to Mary-kirk,
And sat down in the deas,
The light that came frae fair Annie,
Enlighten'd a' the place.

But up and stands the nut-brown bride,
Just at her father's knee;
"O wha is this, my father dear,
That blinks in Willie's e'e?
If that be Willie's first true love,
He might ha'e latten me be;
She has as much gold on ae finger,
As I'll wear till I dee."

Willie's ta'en a rose out o' his hat,
Laid it in Annie's lap;
"The bonniest to the bonniest fa's,
Hae, wear it for my sake."
"Wear ye the rose o' love, Willie,
And I the thorn o' care;
For the woman sall never bear a son,
That will mak' my heart sae sair."

They werena weel lyen down,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
Whan up and stands she, fair Annie,
Just up at Willie's feet.
"Weel brook ye o' your brown, brown bride,
Between ye and the wa';
And sae will I o' my winding sheet,
That suits me best ava."

Sad Willie raise, put on his claise,
Drew till him his hose and shoon,
And he is on to Annie's bower,
By the lei light o' the moon.
The firsten bower that he came till,
There was right dowie wark;
Her mither and her three sisters
Were makin' to Annie a sark.

The lasten bower that he came till,
O, heavy was his care!
The waxen lights were burning bright,
And fair Annie streikit there.
He's lifted up the coverlet
Where she, fair Annie, lay;
Sweet was her smile, but wan her cheek;
Oh, wan, and cauld as clay.

"It's I will kiss your bonnie cheek,
And I will kiss your chin;
And I will kiss your clay-cauld lip,
But I'll never kiss woman again.
The day ye deal at Annie's burial
The bread but and the wine;
Before the morn at twal o'clock,
They'll deal the same at mine."

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tither in Mary's quire;
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,
And out o' the tither a brier.
And aye they grew, and aye they grew,
Until they twa did meet;
And every ane that passed them by,
Said, "Thae's been lovers sweet!"

Oh! gin Ye we're Mine Lassie!

Gracefully.

Air— Come and let us rove, Jamie.

Oh! gin ye were mine, las-sie! Oh! gin ye were mine, las-sie!

I'd be the hap-piest man a-live, I'd lead a life di-vine, las-sie!

There's some-thing in that bon-nie face, I ne-ver saw be-fore, las-sie,

Your ac-tions a' ha'e sic a grace, I gaze, and I a-dore, las-sie!

This Air was arranged by the Editor from the way it was sung in Buchan to "Come, and let us rove, Jamie!" a song of litlle merit. The Editor has often heard it sung in his young days, but has failed to get a copy of it. The Air is apparently from the same original as "Richard's Mary" in the first Volume of this Work, and shows the changes that occur in traditional Music even in the same County. The Air is given here to "Oh! gin ye were mine, lassie!" with a slight alteration to make the rythm adapted to the Music.

Oh! gin Ye were Mine.

Oh! gin ye were mine, lassie!
  Oh! gin ye were mine, lassie!
I'd be the happiest man alive,
  I'd lead a life divine, lassie!
There's something in that bonnie face,
  I never saw before, lassie,
Your actions a' ha'e sic a grace,
  I gaze, and I adore, lassie!
    Oh! gin ye were, &c.

Though ither eyes may brilliance dart,
  And bright as diamonds roll, lassie,
There's nane but yours shoot through my heart,
  An' soften a' my soul, lassie!
    Oh! gin ye were, &c.

Each motion shows some grace that's new,
  That fascinates my eyes, lassie!
And though your charms I daily view,
  I see them with surprise, lassie!
    Oh! gin ye were, &c.

Sweet is the spring, and sweet the rose,
  When moisten'd by the shower, lassie!
Bright on the thorn the dew-drop glows,
  At morn's refulgent hour, lassie,—
    Oh! gin ye were, &c.

But purer, brighter far than these
  Thou art, and charming more, lassie!
Than tongue can tell—I wond'ring gaze—
  I gaze and I adore, lassie!

The Single Sailor.

With spirit.

As I was walking down in yon gar_den, A pret_ty maid_en I chanc'd to see; I

rall.

went up to her and thus ad_dress'd her,— "Pret_ty maid_en could you fancy me?" "You

seem to be a man of hon_our, That would not try to im_pose on me; So

rall. *sost.*

do not tease a poor lone_ly crea_ture, Who is not fit your ser_vant to be."

This is the Air and Ballad referred to in the note to "The Poor and Single Sailor," Volume I. p. 264. The Ballad was one of Jamie Coul's favourite ones. The Air is arranged from his singing. It is very interesting to mark the changes that take place on Ballads in different parts of the Country. Here we have the same story sung in Banffshire, as that given in the first Volume of this Work sung in Aberdeenshire, but to a certain extent in different language. The Air given above, apparently English, may have been the original Air to which the Ballad was sung. The Air given in the first Volume is undoubtedly Scotch. Jamie generally created a titter among the young people when singing the first verse, the second line of which he had "A pretty maiden I chanc'd to spy," and to rhyme with this he had the fourth line, "Pretty maiden could you fancy I."

The Single Sailor.

As I was walking down in yon garden,
  A pretty maiden I chanc'd to see ;
I went up to her and thus address'd her—
  " Pretty maiden, could you fancy me ?"
" You seem to be a man of honour,
  That would not try to impose on me ;
So do not tease a poor lonely creature,
  Who is not fit your servant to be."

" If you're not fit to be my servant,
  I have the more regard for thee ;
I'll marry you and make you my lady,
  For I have servants to wait on me."
She said, " I once had a faithful lover,
  It's seven years since he went to sea ;
And seven years more I will wait for him
  Though it is long since he went from me."

Now seeing that his love was loyal,
  He said, " It's wrong love should be lost,—
I am your poor and single sailor,
  Who has full often the ocean crossed."
He put his hand into his pocket,
  His fingers being both long and small,
Pull'd out the ring that they pass'd between them,
  And when she saw it, she down did fall.

He took her up into his arms,
  And gave her kisses two or three,
Saying, " I'm your poor and single sailor
  Just now returnèd to marry thee."
Then he did marry his lovely Sally,
  And he has fillèd her heart with joy ;
And still they greatly love each other ;
  So drink a health to the Sailor Boy.

The Craw's ta'en the Poussie.

Moderately.

The Craw's ta'en the pous-sie, O, The Craw's ta'en the pous-sie; The muckle Cat-tie sat and grat, And deit in'ts lit-tle hou-sie. The Cor-bie-craw cam' rei-vin' by, And saw the lit-tle pous-sie; Syne dar-tit doun up-on its croun, And took it frae its hou-sie.

This nursery Rhyme, in different forms, has been a favourite in Aberdeenshire from time immemorial. The Air which is the one to which it was always sung, was also sung to "Bourtree's Braes," another set of the Ballad given p. 186. The rhythm of both Airs is the same. Some in Buchan sung it "Bourtie's Braes," thus localizing the Ballad to the Parish of Bourtie, Aberdeenshire.

The Craw's ta'en the Poussie.

THE craw's ta'en the poussie, O,
  The craw's ta'en the poussie;
The muckle cattie sat and grat,
  And dei't in 'ts little housie.
The corbie-craw cam' reivin' by,
  And saw the little poussie;
Syne dartit doun upon its croun,
  And took it frae its housie.
The craw's tae'n the poussie, O,
  The craw's ta'en the poussie;
The muckle cattie sat and grat,
  And dei't in 'ts little housie.

And wasna the big cattie wae,
  Whan the craw stealt her poussie;
Nae won'er that she dei't o' grief,
  In her wee little housie.
For, the craw took her poussie, O,
  The craw took her poussie;
And that made her to sit and greet,
  And dee in her sma' housie.

Sae, wae be to the corbie-craw,
  It ever saw the poussie,
To tak' it in its muckle claw,
  Awa' frae its wee housie.
And kill the poor poussie, O
  And kill the poor poussie;
And gar its mither sit and greet,
  And dee in her wee housie.

Adam Cameron.

Briskly.

It's A - dam Came - ron..... is my name, I'm se - cond son to

Boynd - lie; My eld - est bro - ther heirs the land, And a

rall.

sol - dier here you'll find me. I took farewell of my friends all, With a

bold heart all un - daunt - ed And came at last where

can - nons lay, — The place where sol - diers fre - quent - ed.

This Air is a set of "The Mill, Mill, O." It is a specimen, showing how Airs are changed by Ballad singers. The Editor got the Air and Ballad from a native of Buchan; but, whether it has been sung long in that district he has been unable to discover. He has also been unable to find out if Camerons at any time possessed the lands of Boyndlie.

Adam Cameron.

It's Adam Cameron is my name,
  I'm second son to Boyndlie ;
My eldest brother heirs the land,
  And a soldier here you'll find me.
I took farewell of my friends all,
  With bold heart all undaunted,
And came at last where cannons lay,—
  The place where soldiers frequented.

When parting with my bonnie love,
  Her hand in mine was lockèd ;
And for to drive dull care away,
  I spoke as if I jockèd.
She said, " Farewell, now, you must go,
  Though you say I'm your charmer ;
My parents say, 'Your heart now keep,
  And give it to a farmer.' "

Then stately I did step away,
  To go on to Dumbarton,
And I had on my Highland dress,
  As Lieutenant to the Captain.
The lad, I had along with me,
  Was her young brother Tammy ;
And aye when he did smile on me,
  He minded me on Fanny.

Soon after this a letter came
  From Fanny as a token,
To show to me, and let me know,
  They wished her vows were broken.
When reading it, her brother came,
  And ask'd me for a furlough,
To go and see his sister wed,
  He wished to go to-morrow.

I said, "You must get here a coach,
  For me and Chaplain Findlay ;
And you will go along with us
  To the bonnie Parks of Boyndlie.
At Boyndlie's Parks we Fanny saw,
  I said, " Are you wed, Fanny ?"
" Oh, no," she said, "they wish me wed,
  To a farmer, if I wed any."

" The darkest hour in all the night,
  If you wed me, I'll tend you ;
Here's Chaplain Findlay will tie the knot,
  And I will aye defend you."
I laid my broad sword on her knee,
  We kiss'd and shook hands over ;
Then Chaplain Findlay made us one,
  I'm husband now and lover.

The Years of Youth.

Moderately. Air— The Gardener Lad.

Oh! the wild rov - ing years of youth are all now flown a - way, As gay ro - man - tic morn - ing dreams be - fore the dawn of day, And cal - mer joys, and deep - er thoughts, and love which may not roam, Are blend - ing with the sun - ny smiles that cheer the scenes of home.

rall. *sost.* *tr*

This Air is given note for note as sung on the street by two blind men in the beginning of the present century. They sung it time after time to new trashy songs, which became popular from the Air being a favourite one with the populace. The most popular of these songs was "The Gardener Lad," after which the Air was named. It appears to be the ground-work of the beautiful Air sung to the song "Ten thousand miles away." "The Years of Youth" by W. Alexander is here adapted to the Air. See Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 289.

The Years of Youth.

Oh! the wild roving years of youth are all now flown away,
As gay romantic morning dreams before the dawn of day,
And calmer joys, and deeper thoughts, and love which may not roam,
Are blending with the sunny smiles that cheer the scenes of home.

The gazing crowd, what is it now? its praise we cannot prize—
The flattering slave perchance we hear, but silently despise—
The loud, yet passing peal of mirth, which rang in bower or hall—
One faithful heart's affection won—is worth a world of all.

When first the upland fountain bursts upon the plain, 'tis seen
Divided as a thousand streams, in bright yet varied sheen;
But soon they seek some kindred course, which, deep'ning as they glide,
The boundless main alone may change their sweetly mingled tide.

'Tis thus with life, a thousand hopes our youthful thoughts divide,
Till all their glowing energies in one dear wish subside;
Oh! break not then the spell which e'en to joy adds new delight,
And robes creation's fairest forms with beauty still more bright.

Billy Taylor.

With spirit.

Young Bil - ly Tay-lor, a brisk sai-lor, Full of youth and vi-gour gay,

All his mind he did dis-cov-er To a brisk and love-ly may. But

when her fa-ther came to know it, He flew in a pas-sion straight; And

swore he would be Wil-ly's ru-in, And de-prive him of his right.

This Air, a set of which is given at p. 166, reminds one of the Highland Air "Stu mo run," although somewhat different. The Air and Ballad have been long favourites in the County of Aberdeen. The Editor is not aware if they are known in the Counties of Banff and Moray. The Ballad is peculiar, the poetaster making the lady display much love and great revenge. See Appendix.

Billy Taylor.

YOUNG Billy Taylor, a brisk sailor,
  Full of youth and vigour gay,
All his mind he did discover
  To a brisk and lovely may.
But when her father came to know it,
  He flew in a passion straight;
And swore he would be Billy's ruin,
  And deprive him of his right.

Four and twenty brisk young sailors,
  All did stand in bright array;
Instead of Billy being married,
  Press'd he was and sent away.
Quickly the lady follow'd after,
  Under the name of Richard Carr;
And her white fingers long and slender
  She besmear'd with pitch and tar.

There fell out a dreadful battle,
  She fought boldly with the rest;
Till flew the buttons from her waistcoat,
  Then appeared her snow-white breast.
When the captain came to know it,
  He said, "What did bring you here?"
"It is for the love of a young man,
  That you press'd the other year.

"Billy Taylor is my true love,
  Billy Taylor is his name;
Billy Taylor is my true love,
  And for his sake I've sail'd the main."
"If Billy Taylor be your true love,
  And Billy Taylor be his name;
It's not six weeks since he was married—
  Married in the Isle of Man.

"Rise up early in the morning,
  Rise ye by the break of day;
And there you'll see him, Billy Taylor,
  Walking with his lady gay."
Now she rose early in the morning,
  She rose by the break of day;
And there she saw him, Billy Taylor,
  Walking with his lady gay.

Then she call'd for powder and pistol,
  Which was soon at her command,
And there she shot him, Billy Taylor,
  And left his lady at his right hand.
The captain did not discommend her
  For the deed that she had done;
For he has made her lady over
  All his lands in the Isle of Man.

The Trooper and Fair Maid.

Briskly.

The trumpet sounds by Bur_rel-dales, Says, "Man and horse make rea - dy; "The

rall.

drums do beat at Stane - man hill—"Lads leave your mam and dad - die." The

fifes did play at Crom - let banks,—"Lads, leave the Lewes o' Fy - vie," The

troo - per to the fair maid said, O Las_sie I maun lea' you.

This Air was arranged from the way it was sung in Buchan to "The Trooper and Fair Maid." The Ballad is given in "Ballads of the North," Vol. I. p. 230. Mr Buchan's copy has a refrain. It is here necessarily epitomized, the whole being unsuited for this Work. Probably the Trooper was one of those referred to in the note Vol. I. p. 276. If so, the Ballad can only be traced to the end of the last century.

The Trooper and Fair Maid.

THE trumpet sounds by Burreldales,
  Says, "Man and horse make ready;"
The drums do beat at Staneman hill—
  "Lads leave your mam and daddie."
The fifes did play at Cromlet banks,—
  "Lads, leave the Lewes o' Fyvie;"
The trooper to the fair maid said,
  "O lassie I maun lea' you"

She said, "When will we meet again?
  Or when will ye me marry?"
"When heather knaps grow siller taps,
  I winna langer tarry."
"O when will we twa meet again?
  Or when will ye me marry?"
"When heather cows grow owsen bows,
  I winna langer tarry."

"O when will we twa meet again?
  Or when will ye me marry?"
"When cockle shells grow siller bells,
  I winna langer tarry."
"O when will we twa meet again?
  Or when will ye me marry?"
"When apple trees grow in the seas,
  I winna langer tarry."

"O when will we twa meet again?
  Or when will ye me marry?"
"When fishes fly, and seas gang dry,
  I winna langer tarry."
"O when will we twa meet again?
  Or when will ye me marry?"
"When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
  I winna langer tarry."

Young Craigston.

Moderately.

"Oh, fa - ther," said she "you have done me wrong, For ye've mar - ried me on a

childe young man, Ye've mar - ried me on a boy o'er young, And the

bon - ny boy is long, long, a - grow - ing." "Oh, daugh - ter," said he, "I have

done you no wrong, For I've married you on an he - ri - tor of lan', He's likewise pos - ses - ed of

rall.

ma - ny bills and bonds, And he will be aye dai - ly grow - ing.

"Young Craigston" has been long a favourite with the populace in Buchan. The Air to which it was sung is here arranged. John Urquhart, called the Tutor of Cromarty, bought the Estate of Craigston, (Aberdeenshire.) The Ballad is supposed to have been composed on the marriage of his grandson with Elisabeth Innes, daughter of Sir Robert Innes of Innes, (Morayshire,) by whom he had a son. Spalding, after referring to the great mortality in the Craigston family says, "Thus in three years space, the good-sire, son, and oy, died." He adds, that the Laird of Innes, whose sister was married to this Urquhart of Leathers, (the father,) and not without her consent, as was thought, gets the guiding of this young boy, and without advice of friends shortly and quietly "marries him upon his own eldest daughter, Elizabeth Innes." Spalding also mentions that young Craigston's death was generally attributed to melancholy, in consequence of Sir Robert Innes refusing to pay old Craigston's debts; for the creditors bestowed "many maledictions, which touched the young man's conscience, albeit he could not mend it." Spalding Vol. I. p. 36. The father died in December 1631, and the son in November 1634, so that the marriage must have been of short duration. The Ballad is necessarily epitomized for this Work.

Young Craigston.

"Oh, father," said she, "you have done me wrong,
For ye've married me on a childe young man,
Ye've married me on a boy o'er young,
  And the bonny boy is long, long a-growing."
"O daughter," said he, "I have done you no wrong,
For I've married you on an heritor of lan',
He's likewise possess'd of many bills and bonds,
  And he will be aye daily growing.

"Oh, daughter," said he, "if ye wish to do well,
Ye'll send your husband away to the school,
That he of learning may gather great skill,
  And he will be aye daily growing."
Now young Craigston is to the college gone,
And left his lady making great moan,
That she should be forc'd to remain there alone,
  And that he was so long, long a-growing.

She has dressed herself in the robes of green,
That were right comely to be seen,
And she was the picture of Venus queen,
  And she's to the college to see him.
In his twelfth year he was a married man,
In his thirteenth year he had got a son;
In his fourteenth year his grave grew green,
  And that was an end of his growing.

The Dying Girl's Song.

Slowly and feelingly.

Fare - well, my bon - nie yel - low hair! Ye fell in rows o' gow - den sheen A -

express. *rall.*

boon my bo - som, li - ly fair, And clung in clus - ters round my een. My

roun' my ro - sy cheeks, fare - well! — Ye were my soul's i - dol - at - ry. Fare -

express. *rall.*

well, sweet mouth! — oh, ru - by cell! Thy pearls a' ha'e dropp'd a - way.

The Editor, in his young days, had this beautiful Air from the singing of a shepherd from the County of Ross, who, some fifty years ago (1828) was wintering his sheep in Buchan. He was lately told by a gentleman, a native of Argyllshire that the Air used to be well known among the populace in that County and was sung to Gaelic words, a verse of which he repeated. It is not in the Revd Pat. Macdonald's Collection, nor in that of Capt Fraser of Knocky. The Editor arranged it in 1875 for this Work, and gives it to "The Dying Girl's Song" by W. B. Sangster, printed first in Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 552.

The Dying Girl's Song.

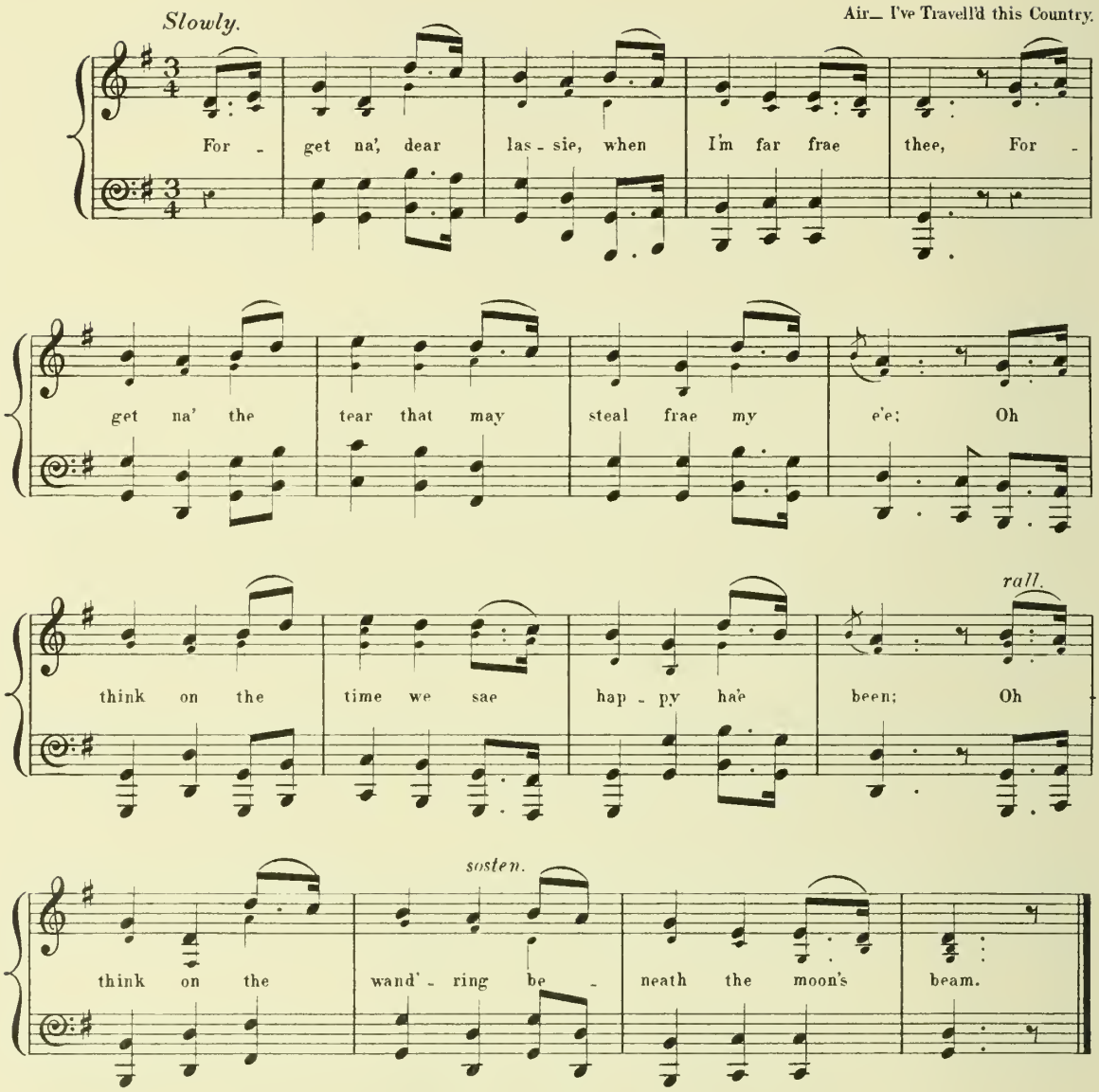
FAREWELL, my bonnie yellow hair!
  Ye fell in rows o' gowden sheen
Aboon my bosom, lily fair,
  And clung in clusters round my een.
My roun', my rosy cheeks, farewell!
  Ye were my soul's idolatry.
Farewell, sweet mouth!—oh, ruby cell!
  Thy pearls a' ha'e dropp'd away.

The licht that shot its saften beams
  Frae out my een o' bonnie blue
Is gane, and I am lost in dreams
  Of what I was—what I am noo!
Days, months and years ha'e wrought sad wark
  On me, my brother!—do not weep:
I go to God's appointed ark,
  To take my rest, an' sleep my sleep!

An' when new visions rise on me,
  And life's dark water's gathered in,
I'll land on an eternity
  Of life, unsweetenèd by sin.
Farewell, farewell, thou dear loo'd light!—
  Ah! much too dear so soon to part;
The clouds o' death's unwelcome night,
  Are settling dreary round my heart.

Oh, take my hand—oh, kiss my brow—
  Oh, brother!—brother, do not weep,
To pain our parting!—let me go
  In peace to my appointed sleep!
There are no tears where angels sing
  Their tongueless orisons of love;
An' now I fly with gladden'd wing
  To meet them in the courts above.

Forget na' Dear Lassie.



The Editor noted this Air in 1850, note for note, as sung by "Jenny Meesic" to "I've travell'd this Country." The song to which it was sung, which is of very little merit, may have been popular, as it is printed in Chap-books and Broadsides under the name of "The Inconstant Lover." The following eight lines are part of it:—

"I've travell'd this country both early and late,
My burden was heavy, my sorrows were great;
I courted a fair maid that does me disdain,
Ofttimes she's denied me, but I'll try her again.
* * * * * * * * * *
Oh, Scotland, old Scotland, I bid you adieu,
And as for you, sweetheart, I'll still think on you;
I'll mind on the bonny lass that first slighted me,
Now I sail to America, my darling, from thee."

In Janet's copy of the Ballad it was "Oh, Britain, old, Britain &c." The Air is here given to "Forget na', dear Lassie." Blackie's Scottish Songs, p. 167.

Forget na', dear Lassie.

FORGET na', dear lassie, when I'm far frae thee,
Forget na' the tear that may steal frae my e'e ;
Oh think on the time we sae happy ha'e been ;
Oh think on the wand'ring beneath the moon's beam.

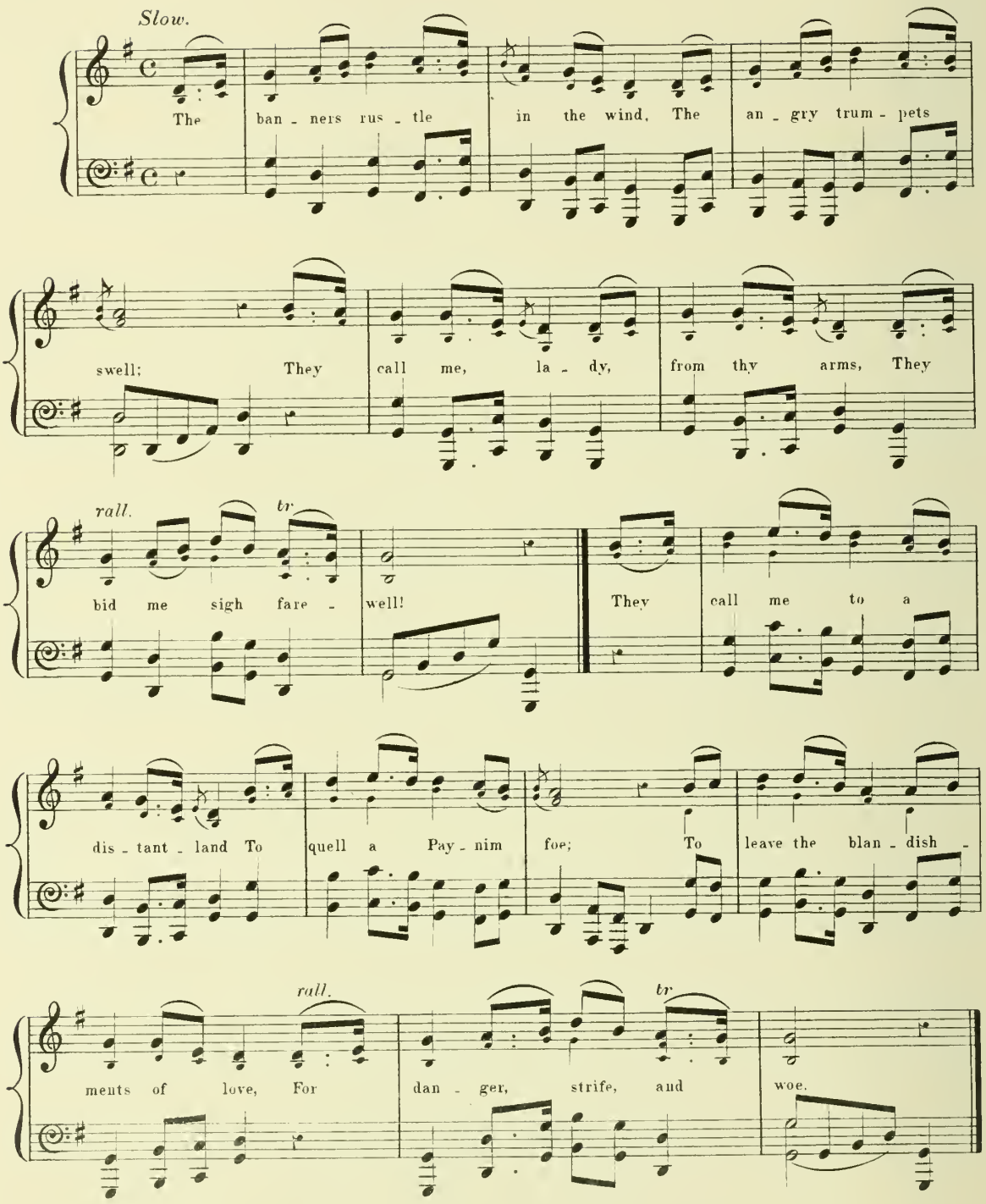
I will think on the tear thou wilt shed when alane,
And fondly remember each dear woodland scene,
I'll bless the sweet smile, that still woo'd me to thee,
And hope, sweetly smiling, will gladden my e'e.

I see the rose fading, dear maid, on thy cheek,
I feel the heart throbbings, thy anguish that speak ;
But ne'er let the tear-drop nor sorrow be thine,
Peace rest in thy bosom, and sorrow be mine.

When 'midst the rude storm on the wide-swelling sea,
Fond fancy will turn to this hour, love, wi' thee ;
I'll sigh to the billows to waft me ashore,
To part frae my hame and my lassie no more.

The Crusader's Farewell.

Air— Lady Daisy.



The Editor arranged this Air from the singing of a native of Banffshire in 1850. He sung it to a copy of "Lady Daisy," not "Lady Diamond," as Mr. Buchan has it. The Editor did not consider it necessary to write the copy, he heard sung as it was nearly the same as that given by Professor Ayton, and because he considered the Ballad unsuited for this Work. The beautiful Air is adapted to "The Crusader's Farewell" by Motherwell, and inserted in his "Minstrelsy," p. 66.

The Crusader's Farewell.

THE banners rustle in the wind,
  The angry trumpets swell;
They call me, lady, from thy arms,
  They bid me sigh farewell!
They call me to a distant land,
  To quell a Paynim foe;
To leave the blandishments of love,
  For danger, strife, and woe.

Yet deem not, lady, though afar
  It be my hap to roam,
That e'er my constant heart shall stray
  From love, from thee, and home.
No! in the tumult of the fight—
  'Midst Salem's chivalrie,
The thought that arms this hand with death
  Shall be the thought of thee!

The Poor Stranger.

Slow.

As I was a walk_ing one morning in spring. The soft wind was bal_my, and small birds did sing, I heard a fair maid that was mak_ing great moan, Say_ing,

rall. "I am a stran_ger, and far from my home." *express.* Say_ing,

sósten. "I am a stran_ger, and far from my home."

The Editor noted this Air from the singing of an Irish widow, who was singing on the street in 1851. She resided in Glasgow where many natives of Ireland are resident. The words she sung were almost the same as those here given, which appear to be a fragment. They are the words sung by the Editors mother to the Irish Air, "Lough Sheeling," to which Thomson gave Burns' "Parting for ever," p. 229. Ed. 1831, and Moore gave "Come rest in this Bosom," p. 196. Ed. 1858. The conformation of the Air, if changed into six eight's time would remind one of "The Boys of Kilkenny," or "The old Head of Denis," which apparently has the same original as this Ballad Air. This also is probable from the lines "The boys of sweet Ury are roving young blades," and "The boys of Kilkenny are brave roving blades," the one localizing the Ballad to Ury in Kincardinshire, Scotland, and the other to Kilkenny in Ireland.

The Poor Stranger.

As I was a-walking one morning in spring,
The soft wind was balmy, and small birds did sing,
I heard a fair maid that was making great moan,
Saying, "I am a stranger, and far from my home."
Saying, "I am," &c.

I steppèd up to her and made a congé,
And askèd her pardon for making so free,
And said, "I do pity you, hearing your moan,
And saying, 'You're a stranger and far from your home.'"
And saying, "You're," &c.

Her cheeks blush'd like roses, and she shed a tear,
And said, "Sir, I wonder at seeing you here.
Oh, do now protect me in this desert alone,
Since I am a stranger, and far from my home."
"Since I am," &c.

"Young maid, I'll protect you, it's what I will do;
For each drop of my heart's blood I could shed for you,
And I'll be your guardian in this desert alone;
For I mean to conduct you safe back to your home.
For I mean, &c.

"The lads of sweet Ury are roving young blades,
And they take much delight in courting fair maids;
They daut them, and clap them, and call them their own,
When perhaps their own darling is mourning at home.
When perhaps," &c.

Dicky Johnston.

Briskly.

I am a man of a rov_ing mind, And oft_times cross'd the o_cean; And

ma_ny a bat_tle I've been in, For ho_nour and pro - mo_tion. Oh,

ma_ny a bat_tle I've been in, Some have been lost, and some were won; But

rall.

now in jol_li - ty and fun, I am a rov_ing sai_lor.

The first strain of this Air is as sung to the Ballad by the Editor's mother, and the second strain as sung by "Jenny Meesic." This is another instance of the one strain of a Ballad Air being sung in one County, while the other was sung in a neighbouring County. There are only three stanzas of the Ballad given here, the remaining ones being unsuited for this work. It is to be found in different forms on Broadsides.

Dicky Johnston.

I AM a man of a roving mind,
  And ofttimes cross'd the ocean ;
And many a battle I've been in,
  For honour and promotion.
Oh, many a battle I've been in,
Some have been lost, and some were won ;
But now in jollity and fun,
  I am a roving sailor.

Oh, I will go no more to sea,
  My life would have no ransom ;
But here on shore I'll range about,
  And speak to girls that are handsome.
Oh, brother sailors, I'll here remain,
Nor tempt the raging seas again ;
But serve on shore in Venus' train,
  And be a roving sailor.

For by the wars I've lost a limb,
  My name is Dicky Johnston ;
And I've got leave from Venus, Queen,
  To court girls that are handsome.
With my soft words and flattering tongue,
I'll court the girls both old and young ;
I'll court them all, and marry none,
  And still be a roving sailor.

The Rigs o' Rye.

Moderately slow.

'Twas on a morning in sweet Ju_ly, Just as the sun had reach'd the sky; It was between two rigs o' rye, I heard two lov _ ers talk _ ing. Said he, "Why such a cheer_ful lass Should seem to be in hea _ vi _ ness I won _ der what can be amiss." Then off from her he wan _ der'd.

rall. *sosten.*

The Editor got three sets of this Air, — one from Buchan, one from Oldmeldrum, and one from the singing of "Jenny Meesic, whose copy of the song is here given. The above set of the Air is chiefly from the one sung in Buchan. The song with different sets of the Air is, or was sung by most ballad singers in the three North-Eastern Counties, and appeared to be a favourite song among the populace. The first four lines of the third stanza, in one copy of the Ballad were as follow: —

"But let father flout and mother frown,
And sister's words I will not own;
For though a' my friends were below the groun',
Now with thee I would wander."

The Rigs o' Rye.

'TWAS on a morning in sweet July,
Just as the sun had reach'd the sky ;
It was between two rigs o' rye,
  I heard two lovers talking.
Said he, "Why such a cheerful lass
Should seem to be in heaviness—
I wonder what can be amiss."
  Then off from her he wander'd.

She said, "Young man, are you away,
Will you no longer with me stay?
For I've a word or two to say,
  If you will only hear it.
My father flouts and mopes wi' care,
My mother tears her yellow hair,
My sister says she'll ne'er do mair,
  If I marry you a stranger.

"But let father flout and mother scold,
And of sister's words I'll take no hold ;
For though a' my kin were in the mould,
  Now with thee I would wander."
"No portion will your father give,
Though we in poverty should live,
So you're no match for me to have,
  Forbear your love, I tell you."

The lassie's courage began to fail,
Her cherry cheeks grew wondrous pale,
And from her eyes the saut tears fell,
  As the rain drops on the ocean.
He's ta'en a 'kerchief of Cambric fine,
He's wip'd her eyes, and kiss'd her syne,
And says, "My dear, you shall be mine,
  For with thee would I wander.

"For I said this just to try thee,
And now I see thy constancy,
No man on earth's get thee from me ;
  For we shall never sunder.
To part the baby and the nurse,
There could not be a greater cross,
To part us both would be much worse ;
  So we shall never sunder."

The Belt wi' Colours Three.

Slowly and feelingly.

The moon shined bright up - on my pil - low In - to the cham - ber where I lay; I could not sleep that cauld win - ter's night, But up I rose at the break o' day. And though the nicht was cauld and fros - ty, My man - tle green held me in heat; I did me down un - to the gar - den, And gaed in at the gar - den yett.

The Editor can trace this beautiful old Air and Ballad, through his relatives, far into the last century. There are four lines in this Ballad which resemble four lines in "As I cam' down by yon Castle wa;" sent to the Museum by Burns in 1792. In his Reliques Burns mentions that this song is very popular in Ayrshire. It does not appear in any Collection previously to its insertion in the Museum. The Ballad here given can be traced far beyond the year 1792. The four lines in "As I cam' down &c." are

"I trust to climb a far higher tree,
And herry a far richer nest:
Tak' this advice o' me bonny lass,
Humility wad set thee best!"

See Johnston's Museum, № 326.

The Belt wi' Colours Three.

THE moon shined bright upon my pillow
  Into the chamber where I lay ;
I could not sleep that cauld winter's nicht,
  But up I rose at the break o' day.
And though the nicht was cauld and frosty,
  My mantle green held me in heat ;
I did me down into the garden,
  And gaed in at the garden yett.

And there I heard a fair maid sighing,
  And tearing at her yellow hair ;
She was tearing a' her dark green claithing,
  And fyling a' her face sae fair.
She cried, " For me there is no comfort,
  And for me now there is no supplie ;
Lat ne'er a lass love any young man,
  Until she know that she lovèd be.

" The firsten thing my lad gae to me,
  It was a cap well lined wi' lead ;
And aye the langer that I wore it,
  It grew the heavier on my head.
Oh, for me now there is no comfort,
  And for me now there is no supplie ;
Lat ne'er a lass love any young man,
  Until she know that she lovèd be.

" The nexten thing my lad gae to me,
  It was a mantle wi' sorrow lined ;
And lang will I wear that black mantle,
  Till one to borrow it I find.
    Oh, for me now there is no comfort, &c.

" The thirden thing my lad gae to me,
  It was a belt wi' colours three ;
The first was shame, the next was sorrow,
  And the last of all sad miserie.
    Oh, for me now, &c.

" But I may climb as high a tree yet,
  And there find out as rich a nest ;
And come down from it without e'er falling,
  And marry a lad I may loe best."
    Though for me now, &c.

" Oh, why should ye now climb a tree, may,
  Or pull the cherries ere they be ripe ;
For if the gardener do ance you see, may,
  He'll throw you o'er the garden dyke."
Then up she rose, and gaed on slowly,
  And stately steppèd o'er the lea ;
And by this samin it is weel kenin',
  That mourners crave nae company.

As one Day I chanc'd to rove.

Moderately.

As one day I chanc'd to rove Near by a sha - dy grove, Where the

maids in the mea - dow were gay; I

met a pret - ty maid, Who has my heart be - trayed, And she

rall.

sosten.

makes me a while here to stay.

The Editor noted this Air, note for note, from the singing of "Jenny Meesic" in 1851. The song given is what she sung to the Air. It appears to be a fragment.

As one Day I chanc'd to rove.

As one day I chanc'd to rove
Near by a shady grove,
Where the maids in the meadow were gay;
I met a pretty maid,
Who has my heart betrayed,
And she makes me a while here to stay.

I said, "My dear sweetheart,
And darling that thou art,
I have placed my affections on thee;
You're a darling to my mind,
And I hope you will prove kind,
Though our dwellings at a distance they be.

"Your cheeks are like the rose,
Your eyes are black as sloes,
You're the darling of my heart, I am sure;
But there's some o' your frien's,
That think I have no means,
And despise me, and say I am poor,

"If I could store a queen,
They would soon with me join,
And seal up the bargain secure;
But as they think I'm poor,
They will not see me more,
And so mickle sorrow I endure.

"Like David and his clan,
Banished from their native lan',
As they were, I am hated too;
Which causes me to weep
Many nights, when I should sleep;
For my darling I think upon you."

The Days are gane that I hae seen.

Moderately.

The rose is red and the grass is green; But the days are gane that

I ha'e seen, An - o - ther is cho - sen where I hae been, And my

lad will nev - er mair come near me. But to try him a - gain, I'll

deck my hair, And tie it up wi a green rib - bon fair; I'll

tie it up wi' mic - kle care, Though he says he will ne - ver mair come near me.

The Editor noted this Air also from "Jenny Meesic's" singing only a few verses of the song she sung are given, the rest being unsuitable for this Work.

The Days are gane that I hae seen.

THE rose is red and the grass is green;
But the days are gane that I hae seen,
Another is chosen where I hae been,
  And my lad will never mair come near me.
But to try him again, I'll deck my hair,
And tie it up wi' a green ribbon fair,
I'll tie it up wi' mickle care,
  Though he says he will never mair come near me.

Then I'll gae to him and stand by his side,
And wait on him and be his guide;
For he may yet make me his bride,
  And I'll gae to him though a' should see me.
But he said, "I've chosen another maid."
I answer'd, "What have I done or said
To make you choose another maid,
  And me loving you sae dearly."

"Nothing you've done, and nothing you've said
To make me to choose another maid;"
To vex me, "Another I've chosen," he said,
  "So go now, I'll never more love thee."
I left him there and said, "Do not rise,
For I have played a foolish guise,
In time to come I shall be more wise,
  I'll go and I never more will love thee."

The Bonny Bunch of Roses.

Moderately.

Near by the swell - ing o - ce - an, One morn - ing in the

month of June, While fea - ther'd warb - ling song - sters Their charm - ing notes did

sweet - ly tune, I o - ver heard a la - dy La -

ment - ing in sad grief and woe, And talk - ing with young

Bo - na - parte Con - cern - ing the bon - ny Bunch of Ros - es, O.

This Air was taken by the Editor in 1850 note for note from the singing of a native of Aberdeenshire, who had it from his father, a peninsular veteran. The words are almost the same as he sung. The Ballad is printed in different forms on Broad-sides, and the Air is often heard sung by street Ballad-singers. The Editor has not found, in his researches, a copy of the Air hitherto printed.

The Bonny Bunch of Roses.

NEAR by the swelling ocean,
One morning in the month of June,
While feather'd warbling songsters
Their charming notes did sweetly tune,
I overheard a lady
Lamenting in sad grief and woe,
And talking with young Bonaparte
Concerning the bonny Bunch of Roses, O.

Thus spake the young Napoleon,
And grasp'd his mother by the hand :—
"Oh, mother dear have patience,
Till I am able to command ;
I'll raise a numerous army,
And through tremendous dangers go,
And in spite of all the universe,
I'll gain the bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

"Oh, son, speak not so venturesome ;
For England is the heart of oak ;
Of England, Scotland, and Ireland,
The unity can ne'er be broke.
And think you of your father,
In the Island where he now lies low,
He is not yet interred in France ;
So beware of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O.

"Your father raised great armies,
And likewise kings did join the throng ;
He was so well provided,
Enough to sweep the world along.
But when he went to Moscow,
He was o'erpower'd by drifting snow ;
And though Moscow was blazing
He lost the bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

"Oh, mother, adieu for ever,
I am now on my dying bed,
If I had liv'd I'd have been brave,
But now I droop my youthful head.
And when our bones do moulder,
And weeping-willows o'er us grow,
Its deeds to bold Napoleon
Will stain the bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

The Royal Rose.

Slowly and smoothly.

There is a flower in yon gar - den, Smells

sweet - er than the thyme; It is a bright and

love - ly flower, And I wish that flower were mine,

rall.

Oh, were mine, And I wish that flower were mine.

The Editor noted this Air in 1851 from the singing of a native of Buchan, and the words of the song are arranged from that person's singing. He has often heard it sung in his young days. It was a great favourite in the lower part of Aberdeenshire. Passages in the first strain of "I'm a' doun for Lack o' Johnnie" resemble the second part of the above Air, which appears to be a comparatively modern English composition. No wonder that Mr F. Graham in his note in "Songs of Scotland" said of "I'm a' doun for Lack o' Johnnie" and the words, "We have no doubt that both are quite modern." It was sent by a lady in Aberdeenshire to Mr Finlay Dun. See the Air and words given in this Volume at pp. 186, 187, got from the neighbourhood where they were composed. See also "Songs of Scotland" (Wood and Co.) Vol. II. p. 136.

The Royal Rose.

THERE is a flower in yon garden,
  Smells sweeter than the thyme;
It is a bright and lovely flower,
  And I wish that flower were mine,
    Oh, were mine,
  And I wish that flower were mine.

The garden, that this flower grows in,
  With weeds is all o'ergrown,
And if I were the gardener there,
  I'd make that flower my own,
    Oh, my own,
  I'd make that flower my own.

It's sweeter in December bleak,
  Than any flower in May;
And it would be a sad pity,
  That e'er it should decay,
    Oh, decay,
  That e'er it should decay.

He is a Rose, a royal Rose,
  With a dark and rolling eye,
And is my choice above all those,
  That would love me till I die,
    Till I die,
  That would love me till I die.

But I'll depend on Providence,
  Who orders all things fine,
And if this Rose is ordained for me,
  It surely will be mine,
    Oh, be mine,
  It surely will be mine.

May Colvine, and Fause Sir John.

Heard ye ev - er of a blui - dy knight Liv'd in the West Coun - trie, Wha did be - tray eight vir - gins fair, And drown them in the sea? All la - dies of a good ac - count, As ev - er yet were known: This trai - tor was a ba - ron knight, They call'd him fause Sir John.

This Air was noted from the singing of a native of Aberdeenshire. "Jenny Meesie's" Air is given in the Appendix. The Ballad was first published in Herd's "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs." I. 153. Mr Sharpe gives a fuller copy taken from recitation. There was a stall copy "The Western Tragedy," dated 1749, which Mr Motherwell saw; as also a later stall print called "The Historical Ballad of May Colzean," who was, according to local tradition, the heroine, and of the family of Kennedy of Colzean, now represented by the Earl of Cassilis, and the hero an Ecclesiastic of the Monastery of Maybole. In the parish of Ballantrae, on the sea-coast there is a frowning precipice, called at one time "Fause Sir John's Loup." According to Mr Buchan, Binyan's Bay, mentioned in his copy of the Ballad, was at the mouth of the river Ugie near Peterhead which was anciently called Binyan. The Annotator of "Scottish Traditional Versions of ancient Ballads" says that the tale is well known and popular in England under the title of "The Outlandish Knight," of which stall copies of considerable antiquity are in existence. Dr Robert Chambers states that "Carlton Castle," two miles to the south of Girvan, a tall ruin overhanging the sea, is said by the populace there to have been the residence of "Fause Sir John." A tall rocky eminence two miles farther south, called "Gamesloup," is pointed out as the place where Sir John drowned his wives. It would appear, therefore, that the story of the Ballad is localized to several places. See Motherwell's Introduction to his "Minstrelsy," p. LXX, note 24. Buchan, II. 309. Chambers' Scottish Ballads p. 232.

May Colvine, and Fause Sir John.

HEARD ye ever of a bluidy knight,
  Liv'd in the West Countrie,
Wha did betray eight virgins fair,
  And drown them in the sea?
All ladies of a good account,
  As ever yet were known:
This traitor was a baron knight,
  They call'd him fause Sir John.

Then fause Sir John a-wooing came
  To a maid of beauty rare;
May Colvine was this lady's name,
  Her father's only heir.
He courted her baith but and ben,
  And urgently did pray,
That May Colvine would give consent
  To mount and ride away.

Frae below his arm he pull'd a charm,
  And stuck it in her sleeve;
And he has made her gang with him,
  Without her parents' leave.
From her father's coffers she took out
  Of gold five hundred pound;
And from his stable she took out
  The best steed could be found.

Then privately they rade away,
  They made nae stop nor stay,
Nor curb'd nor drew the bridle rein
  Till they reach'd Binyan Bay.
This bay lay in a lonely place,
  Nae habitation nigh;
And girt by rocks baith high and steep,
  Where nane could hear her cry.

"Light down, light down, fair May Colvine,
  Your bridal bed you see;
For here I've drown'd eight virgins brave,
  And you the ninth maun be."
"Are these you're bow'rs and lofty towers,
  Sae beautiful and gay?
Or is it for my gold," she said,
  "You take my life away?"

"Cast aff, cast aff your jewels fine,
  Sae costly, rich, and brave;
They are too costly and too fine
  To sink in the sea wave."
But as Sir John he turn'd him round,
  She threw him in the sea;
Says, "Lye ye there, ye fause Sir John,
  Where you thought to lay me.

"Oh, lye ye there, ye traitor fause,
  Where you thought to lay me;
You wou'd ha'e stript me to the skin,
  But get your claise with thee."
"Oh, help! oh, help now, May Colvine!
  Oh, help! or else I drown!
I'll take you to your father's gate,
  And safely set ye down."

"Nae help, nae help, thou fause Sir John,
  Nae help to such as thee;
You lye not in a caulder bed
  Than that you meant for me!
Lye there, lye there, thou traitor fause,
  Your bed the gurgling sea;
If you have bedded eight damsels there,
  The ninth has bedded thee."

Then she mounted on her father's steed,
  And swiftly rode away,
Arriving at her father's house
  At breaking of the day.
Then first she tauld her mother dear
  Concerning fause Sir John;
And next she tauld her father dear
  The deed that she had done.

"If that be true, fair May Colvine,
  That ye ha'e tauld to me,
To day, ere I do eat or drink,
  This fause Sir John I'll see."
Then aff they went, with one consent,
  At dawning of the day,
Until they came to Carline sands,
  And there his body lay.

His body tall, with that great fall,
  On waves toss'd to and fro,
The diamond ring that he had on
  Had broke in pieces two.
And they ha'e taken up his corpse
  To yonder pleasant green;
And there they buried fause Sir John,
  For fear he shou'd be seen.

The Knights Ghost.

Moderately.

"There is a fa - shion in this land, And e - ven come to

this coun - trie, That eve - ry la - dy should meet her lord, When

he is new - ly come from sea. Some gae wi' hawks, and

some wi' hounds, Or o - ther seem - ly thing to see; But I will gae my -

rall. *tempo*

rall.

self a - lone, And set his young son on his knee."

The Knight's Ghost was first given by Mr Buchan in "Ballads of the North," I. 227. He remarks in his note p. 314 that "the ghost was a generous and liberal one in many respects." The Air, which the Editor arranged from the singing of the person referred to note p. 234, appears more modern than the Ballad. The copy of the Ballad given here is slightly different from that in "Ballads of the North."

The Knight's Ghost.

THERE is a fashion in this land,
And even come to this countrie,
That every lady should meet her lord,
When he is newly come from sea.
"Some gae wi' hawks, and some wi' hounds,
Or other seemly thing to see;
But I will gae myself alane,
And set his young son on his knee."

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And nimbly walk'd by yon sea strand;
And there she spied her husband's ship,
As it came sailing to the land.
"Where ha'e ye put my ain gude lord?
Oh, where about may my gude lord be?"
"If ye be wanting your ain gude lord,
A sight of him ye'll never see."

"Was he burnt, or was he slain?
Or was he drown'd in the deep sea?
Or what's become of my ain gude lord,
That he comes not to meet with me?"
"Oh, your gude lord he wasna burnt,
Nor was he drown'd in the deep sea;
But he was slain in Dunfermline,—
A fatal day to you and me."

"Come in, come in, my merry young men,
Come in and drink the wine with me;
And all the better ye shall fare,
For this gude news ye tell to me."
She brought them down to a low cellar,
And birl'd them with the beer and wine;
And then she lock'd the cellar door,
Says,—"Lye there with my sad malison."

She's ta'en the keys into her hand,
And threw them deep, deep in the sea,—
"Lye there with my sad malison,
Till my gude lord return to me."
Then she sat down in her ain room,
And sorrow lull'd her fast asleep;
When up it starts her ain gude lord,
As she sat there in slumber deep.

"Take here the keys, Janet," he says,
"That ye threw deep, deep in the sea,
And gae relieve my merry young men,—
They're nane to blame for death of me.
They shot the bolt, and drew the stroke,
And in red blude waded to the knee,
Nae sailors mair for their lord cou'd do,
Nor my young men they did for me."

"I ha'e a question at you to ask,
Before that ye depart from me;
Tell me how lang I ha'e to live,
And the kind of death I ha'e to dee."
"I ha'e nae mair of God's ain power
Than He has granted unto me;
But come to heaven when you will,
There porter to you I'll be.

"But ye'll be wed to a finer knight
Than ever was in my degree;
Unto him ye'll ha'e children nine,
And six of them will be ladies free.
The other three will be bold young men,
To fight for king and for countrie;
The ane a duke, the second a knight,
The third a laird of lands sae free."

The Bold Sailor.

Briskly.

There was a bold sai - lor, from Do - ver he came, He

court - ed a fair maid, and Sal - ly was her name; But

rall.

she was so haugh - ty, her por - tion be - ing high, That

she on this sai - lor would scarce cast an eye.

This Ballad has been long a favourite in the North of Scotland. The Air is the thorough Ballad set of such tunes, and appears to be the original of "The Manchester Angel," and "The Lincolnshire Poacher," given by Mr Chappell in "Popular Music of the Olden Time," pp. 732, 734, where he very properly remarks that "a comparison of the two tunes will afford a curious instance of the mode in which Airs become altered and corrupted by untutored singers." The last line of the music of the above Air was occasionally sung as the first line. The Ballad is one of the usual meagre sailor-ballads given to beautiful ballad-airs, which thus makes trashy ballads favourites with the populace.

The Bold Sailor.

THERE was a bold sailor, from Dover he came,
He courted a fair maid, and Sally was her name;
But she was so haughty, her portion being high,
That she on this sailor would scarce cast an eye.

"Oh, Sally, fair maiden, dear Sally," said he,
"I fear that your cold heart will my ruin be;
I fear that your proud heart will my ruin prove,
If your hatred don't quickly now turn into love."

But after a twelvemonth was all gone and past,
This beautiful damsel did grow sad at last;
She grew sick at heart, and she did not know why,
But the sailor was sent for that she did deny.

"Am I a great Doctor that you've sent for me?
Or am I the young man that you long to see?"
"Oh, yes, you're the Doctor that can kill or cure,
And the pain that I feel now is hard to endure."

"Oh, where does the pain lie, is it in your head?
Or, where does it lie, does it lie in your side!"
"Oh, no, my dear Billy, you have not well guessed;
For the pain that I feel now lies low in my breast."

"Oh, don't you remember, young Sally," said he,
"Oh, don't you remember how you slighted me,
How you slighted me, and treated me with scorn;
But now you're rewarded for what you have done."

"These things all are past now, forget and forgi'e,
And grant me a short time longer here to be."
"Oh, no, pretty Sally, for while I do live,
Your love I'll throw from me, and none will I give."

The rings from her fingers she pull'd two or three,
And said, "Take these, Billy, in memory of me;
They'll mind you, dear Billy, of me, when I'm gone,
And perhaps you'll be sorry for what you have done."

"Oh, Sally," he said, "I'll no more sail the main,
For I have three ships now all coming home from Spain;
And they all are ladened with brandy and wine,
And all shall be yours, love, and you shall be mine."

The Forsaken Maiden.

Moderately and distinctly

As I went o - ver the county Ca - ven, To see the beau - ties that men de - light; There I did see one a love - ly crea - ture, That looked like an an - gel bright. I said to her, "Thou most love - ly crea - ture, I wish you'd be a sai - lor's wife." "Oh, no," said she, "I will ne - ver mar - ry; I choose to lead a sin - gle life."

express. *rall.* *sost.*

The Editor was much surprised and pleased, on hearing this Ballad sung by "Jenny Meesie" and Jamie Coul, to find that the one sung the first strain to it and the other the second strain. It is occasionally found that one strain of an Air is sung in one County, and the other strain in another County; but, in this instance, the first strain is sung by "Jenny Meesie," and the second strain by Jamie Coul, both natives of the same parish, Rathven, Enzie, Banffshire, while neither of them heard the other sing the Ballad. The Editor noted the strains as here given from these two individuals in 1850. Another reading of the seventh line in the third stanza was "We will go sail under Princess Venus." The Ballad is chiefly given from "Jenny Meesie's" copy. The Air is apparently Irish, and is not given in Dr Petrie's or Bunting's Publications.

The Forsaken Maiden.

As I went over the county Caven,
  To see the beauties that men delight ;
There I did see one, a lovely creature,
  That lookèd like an angel bright.
I said to her, "Thou most lovely creature,
  I wish you'd be a sailor's wife."
"Oh, no," said she, "I will never marry ;
  I choose to lead a single life."

I said, "Young may, what makes you differ
  From all the rest of womankind ;
For you are youthful, sweet, and pretty,
  And unto marriage must be inclined."
She said, "The truth I will tell you plainly,—
  I should have been wed five years ago
To Jamie Reilly that liv'd in Dublin ;
  He is the cause of all my woe.

"He was a young man with handsome features,
  And courted me for many a day,
Until he had my favour gainèd ;
  Then he left Dublin and went away."
"If this be true that you tell so plainly,
  You might have been wed five years ago ;
We will go sail to Pennsylvania—
  Bid adieu to Reilly for evermore."

She said, "Young man, though we should travel
  Unto some far and distant shore ;
My heart would still be wildly beating,
  Thinking on Reilly, whom I adore."
"It's youth and folly make some ones marry,
  And when they're bound they must obey ;
What can't be curèd must be endurèd,
  Farewell, dear jewel, I must away."

The Sailor Bold.

Moderately.

A sai - lor bold with the best of hearts, That e - ver sail'd to

fo - reign parts, Came to his love to let her know, That

he once more was forced to go In pur - suit of bright

rall.

hon - our still, And begged she would not take it ill.

sost.

tr

The Editor in 1850 noted this Air exactly as it was sung by "Jenny Meesic" to the Ballad here given. It appears to be of considerable antiquity, and is peculiar from being suited to six lines of words in the stanza. Its melodious rhythm is perfect.

The Sailor Bold.

A SAILOR bold with the best of hearts,
That ever sail'd to foreign parts,
Came to his love to let her know,
That he once more was forced to go
In pursuit of bright honour still,
And begged she would not take it ill.

He utter'd melting words like these :—
"Although I sail the stormy seas,
I'll have you always in my mind,
Nor shall I ever prove unkind,
While life to me or health remains,
Or blood is running in my veins.

"On you I've placed my dearest love,
And I do prize you far above
All beauties in the world beside;
And I'll make you my lawful bride,
When I return from sea again;
So do not now, my dear, complain.

"You have my heart, let me have thine,
United by the Powers divine,
So shall we never, never fly
From bonds of love and unity;
For the vows, that to thee I have made,
With love for love, shall be repaid."

"You tell me of your gains so great;
But what if it should be your fate
To meet with broken and shatter'd bones,
And lie long under most grievous groans?
Will honour cure your limbs again?
Oh! no, you must undergo the pain!

"Consider this, my only dear,
No farther go, cast anchor here,
And ride in this safe road at home;
And so we two shall never roam;
But imitate the sporting dove,
And bill, and coo, and sport, and love."

He look'd upon his dear and said,
"The laws of love will be obeyed
By me, as well as many more,
As soon's this mighty work is o'er;
So wish me all success, I pray,
For now at home I cannot stay."

When she did get his last salute,
She for a time remainèd mute;
Then burst into a flood of tears,
And cried, "Alas! my blooming years,
Are blasted now with care and grief,
Oh, when will I get some relief?"

The wind blew fair and they hois'd up sails,
And were then blest with prosperous gales,
Which bore the vessel out of sight;
And though left in a dismal plight,
Yet she receivèd from his hand
A letter after he left the land.

This letter gave her comfort still,
And does her with satisfaction fill;
Because she finds him to be true,
For loyal lovers are but few,
And that he'd soon return again
To marry her and there remain.

The Bold Cockney.

Boldly and in moderate time.

A sto - ry of a Cock - ney I will now re - late, That

went to the coun - try to seek for a mate; And put in his pock - et two

hand - fuls of gold, With a sword by his side to

rall.

make him look bold. With a

sost.

sword by his side to make him look bold.

This Air and Ballad was a great favourite of the Editor's maternal grandfather, and is here given exactly as he sung it. The Editor has not found it hitherto published.

The Bold Cockney.

A STORY of a Cockney I will now relate,
That went to the country to seek for a mate ;
And put in his pocket two handfuls of gold,
With a sword by his side to make him look bold.
With a sword, &c.

He rode till he came into fair Huntingdon,
And there did dismount at the sign of the Crown ;
For a beautiful damsel appear'd in his sight,
Which made him resolve there to tarry for the night.
Which made him, &c.

He said, "Pretty damsel, if you will be mine,
My gold and my silver and all shall be thine."
But she said, "Sir, your passion must now be assuaged,
For I to a plough-boy am lately engaged."
For I to a, &c.

The plough-boy being near, did hear him speak so,
And said to the Cockney, "I know what I know :
For this is the damsel that is to be mine,
But if you can gain her, she then shall be thine."
But if you, &c.

"You impudent fellow, what makes you to prate?
For I with my weapon will soon break your pate.
You're nought but a bumpkin come from the plough tail,
And can handle nought but a whip or a flail."
And can handle, &c.

"Oh, then," says the plough-boy, "let's go to that field,
Before we give over one of us must yield.
Let it never be reckon'd, or by any said,
That a plough-boy's afraid to fight for his maid."
That a plough-boy's, &c.

They fought half an hour, as I've heard them say,
Before it was known which would gain the day ;
Till at last the brave plough-boy gave Cockney a fall,
And said, "Mister Cockney, you shall pay for all."
And said, &c.

"My gold and my silver and all that I have
I freely will give you my life now to save ;
Let this ne'er be said with a strange country lie,
But take me to London and there let me die."
But take me, &c.

His gold and his silver and all that he had
The plough-boy receiv'd and gave to his maid,
Let it ne'er then be reckon'd nor by any said,
That a plough-boy's afraid to fight for his maid.
That a plough-boy's, &c.

Sweet Annie on yon Burn Brae.

Slowly.

Oh, sweet are the ro_ses when they're in their prime, But sweet_er is An_nie that sweet-heart of mine; Were she plac'd a_mong thou_sands, she would shine as the day, Though she lives a_mong the moun_tains on yon burn brae.

The Ballad and Air of "Sweet Annie on yon Burn Brae" was, and may still be, sung in Buchan. The Editor had a very imperfect and fragmentary copy of the Ballad sent to him, and, therefore, had to make some emendations on it. He wrote the Air note for note, as here given, from a native of Buchan.

Sweet Annie on yon Burn Brae.

Oh, sweet are the roses when they're in their prime,
But sweeter is Annie, that sweetheart of mine;
Were she plac'd among thousands, she would shine as the day,
Though she lives among the mountains on yon burn brae.

My love's eyes are bright like the clear silver streams,
Her snowy white bosom's like the swan when it swims,
She is lovely and handsome, and nane daur say nay,
Though she lives among the mountains on yon burn brae.

Were I possessed of thousands and she were but poor,—
What signifies riches or wealth in great store?—
I would part with it all, if she would wi' me gae,
And leave her mam and daddie on yon burn brae.

Some say my love's saucy, some say my love's nice,
Some say my love's foolish and will take no advice;
Let them say what they will, I carena for their say,
For she's my blithesome lassie on yon burn brae.

The Drowned Lovers.

First Set.

Wil - lie stands in his sta - ble door, Clap - ping his coal - black steed; And doubt - ing of his Mar - g'ret's troth, His nose be - gan to bleed.

The Drowned Lovers.

Second Set.

Moderately.

Wil - lie stands in his sta - ble door, Clap - ping his coal - black steed; And doubting of his Margret's troth, His nose be - gan to bleed. "Gi'e corn to my horse, mother, And meat to my man John; And I'll a - wa' to Mar - g'ret's bower, Be - fore the night comes on."

The first Air given above, and apparently the most ancient, was noted from the singing of "Bellie Cumine" referred to in note page 150. The second Air was sent to the Editor from Buchan. They appear to be the original of "The back of the change-house" given by Niel Gow. Mr Buchan's copy of the Ballad is the one here generally followed. See "Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland." Glasgow, 1871.

The Drowned Lovers.

Willie stands in his stable door,
  Clapping his coal-black steed;
And doubting of his Marg'ret's troth,
  His nose began to bleed.
"Gi'e corn to my horse, mother,
  And meat to my man John;
And I'll awa' to Marg'ret's bower,
  Before the night comes on."

"Oh, bide this night with me, Willie,
  Oh, bide this night with me,
The besten fowl of all the roost
  At your supper shall be."
"Oh all your fowls, and all your roosts,
  I value not a prin;
Sae I'll awa' to Marg'ret's bower,
  Before the night sets in."

"Oh, 'an ye gang to Marg'ret's bower,
  Without the leave of me,
In the deepest pot of Clyde's water,
  My malison drown thee."
"The gude steed that I ride upon,
  Cost me thrice threttie pound;
And I'll put trust in his swift feet,
  To take me safe and sound."

As he rade o'er yon high, high hill,
  And down yon dowie den,
The noise that was in Clyde's water
  Wou'd fear'd five hundred men.
"Oh, roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,
  Your streams seem wondrous strang;
Make me your wreck as I come back,
  But spare me as I gang."

His heart was warm, his pride was up;
  Sweet Willie kentna fear;
But yet his mother's malison
  Aye sounded in his ear.
Oh, he has swam through Clyde water,
  Though it was wide and deep;
And he came to May Marg'ret's door,
  When all were fast asleep.

"Oh, open the door to me, Marg'ret,—
  Oh, open and let me in!
For my boots are full of Clyde's water,
  And frozen to the brim."
"Oh, wha is this at my bower door,
  That calls me by my name?"
"It is your first love, sweet Willie,
  This night newly come hame."

"I ha'e some lovers without, without,
  And I ha'e some within;
But the best lover that e'er I had,
  He was here late yestreen."
"Oh, fare ye weel, then, May Marg'ret,
  Since better maunna be;
I've won my mother's malison
  Coming this night to thee."

When he came back to Clyde water,
  Twas flowing o'er the brim;
The rushing that was in Clyde water
  Took Willie's cane frae him.
He lean'd him o'er his saddle bow,
  To catch his cane again;
The rushing that was in Clyde water
  Took Willie's hat frae him.

He lean'd him o'er his saddle bow,
  To catch his hat by force;
The rushing that was in Clyde water
  Took Willie frae his horse.
His brother stood upon the bank,
  Says—"Fye, man, will ye droon?
Ye'll turn ye to your high horse head,
  And learn ye how to soom."

"How can I turn to my horse head,
  And learn me how to soom?
I've got my mother's malison,—
  It's here that I maun droon."
The very hour the young man sank
  Into the pot sae deep,
Up it waken'd her, May Marg'ret,
  Out of her drowsy sleep.

"Come here, come here, my mother dear,
  And read this dreary dream;
I heard my love was at your yetts,
  And nane wou'd let him in."
"Lye still, lye still now, May Marg'ret,
  Lye still, and take your rest,
Since your true love was at our yetts,
  It's but twa quarters past."

Nimbly, nimbly rase she up,
  And nimbly claise put on;
And nimbly to Clyde water side
  May Margaret has gone.
When she came to Clyde water side,
  Right boldly she stepp'd in;
And loud her true love's name she call'd,
  But louder blew the win'.

The firsten step that she stepp'd in,
  Her flesh with cauld did creep,
"Alas, alas!" the lady said,
  "This water's cauld and deep."
The neisten step that she wade in,
  She waded to the knee;
Says she—"I would wade further in,
  If I my love cou'd see."

The neisten step that she wade in,
  She waded to the chin;
The deepest pot in Clyde water
  She got sweet Willie in.
"You've had a cruel mother, Willie,
  And I have had another;
But we shall sleep in Clyde water,
  Like sister and like brother."

Jock and Tam Gordon.

Moderate time.

Now Jock and Tam's gane o'er the sea, May joy gae in their com_pa_nie; And

rall. *sost.*

our Scot's lords may ev_er mourn, Till Jock and Tam get a safe re_turn. These

two in_to a ta_vern went, For rest it was their whole in_tent; They

rall. *sost.*

call'd for caps o' nut_brown ale, Them_selves they sweet_ly might re_gale.

This Air has been sung from time immemorial in the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff to "Jock and Tam Gordon." It was also sung to "Hynde Horn." The Air "Logan Braes" appears to be a comparatively modern set of it. There is a difficulty in determining what is the origin of the surname Gordon. Some say it is from Gordonia, in Macedonia, others from Gordon in Normandy. Chalmers says it is from Gordon in Berwickshire. Malcolm Ceanmohr is said to have given these lands to the progenitor of the Gordons as a reward for slaying in the forest of Huntly a wild boar, the terror of the Merse. The popular idea is, that, having killed or "gored down" the boar, the name "Goredoun" (Gordon) was given to him and consequently to the lands presented to him by Malcolm. The three boar's heads on the shield, also said to have been ordered by Malcolm to be put upon it fosters the popular and traditional idea of the true origin of the name. John Ferrerius, Monk at Kinloss, Morayshire, 1545, in his "History of the Gordons" written at the request of the 4th Earl of Huntly, says that "Jock and Tam were illegitimate brothers of Elizabeth only daughter of Sir Adam, whose father, from charters by Robert Bruce, David II., and Robert II. 1376 transferred the chief seat and power of the family from the Merse and Teviotdale to the banks of the Dee, the Deveron, and the Spey. Ferrerius also says that the elder of these brothers was John of Scurdargue, from whom was descended Gordon of Pitlurg, and the younger Thomas of Ruthven, who had eighteen sons. One hundred years later Gordon of Straloch in his "History of the Gordons" affirms that John and Thomas (Jock and Tam) were uncles of the heiress and lawful sons of Sir John Gordon of Huntly, who was killed at the battle of Otterbourne, August 15th 1388. The next historian, William Gordon, concludes from all the evidence that they were legitimate uncles of Elizabeth, who married Alexander Seton, son of Sir William Seton of Seton. From this marriage sprung the Lord of Gordon the Earls of Huntly, &c. &c.

Jock and Tam Gordon.

Now Jock and Tam's gane o'er the sea,
May joy gae in their companie ;
And our Scots lords may ever mourn,
Till Jock and Tam get a safe return.
These two into a tavern went,
For rest it was their whole intent ;
They call'd for caps o' nut-brown ale,
Themselves they sweetly might regale.

In cam' the gudeman and ben cam' he,—
"What lords are ye, from what countrie?"
They said, "We're lords in Scotland born,
Our lands lie lay, and yield nae corn,
We're seeking fortune, where fortune may be,
Where misfortune is nae man can flee ;
And ae night's lodging we ask of you,
And on the morn ye'se ha'e your due.

"We ask for wine, we ask for beer,
We ask for quarters for Scots lords here ;
A' that we drink frae cap or horn,
We'll pay for 'ore we leave the morn."
"We brew nae ale, nor brew we beer,
And you Scots lords cannot quarter here."
"Gudeman," said they, "ye're far in the wrang,
This night ye'll lodge baith Jock and Tam."

In cam' the gudewife, and ben cam' she,
Says, "Are ye lords, and from what countrie."
"Ay, we are lords in Scotland born,
But our lands lie lay, and yield nae corn.
We're seeking fortune, where fortune may be,
Where misfortune is nae man can flee ;
And ae night's lodging we ask of you,
And on the morn ye'se ha'e your due."

"We brew nae ale, nor do we beer,
Ye Scottish lords cannot quarter here."
"Gudewife," said they, "ye're far in the wrang,
This night ye maun lodge Jock and Tam."
They gart the gold and silver flee,
They sought nae change for their monie,
They said, "We've quarter'd mony a man,
But never the like o' Jock and Tam."

Where shall the Lover Rest?

Slowly with feeling and expression.

Where shall the lo - ver rest, Whom the fates se - ver, From his true maiden's breast, Parted for e - ver?

express.

Where, through groves deep and high, Sounds the far bil - low, Where early vio - lets die under the wil - low.

rall.

E - leu lo - ro, Soft shall be his pil - low. There, through the summer day, Cool streams are lav - ing,

There, while the tempests sway, Scarce are boughs waving; There thy rest shalt thou take, Parted for e - ver.

tr

express.

Ne - ver a - gain to wake Ne - ver; O ne - ver, E - leu lo - ro, Ne - ver, O ne - ver.

rall.

This Air was composed by the Editor's father, sometime in the third decade of the present century. The Editor added the music for the refrain in order to adapt it to "Where shall the lover rest?" by Sir Walter Scott.

Where shall the Lover Rest?

This solemn warning strain Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of Fitz-Eustace, in the third canto of Marmion. The poet says—

"A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,
As it came softened up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehana's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again."

WHERE shall the lover rest,
  Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
  Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
  Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
  Under the willow.
    Eleu loro,
  Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
  Cool streams are laving,
There, while the tempests sway,
  Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
  Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
  Never, O never,
    Eleu loro,
  Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
  He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
  Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
  Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle,
  With groans of the dying,
    Eleu loro,
  There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
  O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
  Ere life be parted;
Shame and dishonour sit
  By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it—
  Never, O never,
    Eleu loro,
  Never, O never.

Sweet fa's the Eve.

Slow with feeling.

Air— The New Plantation.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craig-ie - burn, And blithe awakes the mor row; But a' the pride o' springs re - turn Can yield me nocht but sor - row. I see the flowers and spreading trees, I hear the wild birds singing; But what a wea-ry wight can please, And care his bo - som wringing?

Her kiss was Soft.

Slowly and feelingly.

Air— A Young Maid a-Milking did go.

Her kiss was soft and sweet, Her smiles were free and fain, And beam - ing bright the witch - ing glance Of her, I thought my ain.

The Air, "The New Plantation," was sung to an Emigrant's song, the words of which the Editor was unable to procure, and therefore has given it to Burn's song, "Sweet fa's the Eve," or, "Craigieburn Wood." The copy of the song given here is altered from the one given in the "Museum," Nº 301, the Air of which was taken down from the singing of a country girl.

The words of "A young Maid a-milking did go," are unsuited for this Work. and so "Her kiss was soft," by James Yool, Paisley, is adapted to the Air, which was long a favourite in Buchan. It appears to be of considerable antiquity.

Sweet fa's the Eve.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow ;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.
I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

Her Kiss was Soft.

HER kiss was soft and sweet,
Her smiles were free and fain,
And beaming bright the witching glance
Of her, I thought my ain.

That kiss has poison'd peace,
Her smiles have rous'd despair,
For kindly though her glances be,
They beam on me nae mair.

How lonely's every haunt,
That I once trode with joy,
And dull and drear the sacred grove,
Where we were wont to toy.

The rose can please nae mair,
The lily seems to fade,
And waefu' seems the blackbird's sang,
That us'd to cheer the glade.

This bosom once was gay,
But now a brow of gloom
Pourtrays, in characters of care,
That it is pleasure's tomb.

Yet none shall hear the sigh,
That struggles to be free,
No tear shall trace this sallow cheek,
Nor murmur burst from me.

Though silent be my woe,
'Tis not the less severe—
Forlorn I brood on former joys
To love and mem'ry dear.

She minds na o' the vows,
That seal'd our youthful love,
But heaven has records that will last,
My faith and troth to prove.

Back again.

Boldly in moderate time.

When A-bercromby, gal-lant Scot, Made Britain's faes to tack again, To fight with him it was my lot; But now I'm safe come back a-gain. The can-nons did-na Do-nald fleg, I'd like to hear their crack again; My fears were for my bon-nie Meg, Lest I should ne'er come back a-gain.

rall. *sosten.* *rall.* *sosten.*

The Ballad, "Back again," is said to have been composed by a Lamp-maker in Aberdeen of the name of Watson, and was a great favourite in Scotland, after the death of General Sir Ralph Abercromby at Aboukir Bay on the 28th of March, 1799, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was a true British soldier, gentle, brave, clear-sighted, cool in deliberation, and prompt and daring in action, even to hardihood. But apart from his qualities as a soldier, he was a man of liberal accomplishments, free from prejudices, and of sound practical judgment. A peerage was conferred on his widow as a token of national gratitude for his eminent services, which descended to his eldest son under the title of Baron Abercromby. The Air, which appears to be comparatively modern, was also sung to a Sailor-ballad called "Betty o'er the Main." It is arranged from two copies sung in Aberdeenshire.

Back again.

WHEN Abercromby, gallant Scot,
  Made Britain's faes to tack again,
To fight by him it was my lot;
  But now I'm safe come back again.
The cannons didna Donald fleg,
  I'd like to hear them crack again;
My fears were for my bonnie Meg,
  Lest I should ne'er come back again.

Our leader fell,—so died the brave,
  We'll never see his like again;
I was denied a sodger's grave,
  For I am safe come back again.
It's true they've ta'en frae me a leg,
  But wha for that would mak' a maen;
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie Meg,
  I've brought a leal heart back again.

Cheer up your heart, since I am here,
  Wi' smiles your cheek gae deck again;
Cheer up, my lass, an' dinna fear,
  Your Donald's safe come back again.
Though mony a rattlin' blast has blawn,
  There's plenty in the stack again,
My wee lock siller's a' your ain,
  Now sin' I'm safe come back again.

Now may the wars for ever cease,
  Your heart nae mair to rack again;
And may we live in love and peace,
  Sin' Donald's safe come back again.
But should my country call me forth,
  Her freedom to protect again,
Claymore in hand, I'd leave the North,
  If I should ne'er come back again.

Admiral Byng, and Brave West.

Boldly.

I said unto brave West, "Take the van, take the van," I said unto brave West, "Take the van," I

rall. said unto brave West, "As you like fighting best, I *sost.* in the rear will rest, "Take the van." Brave

West did bold_ly act in the van, in the van, Brave West did bold_ly act in the van; As *rall.*

he did bold_ly act I *rall.* call'd my ownships back. Else he'd *sost.* put the French to wreck near Ma_hon.

This Air was arranged by the Editor from the way it was sung by his paternal grandmother. The four stanzas of the Ballad were given to him by Mr Gray, a respected inhabitant of Fochabers, now (1880) in his 92nd year. The poetaster gives the popular idea of Admiral Byng's conduct, which is somewhat different from that given in Hume and Smollet's History. Doubtless, had rear-admiral West been properly supported by "the van," the British fleet would have obtained a complete victory. Admiral Byng, in popular estimation, had sold Minorca to the French; and as he had written in sharp terms to the lords of the Admiralty, on account of his not having been sufficiently supported, he had many against him, including George II. In consequence, he was brought to trial before a court-martial on board the ship St George in the harbour of Portsmouth, and the court agreed that he had not done his duty, and therefore sentenced him to be shot. The officers, who composed the tribunal, were so sensible of the severity of the law in his case, that they unanimously subscribed a letter to the Board of Admiralty praying their lordships to recommend Admiral Byng to his Majesty's clemency. King George being given to understand, that the execution of the sentence was absolutely necessary to appease the fury of the people, referred the matter to the twelve judges, who were unanimously of opinion that the sentence was legal. This report being transmitted from the Privy-council to the Admiralty, their lordships issued a warrant for carrying out the sentence. He was shot on the 14th of March 1757. "Thus fell," says Smollet, "to the astonishment of all Europe, Admiral John Byng, who, whatever his errors and indiscretions might have been, seems to have been rashly condemned, meanly given up, and cruelly sacrificed to vile considerations." He was the fourth son of the Earl of Torrington, and born at Southill in 1704. See Hume and Smollet's History of England. This Air may be sung on G the key below.

Admiral Byng and Brave West.

I SAID unto brave West, "Take the van, take the van,"
I said unto brave West, "Take the van."
I said unto brave West,
"As you like fighting best;
I in the rear will rest,
Take the van."

Brave West did boldly act in the van, in the van;
Brave West did boldly act in the van;
As he did boldly act,
I call'd my own ships back;
Else he'd put the French to wrack
Near Mahon.

Oh! woe to cursèd gold! ohon! ohon!
Oh! woe to cursed gold! ohon!
Oh! woe to cursèd gold;
For Minorca I have sold,
That gallant place of old,
With Mahon!

It's decreed by the King, I do hear, I do hear,
He's decreed it the nation to please,
It's decreed by the King,
I'll be shot by my marines,
For the misdeed I have deen
On the seas.

The Barrin' o' our Door weel.

Briskly.

It fell a - bout the Mart'- mas time, And a gay time it was than, When

our gudewife got puddings to mak', And she boil'd them in the pain, And the

bar - rin' o' our door, Weel, weel, weel! And the

bar - rin' o' our door weel!

This Air has been long sung in different parts of Scotland to "The barrin' o' our door, weel." The refrain is the same as the latter part of the Air "Old Nick in love," given, as an old scarce melody, in the second Volume (p. 299.) of "The British Minstrel, and Musical and Literary Miscellany," published, at Glasgow, in three Volumes, 1844, and in that work this scarce melody is said to have been formerly common in the coal mining districts of Scotland. The Ballad resembles the old song "Johnnie Blunt." Referring to the Ballad "Get up and bar the door" Nº 300 in "Johnson's Museum," Stenhouse says, "It is a curious circumstance, that this Ballad furnishes Prince Hoare with the incidents of his principal scene in his musical entertainment of "No Song, no supper," acted at Drury-Lane, London, 1790, the music by Storace." David Herd, who published the Ballad first, failed to find the refrain, which was common in the North of Scotland from time immemorial.

The Barrin' o' our Door, weel.

It fell about the Mart'mas time,
And a gay time it was than,
When our gudewife got puddings to mak',
And she boil'd them in the pan.
And the barring o' our door,
Weel, weel, weel!
And the barrin' o' our door, weel!

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor:
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door."
And the barrin' o' our door, &c.

"My hand is in my husswyfskip,
Gudeman, as ye may see,
An' it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me."
And the barrin' o' our, &c.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first that spak' the foremost word
Should get up and bar the door.
And the barrin' o' our door, &c.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hauld,
Nor coal nor candle light.
And the barrin' o' our door, &c.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?"
But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barrin' o' the door.
And the barrin' o' our door, &c.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black,
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak'.
And the barrin' o' our door, &c.

Then said the ane unto the other,
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife,
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife."
And the barrin' o' our door, &c.

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"
"What ails you at the pudding bree,
That boils into the pan."
And the barrin' o' our door, &c.

O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he;
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi' pudding bree?"
And the barrin' o' our door, &c.

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor;
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door."
And the barrin' o' our door, &c.

The Crook and Plaid.

Tenderly in moderate time.

As las - ses lo'e the lad - dies, there's ane that they lo'e best; For

il - ka las-sie has a lad she lo'es a-bune the rest: He's dear unto her bo - som what-

express.

e - ver be his trade; And through life I'll lo'e the lad - die that wears the Crook and Plaid. For he's

rall. *sosten.*

aye true to his lo-ver, Aye true to his lo-ver, Aye true to me.

The Air given above is the same as the Editor has often heard sung in his young days. It appears a more melodious set than the one given in the Second Series of "The Lyric Gems of Scotland," p. 228. The verses are partly from a Chap-book, and from the way the Editor has heard them sung. The copy of the Ballad given in the Lyric Gems is by the Revd Henry S. Riddell, and consists of eight stanzas. The Editor would not have inserted this Air and Ballad in his Work among the traditional Airs sung in the three North-eastern Counties had he not considered the above Air more melodious and the Ballad more simple than those hitherto published, and because they were very popular in Aberdeenshire.

The Crook and Plaid.

As lasses lo'e the laddies, there's ane that they lo'e best;
For ilka lassie has a lad she lo'es abune the rest:
He's dear unto her bosom whatever be his trade;
And through life I'll lo'e the laddie that wears the Crook and Plaid.
For he's aye true to his lover,
Aye true to his lover,
Aye true to me.

He climbs the mountains early his fleecy flocks to view,
And spies the little lavrocks spring from amang the dew;
His little faithful doggie, sae frolicsome and glad,
Aye wanders wi' the laddie that wears the Crook and Plaid.
For he's aye true to his lover, &c.

He pu's the blooming heather, he pu's the lily meek,
Ca's the lily like my bosom, the heather like my cheek;
His words are aye sae tender, my heart is aye sae glad,
There's nae wooer like the laddie that wears the Crook and Plaid.
For he's aye true to his lover, &c.

I winna ha'e the laddie that ca's the cart and plough,
Although he may be tender, although he may be true;
But I will ha'e the laddie, that has my heart betrayed,
He's the faithful shepherd laddie that wears the Crook and Plaid.
For he's aye true to his lover, &c.

Macpherson's Farewell.

Boldly in moderate time.

Fare - well ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des - ti - nie! Mac - pher - son's time will not be long On yon - der gal - lows tree. Sae rant - ing - ly, sae want - on - ly, Sae dan - ton - ly gaed he; He *rall.* play'd a tune and danc'd it roun' Be - *sosten.* neath the gal - lows tree.

The Editor can trace this set of the Air, through three generations of Pipers, to the time when it was played by Macpherson before his execution at Banff on the 16th of November 1700. These Pipers are referred to in a former note. They lived twelve miles from Banff, and probably the grandfather of the last of them heard Macpherson play the tune, which he had composed as well as the Ballad while in prison. It has more boldness and is more characteristic than the set given in the "Museum," or the one in Gow's "Repository." Macpherson offered his violin to any one in the crowd, who would play the tune at his lykewake. As no one accepted it, he broke it and threw the pieces among the crowd. The neck of it is in the possession of The Cluny Macpherson. Macpherson's father was a highland gentleman, and his mother a beautiful gipsy. He was distinguished for his great stature and strength, and the beauty of his person. His sword is at Duff House, Banff, and few men of our day could wield it as a weapon of war. As to his morals, he appears to have been, what Bailie Nicol Jarvie said of Rob Roy, "an honest rogue;" and, like Robin Hood, he confined his depredations to the property of the rich, while he spared the substance of the poor. He was, in consequence, a favourite with the populace, who were indignant at the way in which the Magistrates of Banff hastened his execution to defeat a reprieve, said to have been on its way. The popular idea was that, from this treatment of Macpherson, Banff was deprived ever after of the right of trying and executing criminals; this, however, was the result of the Act abolishing hereditable jurisdiction. One account of Macpherson's capture is, that Duff of Braco, who had a grudge against him, accompanied by some of his followers, laid hold on him at a market in Keith, Duff himself being the first to sieze him as he fell over a grave-stone in the churchyard. The other account is, that he was handed over to the Authorities by a vindictive and savage man of his own tribe who wished to rob a gentleman's house, while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, and was prevented by Macpherson from carrying the project into effect.

Macpherson's Farewell.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark, and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dantonly gaed he,
He play'd a tune and danced it roun'
Beneath the gallows tree!

Oh, what is death, but parting breath?
On mony a bloody plain
I've daur'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, &c.

Untie these bands frae aff my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's nae man in a' Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, &c.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, &c.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, &c.

Burns.

Macpherson's Rant.

NO man on earth that draweth breath,
More courage had than I;
I dared my foes unto their face,
And would not from them fly.
This grandeur stout I did keep out,
Like Hector, manfully;
Then wonder one like me so stout
Should hang upon a tree.

The Egyptian band I did command,
With courage more by far,
Than ever did a general
His soldiers in the war.
Being fear'd by all, both great and small,
I lived most joyfullie:
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree!

As for my life I do not care,
If justice would take place,
And bring my fellow-plunderers
Unto the same disgrace.
But Peter Brown, that notour loon,
Escaped, and was made free:
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree!

Both law and justice buried are,
And fraud and guile succeed;
The guilty pass unpunished,
If money intercede.
The Laird of Grant, that Highland saunt,
His mighty majestie,
He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
And lets Macpherson die.

The destiny of my life, contrived
By those whom I obliged,
Rewarded me much ill for good,
And left me no refuge.
But Braco Duff, in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me;
And if that death would not prevent
Avenged would I be.

Herd's copy epitomised.

The Ray in the Dewdrop.

Slowly.

I have roam'd in the fo_rest when summer was young, To mark if aught blos_som'd so

love _ ly as thee; And though fair was the bloom where the wood_ min_ strels sung, Charms

sweet _ er the eye of my fan_ cy could see. Then brigh _ ter the scene grew, each

express.

rall. *sost.* *rall.*

flower was a dream, I could read by the light which had lit up my theme; For the

express. *rall.* *sost.*

stars came an emblem of thee to dis_ close In the ray of the dewdrop that slept on the rose.

This Air was composed by the Editor to "The Ray of the Dewdrop," given among the songs in "Theory of song writing" in the Aberdeen Herald, September 24th, 1853. There are some alterations in the words.

The Ray in the Dewdrop.

I HAVE roamed in the forest when summer was young,
  To mark if aught blossomed so lovely as thee ;
And though fair was the bloom where the wood-minstrels sung,
  Charms sweeter the eye of my fancy could see.
Then brighter the scene grew, each flower was a dream,
I could read by the light which had lit up my theme ;
For the stars came an emblem of thee to disclose
In the ray of the dewdrop, that slept on the rose.

Though sweet were the flowers of the spring which had passed ;
  Yet Nature delights to repeat them again,
And its welling emotions the bosom outcast,
  Though it sing till it echo the old native strain,
Each beauty of nature some transport awakes
In the heart where the dawn of its gladsomeness breaks ;
And if earth has a beauty thy charms can disclose,
'Tis the ray in the dewdrop that sleeps on the rose.

Farewell to Ayrshire.

Slow with expression.

Scenes of woe and scenes of plea - sure, Scenes that for - mer thoughts re - new,

Scenes of woe and scenes of plea - sure. Now a sad and last a - dieu!

rall. *express.*

Bon - nie Doon, sae sweet at gloam - in', Fare - thee - weel be - fore I gang!

tempo *rall.*

Bon - nie Doon whare, ear - ly roam ing, First I weaved the rus - tic sang!

This Air was given to the Editor by the Waterloo Veteran mentioned in note Vol. I. Appendix p. 294. He called it "Burns' Farewell to Ayrshire." It was a favourite quickstep in the 92nd Regiment, and may have been composed by one of Regimental Pipers. The Editor has not seen it in print. The song was composed by Richard Gall. See Appendix for its history.

Farewell to Ayrshire.

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonnie Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
  Fare thee weel before I gang!
Bonnie Doon, whare, early roaming,
  First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! whare love decoying,
  First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
  Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine.
Friends, sae near my bosom ever.
  Ye ha'e render'd moments dear,
But alas! whan forced to sever,
  Then the stroke, oh! how severe

Friends. that parting tear, reserve it,
  Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
  How much happier would I be!
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Now a sad and last adieu!

The Maid of Neidpath.

Moderately.

Air— The Privateering.

O lo-vers' eyes are sharp to see, And lo-vers' ears in hear-ing; And love, in life's ex-tre-my-ty, Can lend an hour of cheer-ing. Dis-ease had been in Ma-ry's bower, And slow de-cay from mourn-ing, Though now she sits on Neid-path's tower, To watch her love's re-turn-ing.

rall.

The Editor noted this set of the Air note for note from the singing of "Jenny Meesic." Dr Milne, mentioned in the note p. 112. Vol. 1., told the Editor that he had heard a blind man with a violin play and sing the Air in the end of the last or beginning of the present century as here given. Burns sent a set of the tune with the song "My Collier Laddie" to the Museum. The above is another specimen of an Air with a second strain, while it was supposed that it had but one strain. The Ballad, as sung by "Jenny," is most meagre, and in the style of those generally sung on the street to move the pity of the populace. The Air is here given to a song by Sir W. Scott.

The Maid of Neidpath.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
  And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
  Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
  And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
  To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
  Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
  You saw the taper shining;
By fits a sultry hectic hue
  Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
  Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
  Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
  She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd,
  She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
  As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze,
  As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
  Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
  Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
  Which told her heart was broken.

My Mammy.

In moderate time.

Ilk ane now-a-days brags a-wa' 'bout his dear, And prais-es her ripe lips and bright een sae clear; But nei-ther the ripe lip nor bon-nie blue e'e Can com-

rall. *sosten.*

pare wi' the blink o' my mam-my to me.

This Air was noted by the Editor from the singing of a native of Monquhitter, who sung it to a common Ballad of no merit called "The Rose of Dundee." He found it also sung in Morayshire to a long Masonic Ballad named "The building of Solomon's Temple," of which he has a copy, but does not consider it worth being preserved in this Work. He therefore gives the Air to "My Mammy" by Dr. Blackie, Glasgow, and first published in Blackie and Son's Scottish Songs, p. 181.

My Mammy.

Ilk ane now-a-days brags awa' 'bout his dear,
And praises her ripe lips and bright een sae clear;
But neither the ripe lip nor bonnie blue e'e
Can compare wi' the blink o' my mammy to me.

A bairn in her bosom I lay a' the night,
When there, neither bogles nor ghaists could me fright;
When yamm'rin', she hushed me to sleep on her knee;
O! whae'er can compare wi' my mammy to me?

Fu' aft in her face I ha'e look'd up fu' fain,
While fondly she clasp'd me and croon'd some auld strain,
And aften the saut tear wad start to my e'e:
They were waesome, the sangs o' my mammy, to me.

O! yes, I ha'e grat for the twa bonnie weans,
The wee robins cover'd wi' leaves wi' sic pains:
And still, like a sunbeam that glints o'er the sea,
The auld sangs o' my mammy return back to me.

When sickness o'ercam' me, she watched late and air,
If open'd my dull e'e, I aye saw her there;
When roses my pale cheeks o'erspread, blythe was she—
O! whae'er was sae kind as my mammy to me.

Lang, lang I'll remember the days that are gane,
Since first I could lisp mam' and toddle my lane;
Though sair I be toss'd upon life's troubled sea,
Yet my heart will aye cling wi' affection to thee.

The Bonny House o' Airlie.

Slowly and expressively.

It fell on a day, on a bon - ny simmer day, When the corn was grow - ing rare - ly, That there fell out a great dis - pute A - tween Ar - gyll and Air - lie. Ar - gyll has ta'en a hun - dred men, A hun - dred men and mair - ly, And he's gane down by the back o' Dun - kel' To plun - der the bon - ny house o' Air - lie.

tr *express.* *cres.* *rall.* *tr*

This Air is given almost note for note as sung by a relative of the Editor, who often heard the Air and Ballad sung by one of the Family of Airlie. The Air has been published in different forms by Gow and others; but the Melody here given is perhaps more complete and characteristic from the wailing of the flat seventh in the second strain than any copy of the Air heretofore published. The Ballad, which is somewhat different from other copies, is given from the recitation of the relative referred to. See Appendix for the history of the burning.

The Bonny House o' Airlie.

It fell on a day, on a bonny simmer day,
  When the corn was growing rarely,
That there fell out a great dispute
  Atween Argyll and Airlie.
Argyll has ta'en a hundred men,
  A hundred men and mairly,
And he's gane down by the back o' Dunkel',
  To plunder the bonny house o' Airlie.

The Lady look'd over her high castle wa',
  And vow but her heart beat sairly,
When she saw Argyll and 's chosen men
  Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airlie.
"Come down, come down, Lady Ogilvie," he said,
  "Come down and kiss me fairly;
For I swear by the sword I hold in my hand,
  I winna leave a standin' stane in Airlie."

"I wadna kiss thee, fause Argyll,
  I wadna kiss thee fairly;
Though you swore by the sword you hold in your hand,
  You wadna leave a living soul in Airlie.
But ye'll tak' me by the milk white hand,
  And ye'll tak' me by it fairly,
And ye'll lead me down to yon deep, deep den,
  That I mayna see the burning o' Airlie."

He's ta'en her by the milk white hand,
  But he hasna ta'en it fairly;
For he led her up to yon high hill tap,
  Bade her look at the burning o' Airlie.
"Ye'll bring to me a cup o' wine,
  Ye'll bring me it frae Airlie,
And I'll drink to Charlie the chief o' our clan,
  And syne to my ain Lord Airlie."

The Tod.

Briskly and moderately.

Air— There were two pretty maidens a-wooing as they went.

"Eh, sirs," quo' the tod, "its' a braw licht nicht, The win's i' the wast, and the mune shines bright, The win's i' the wast, and the mune shines bricht, An' I'll a - wa' to the toun, O. I was down a-mang yon shep - herd's scroggs, I'd like to been wor - ried by his dogs; But, by my sooth! I mind - ed his hogs, That nicht I cam' to the toun, O."

The Editor got the first strain of this Air from a native of Banffshire, and it was the only strain he knew. The second strain was the only part of the Air sung in Buchan, Aberdeenshire. The Editor, in his young days, has often heard this last strain sung to "There were two pretty Maidens a-wooing as the went," which is a song altogether unsuitable for this Work. The Air is, therefore, given to "The Tod." Blackie's Scottish Songs p. 403.

The Tod.

"Eh, sirs," quo' the tod, "it's a braw licht nicht,
The win's i' the wast, and the mune shines bricht,
The win's i' the wast, and the mune shines bricht,
  An' I'll awa' to the toun, O.
I was down amang yon shepherd's scroggs,
I'd like to been worried by his dogs;
But, by my sooth! I minded his hogs,
  That nicht I cam' to the toun, O."

He's ta'en the grey goose by the green sleeve,
"Ech, ye auld witch! nae langer shall ye live;
Your flesh it is tender, your banes I maun prieve,
  For that I cam' to the toun, O."
Up gat the auld wife out o' her bed,
And out o' the window she shot her auld head,
"Eh, gudeman! the grey goose is dead,
  And the tod has been i' the toun, O."

Waiting for Thee Love.

Slow with expression.

Oh, come, my love, where the cow slips grow, The prim_rose bright and the dai_sies pied; Where

blue_bells gleam and vi_o_lets blow, Spang_ling the turf on the lone hill side.

rall. *sost.* *tr.*

I'm wait_ing by the fai_ry well, A fair_er form than its fay to see; And

express.

gaz_ing down the roc_ky dell, Wait_ing for thee, love, wait_ing for thee.

rall. *sost.* *tr.*

This Air was arranged by the Editor in 1853 from the way he had heard it sung in Buchan, and from its being brought to his recollection at that time by a native of Aberdeenshire. It was sung to a Ballad of little merit called "Deveron Banks," but probably was sung to one more ancient. It is here given to a song composed by the relative of the Editor referred to in a former note, p. 108.

Waiting for Thee, Love.

Oh, come, my love, where the cowslips grow,
  The primrose bright, and daisies pied ;
Where bluebells gleam and violets blow,
  Spangling the turf on the lone hill side.
I'm waiting by the fairy well,
  A fairer form than its fay to see ;
And gazing down the rocky dell,
  Waiting for thee, love, waiting for thee,

Oh, come, my love, where the dew drops bright,
  In ivory chalice, or cups of gold,
Flash like the solid pearls of light,
  Set by no worker of earthly mold.
A cheerful slave, a willing thrall,
  Thy coming brings hope and joy to me ;
Thou lovely queen of my heart, my all,
  I wait for thee, love, I wait for thee.

All Joy was bereft Me.

Moderately and expressively.

Air— Nancy of Yarmouth.

All joy was bereft me the day that you left me, And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea; O wea_ry be_tide it! I wan_der'd be_side it, And bann'd it for part_ing my Wil_lie and me. Far o'er the wave hast thou fol_low'd my for_tune, Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain; Ae kiss of wel_come's worth twen_ty at part_ing, Now I ha'e got_ten my Wil_lie a_gain.

express. *rall.*

This Air, apparently English, was arranged from the way it was sung in Buchan to "Nancy of Yarmouth," a long tragical Ballad given in Chap-books, the first four lines of which were,—

"Ye lovers, I pray, give an ear to my story,
And take an example by this constant pair—
See how love a virgin did blight in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth, we hear.

The Ballad is unsuitable for this Work, and therefore its Air is given to "All joy was bereft me" by Sir Walter Scott. The Editor has not seen a copy of the Air published in any of the English Musical Works he has examined.

All joy was bereft Me.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
  And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea ;
O weary betide it ! I wander'd beside it,
  And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.
Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd my fortune,
  Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain ;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
  Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

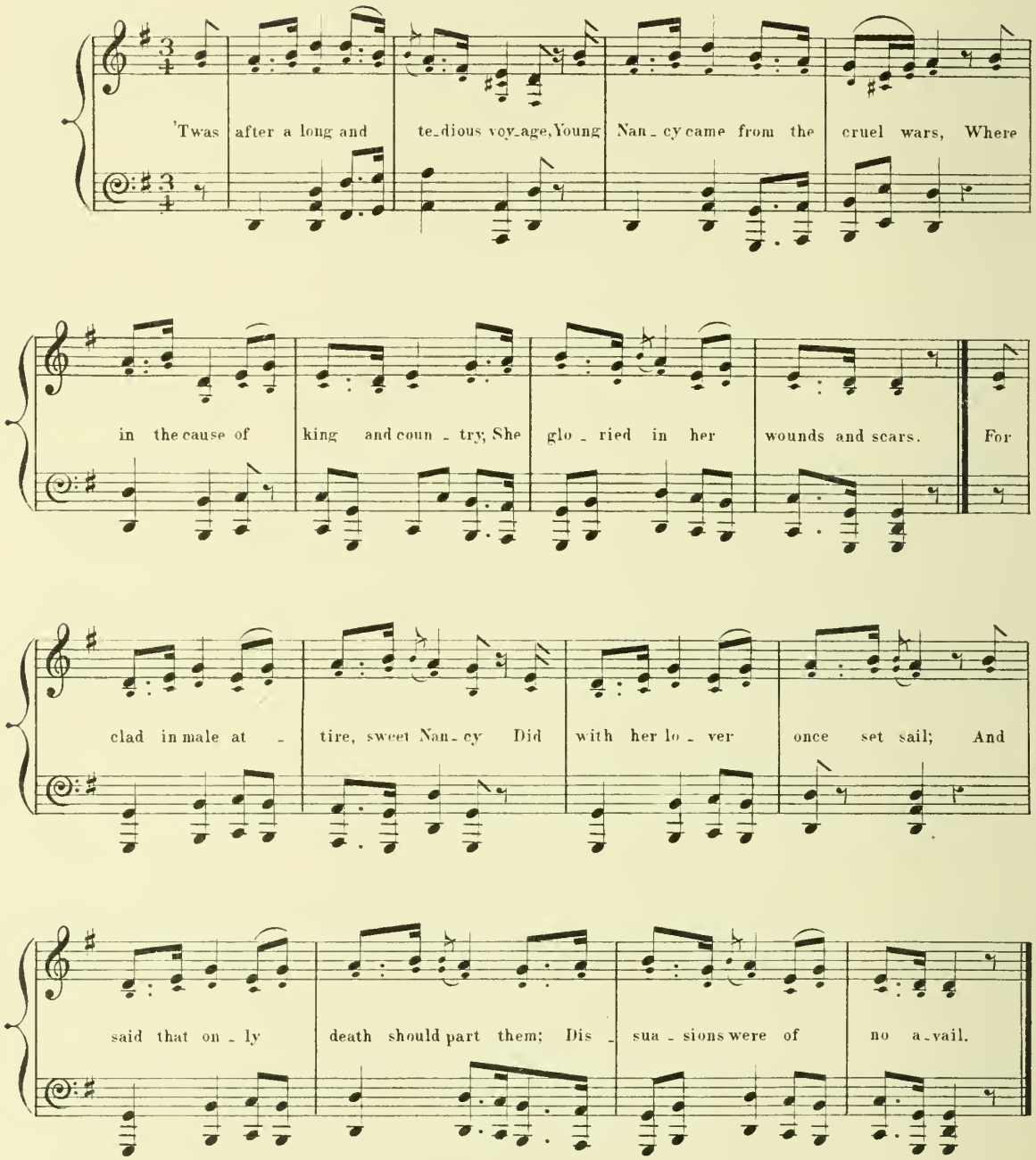
When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,
  I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
  And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on me.
Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
  Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
  That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,
  And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
  And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.
But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
  Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar ;
And trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten,
  For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,
  When there's naething to speak to the heart through the e'e,
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
  And the love of the faithfullest ebbs like the sea.
Till at times—could I help it ?—I pinèd and ponder'd,
  If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—
Now I'll never ask if thine eyes may ha'e wander'd,
  Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,
  Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
  Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame !
Enough, now thy story in annals of glory
  Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain ;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,
  I never will part with my Willie again.

Wounded Nancy's Return.



There are many Ballads on the subject of a girl putting on male attire, and following her lover to the wars. In some of them the lover does not know that his sweetheart is serving along with him; and in others she willingly goes with him. Jamie Coul sung a Ballad somewhat like "Wounded Nancy," which he called "Bold Nancy," who also went with a sergeant to the wars. Jamie's "Nancy" was a native of Scotland, while "Wounded Nancy" is a native of England. The fact of the Ballad being found in England and Scotland may show its popularity, and that it was probably founded on real circumstances. See "The Bold Damosel," p. 176. The Air was also sung in Aberdeenshire to "The Foundling Baby," a doggerel Sailor-ballad. "Wounded Nancy's Return" was printed and sold about 1780. It is reproduced in the "Pedlar's Pack of Ballads," Glasgow, 1869.

Wounded Nancy's Return.

'Twas after a long and tedious voyage,
  Young Nancy came from the cruel wars,
Where, in the cause of king and country,
  She gloried in her wounds and scars.
For, clad in male attire, sweet Nancy
  Did with her lover once set sail;
And said that only death should part them;
  Dissuasions were of no avail.

No sooner landed than came orders
  For their brave regiment then to go,
All on a sudden forward boldly,
  To repel with bravery the haughty foe.
All on a coal-black gelding mounted,
  With a glittering sword in hand,
Young Nancy look'd so smart and noble,
  Waiting the officers' command.

Her true love was a handsome sergeant,
  Who so manfully did ride;
Shielding her from all the dangers,
  Which came thick on every side.
But in the very heat of action,
  Young Nancy did receive a wound,
Which drove her lover to distraction,
  As down she fell upon the ground.

He dared not stay to yield her succour,
  As charging foremost in the fight;
One anxious look he cast behind him,
  But the smoke obscured his sight.
The sergeant, who ne'er shirked his duty,
  From pursuit returning late,
Fatigued, he hastened quite downhearted
  To ascertain young Nancy's fate.

There amid the dead and dying,
  Some kindly hand a couch had made;
And patiently was Nancy lying,
  Cheering those around her laid.
While her wound was being tended,
  Said she, "Frail mortals that we are—
There's small occasion to be daunted,
  'Tis but the accident of war."

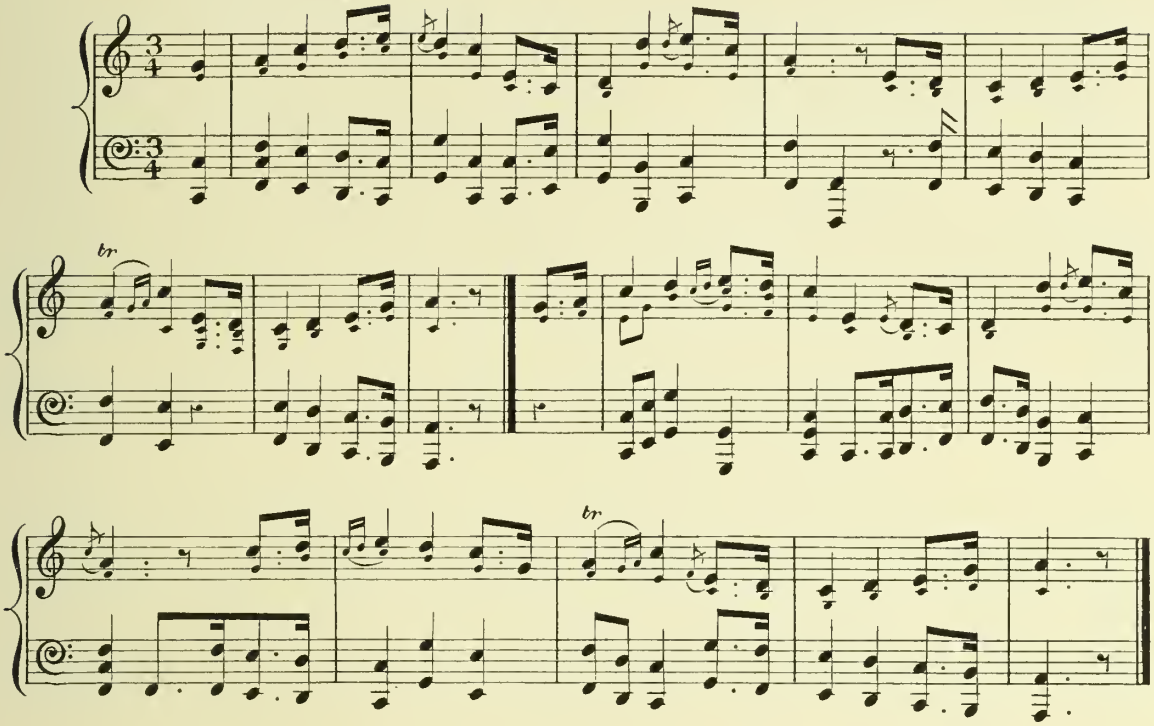
When she saw her true love bending
  O'er her couch with streaming eyes,
She said, "Dont weep—still let us trust in
  God who rules our destinies."
From the field he gently bore her,
  And by her side watched night and day:
Till returning health came o'er her,
  And safely she could come away.

Then to England home returning
  With such joyous hearts and light,
For their valour both rewarded
  Were with glory's stars bedight.
Doffing then her manly garments,
  Nancy sought a happy life;
In presence of her former comrades,
  She became the sergeant's wife.

APPENDIX.

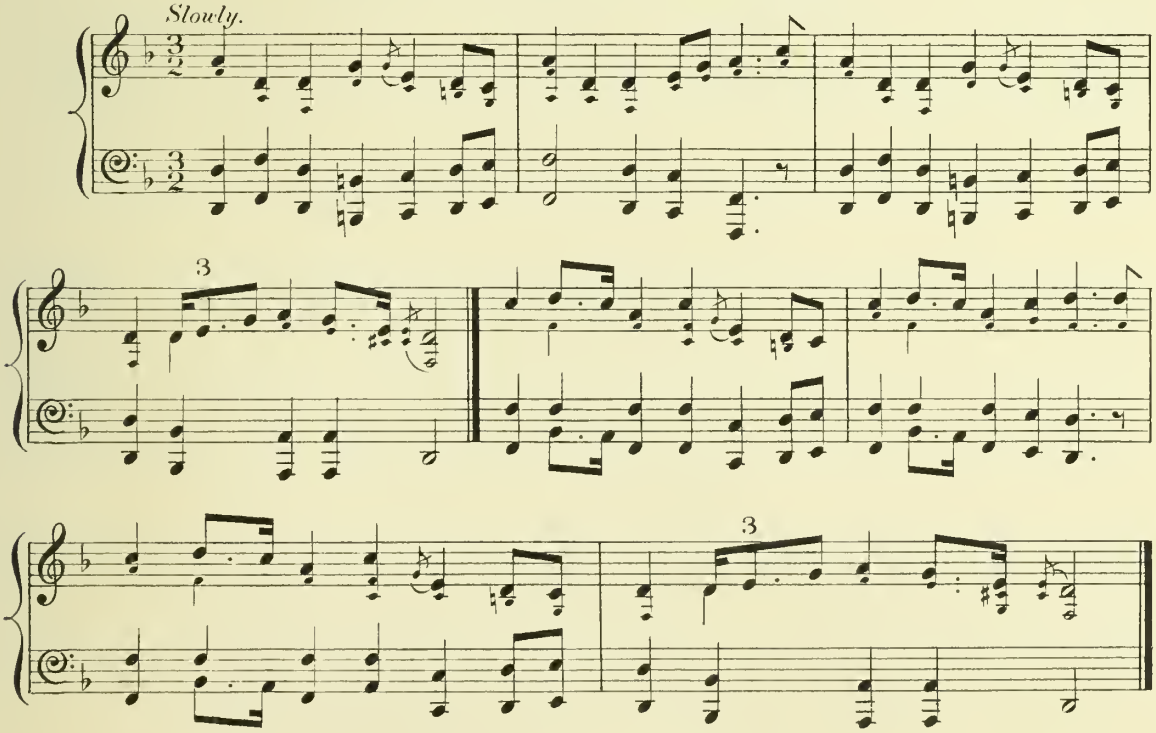
The Miller's Son.

In moderate time.



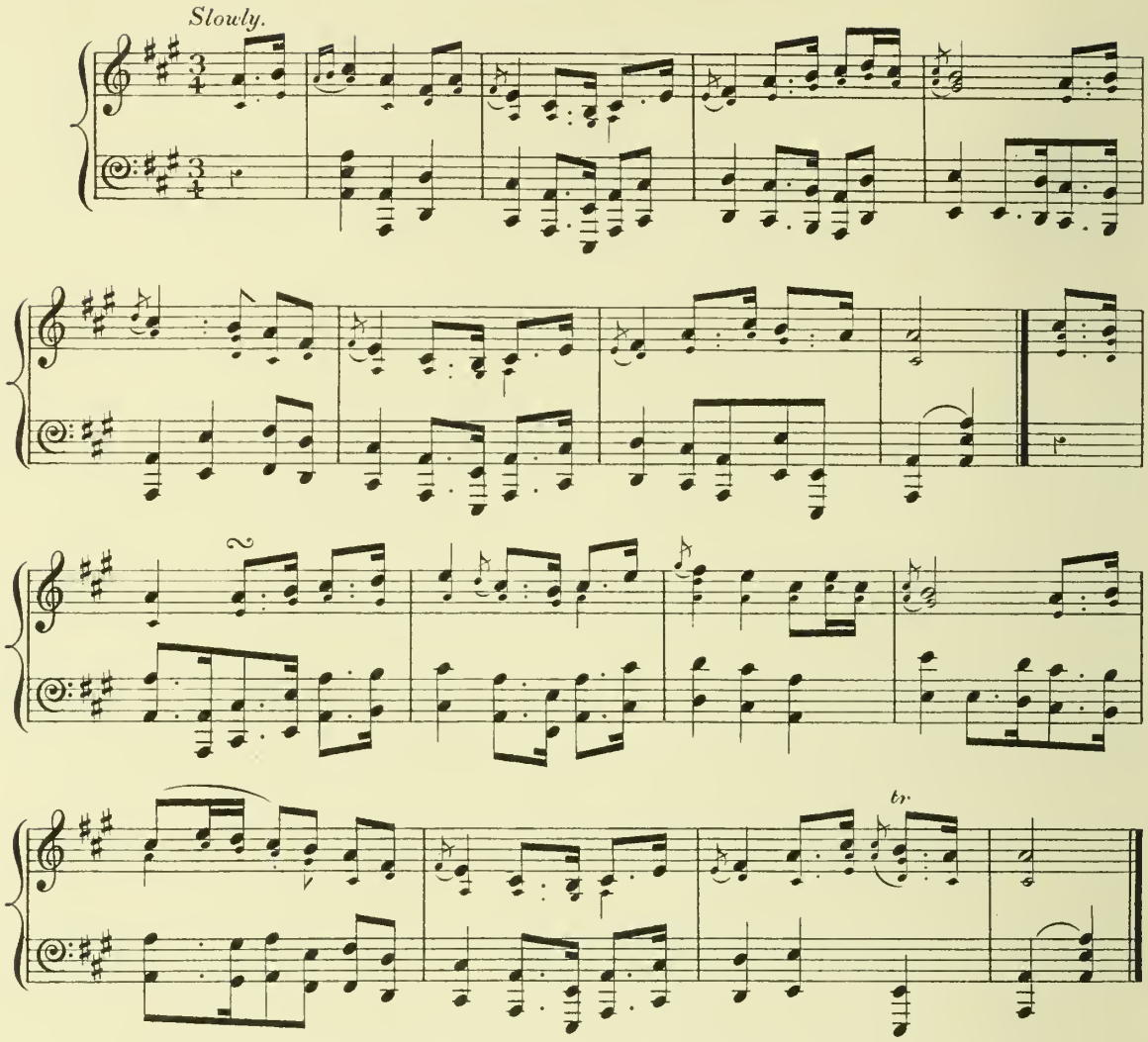
Bonny Lady Jean o' Keith-Hall.

Slowly.



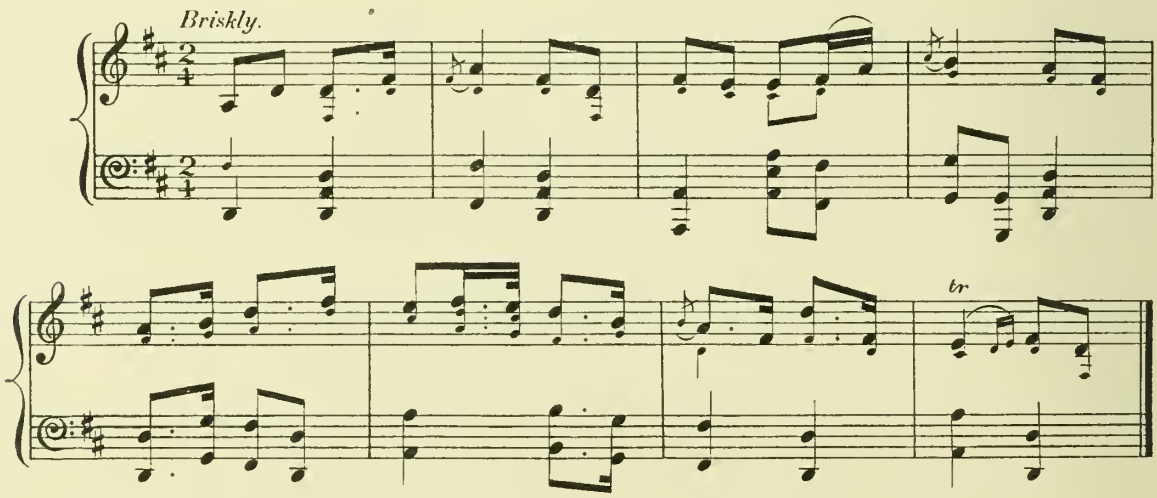
Oh! Woe to you Udny.

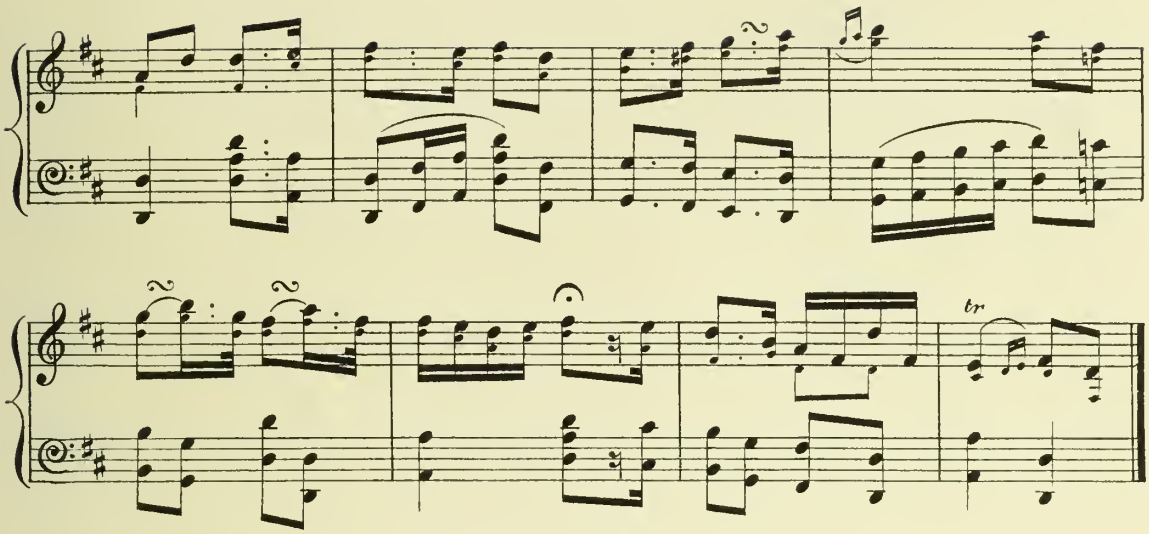
Slowly.



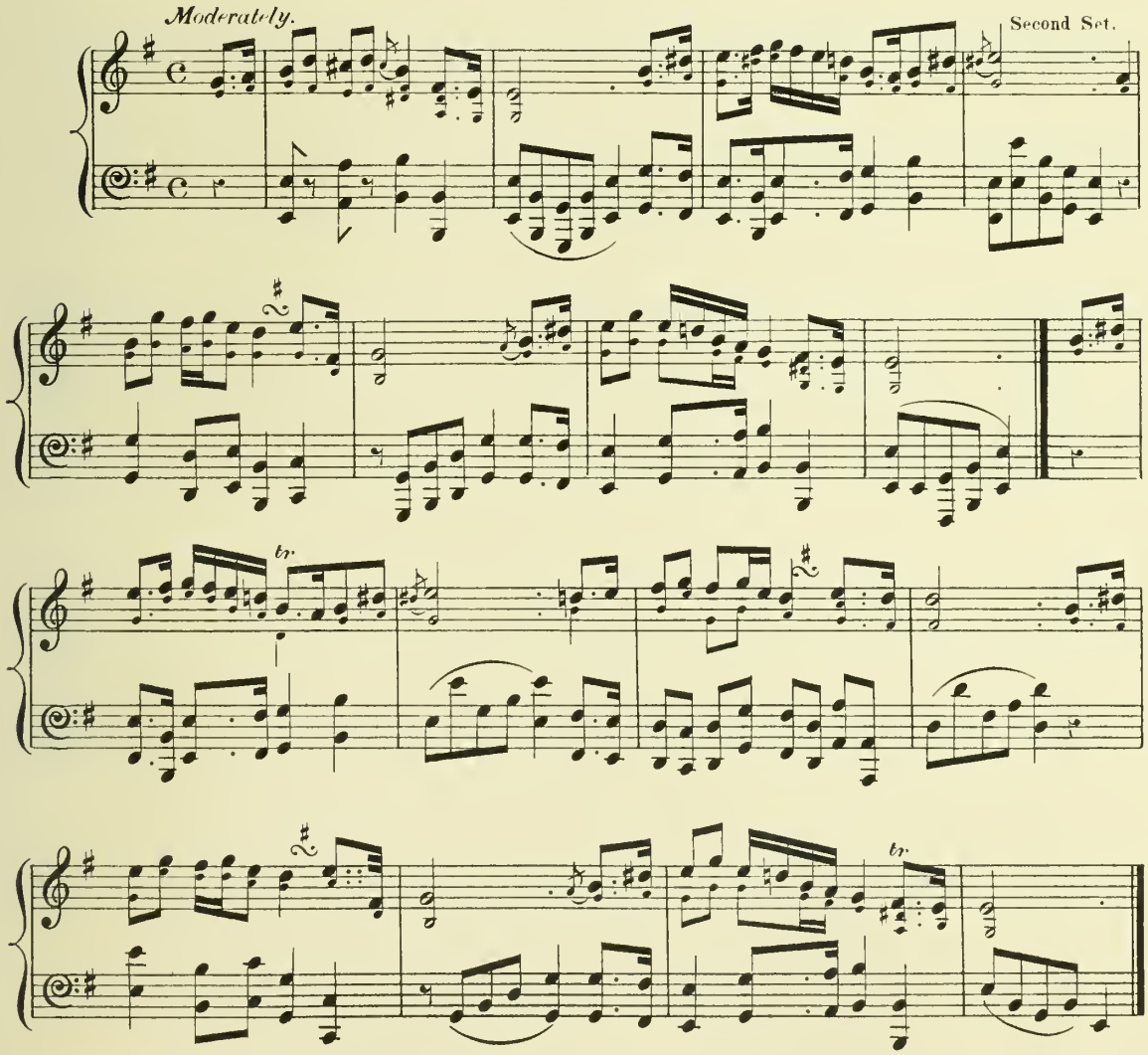
My Wife thinks that I'm Drinkin'.

Briskly.

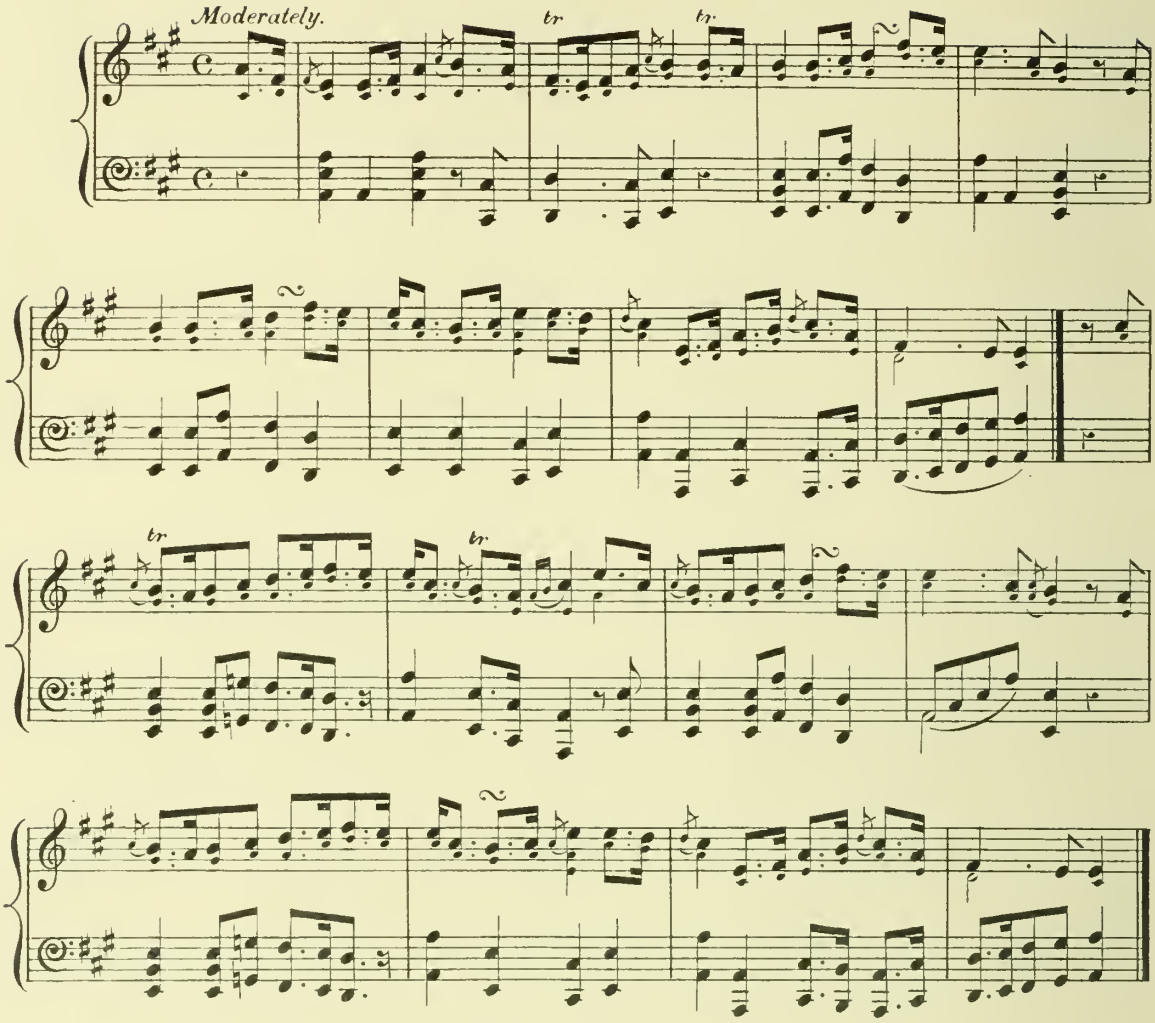




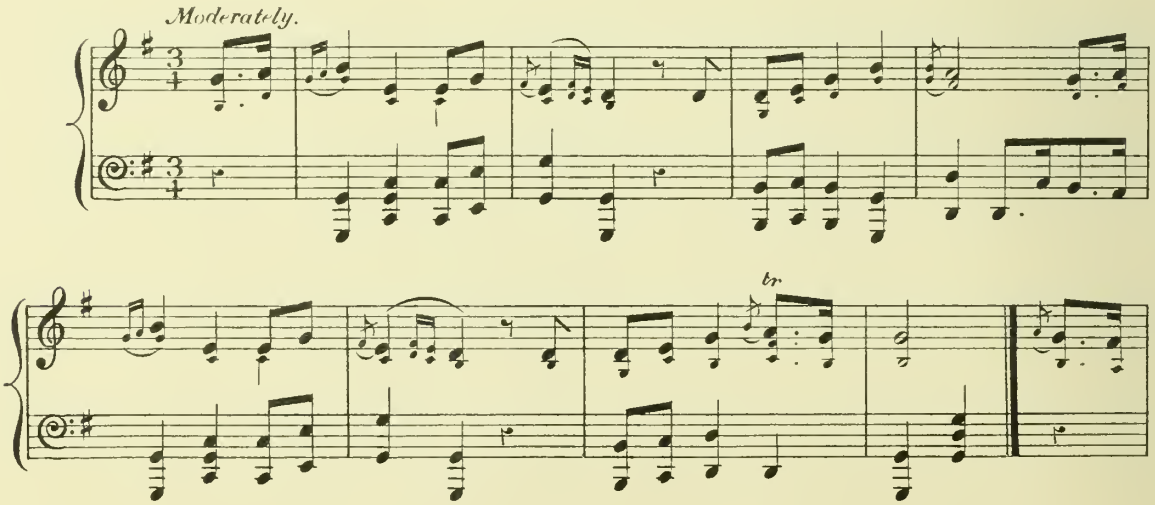
Fair Rosanna.

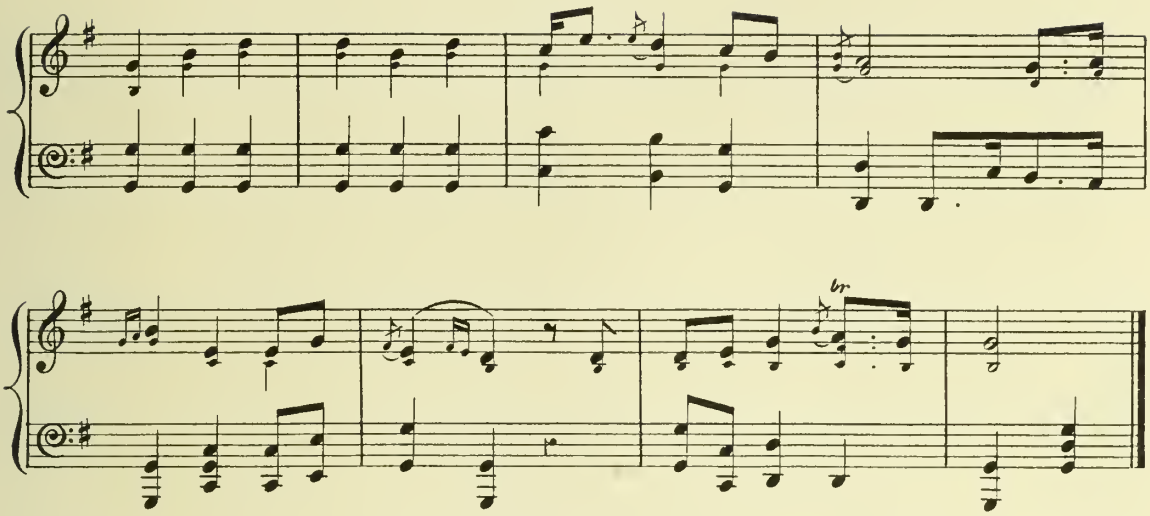


Will ye go to the Hielans, Geordie?

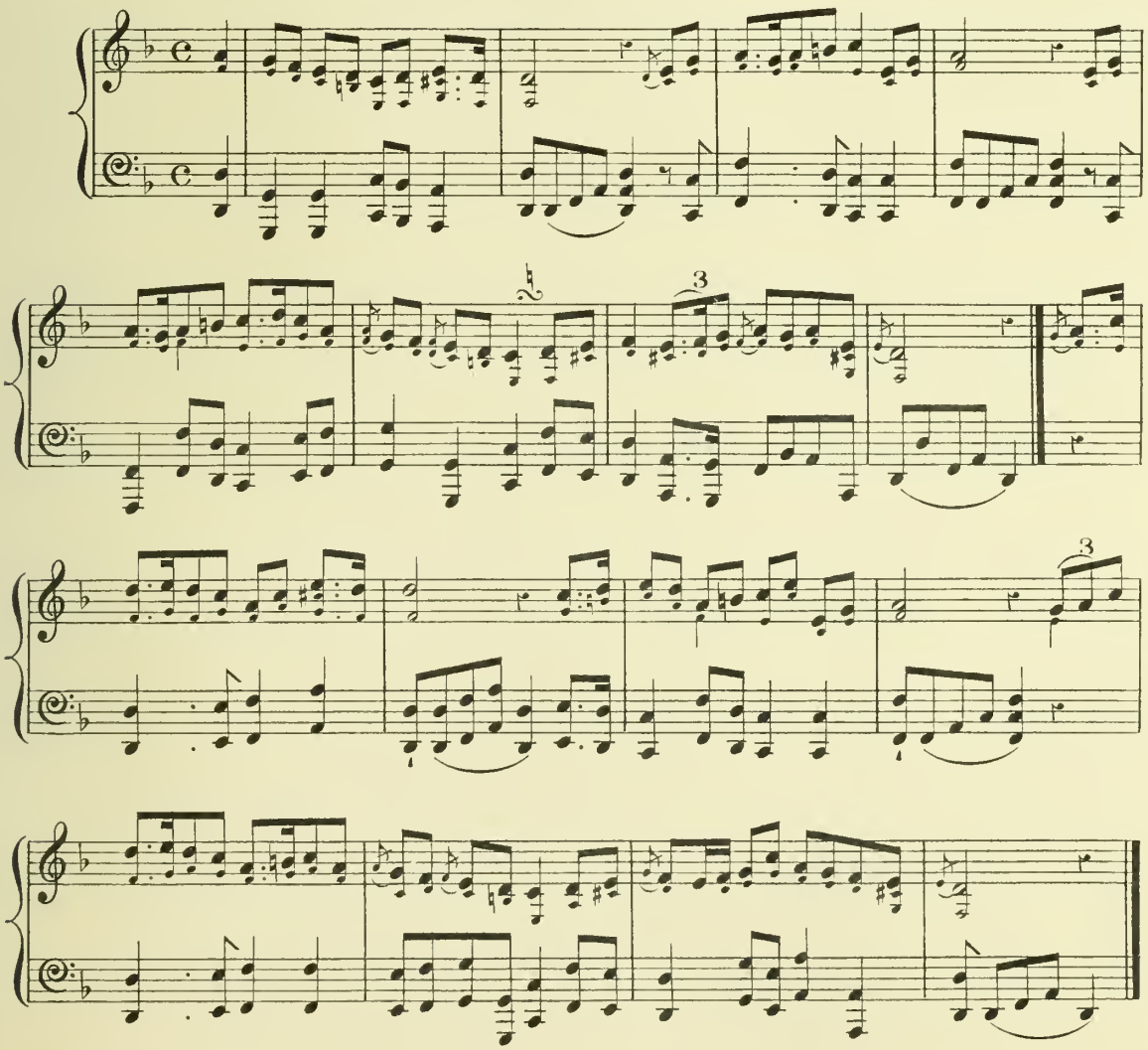


Catskin's Garland.

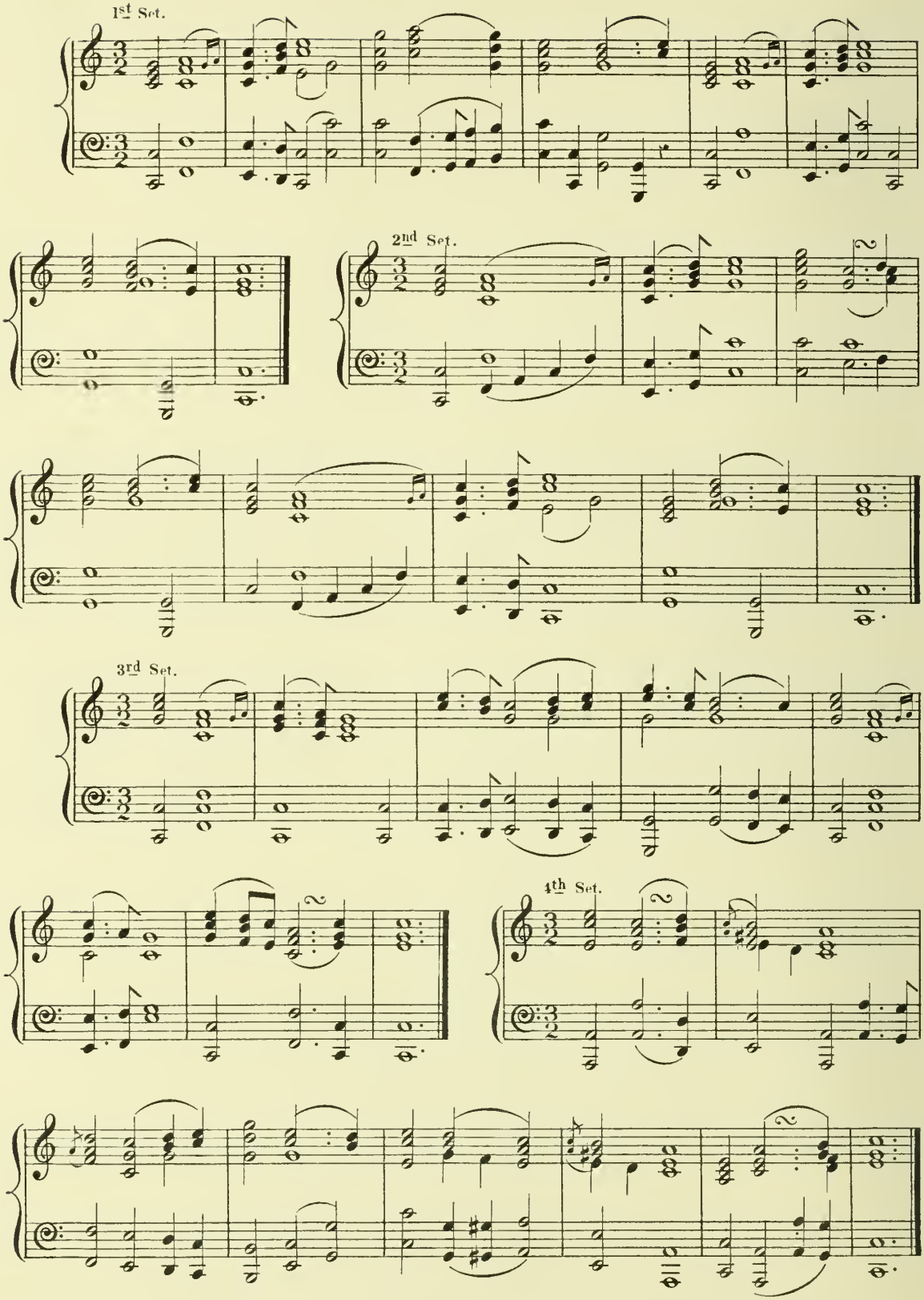




Open the Door do, Love, do.



Four Balows.



P. 4. The air of "The Poor Man the Miller," appears to have been common in England and Scotland. Portions of the air, "I would I were in my own Country," given in "Popular Music of the Olden Time," II. 456, resemble passages in this air; also, "O good Ale, thou art my Darling," "O rare Turpin, Hero," p. 660, 661, II. Pop. Mus., have passages somewhat like it. The first verse of the ballad, "The Poor Man the Miller," was as follows :—

"At Howie's Mill there lived a miller,
Wha queerly cam' by a purse o' siller;
An' gin you wish the matter to know,
The truth to you I'll quickly show.
Oh, the poor man the miller!
Oh, the poor miller oh!"

The remaining part of the ballad is unpresentable. There is a song, called "The Miller and his Wife," supposed to record a local event in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh about the beginning of the present century, the first verse of which is the following :—

"In Canonmills there lived a miller,
Who lately came by a purse o' siller,
How it fell out I'll plainly show,
But would not wish the like to you.
O, the canny miller,
O, brave miller O."

This may be an improvement upon a more ancient ballad, "The Miller o' Howie's Mill," whose wife in that ballad does not deserve the credit accorded to the wife of "The canny miller of Canonmills." See "A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs," p. 388. This volume is published at Glasgow in 1869, with illustrative notes by W. H. Logan. In this interesting publication, which Dean Christie saw for the first time in 1878, there are copies of some of the ballads different from those given in this work,—such as "The Turkish Lady," p. 11, "Golden Vanitie," or "Low in the Lowlands, low," p. 45, "Captain Glen's unhappy voyage," p. 47, "Death of Parker, the Mutineer," p. 58, "Battle of Waterloo," p. 106, "The Merchant's Son and the Beggar Wench of Hull," or "Beggar Wench of Wales," p. 161, and "Rosie Anderson," p. 392, where her connection with the Earl of Elgin, who presented "The Elgin Marbles" to the British Museum, is referred to. The air, "Rosie Anderson," is given vol. I., p. 220. The copies of these ballads given in this Work are from traditional sources, and different from those in the "Pedlar's Pack."

P. 114. THE GOLDEN GLOVE was printed along with three other songs, and entered at Stationers' Hall about 1782. The copy of the ballad given in this volume is the way it was sung in Buchan.

P. 140. THE SHEPHERDESS, OR FECKLESS FANNIE.—Mr Train sent Sir Walter Scott the following account of "Feckless Fannie," the shepherdess. She was the original of "Madge Wildfire" in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." "My leisure hours," says Mr Train, "for some time past, have been mostly spent in searching for particulars relating to the maniac called Feckless Fannie, who travelled over all Scotland and England, between the years 1767 and 1775, and whose history is altogether so like a romance, that I have been at all possible pains to collect every particular that can be found relative to her in Galloway, or in Ayrshire.

"When Feckless Fannie appeared in Ayrshire, for the first time, in the summer of 1769, she attracted much notice, from being attended by twelve or thirteen sheep, who seemed all endued with faculties so much superior to the ordinary race of animals of the same species, as to excite universal astonishment. She had for each a different name, to which it answered when called by its mistress, and would likewise obey in the most surprising manner any command she thought proper to give. When travelling, she always walked in front of her flock, and they followed her closely behind. When she lay down at night in the fields, for she would never enter into a house, they always disputed who should lie next to her, by which means she was kept warm, while she lay in the midst of them; when she attempted to rise from the ground, an old ram, whose name was Charlie, always claimed the sole right of assisting her, pushing any that stood in his way aside, until he arrived right before his mistress; he then bowed his head nearly to the ground that she might lay her hands on his horns, which were very large; he then lifted her gently from the ground by raising his head. If she chanced to leave her flock feeding, as soon as they discovered she was gone, they all began to bleat most piteously, and would continue to do so till she returned; they would then testify their joy by rubbing their sides against her petticoat, and frisking about.

"Feckless Fannie was not, like most other demented creatures, fond of fine dress; on her head she wore an old slouched hat, over her shoulders an old plaid, and carried always in her hand a shepherd's crook; with any of these articles, she invariably declared she would not part for any consideration whatever. When she was interrogated why she set so much value on things seemingly so insignificant, she would sometimes relate the history of her misfortune, which was briefly as follows :—

"'I am the only daughter of a wealthy squire in the north of England, but I loved my father's shepherd, and that has been my ruin; for my father, fearing his family would be disgraced by such an alliance, in a

passion mortally wounded my lover with a shot from a pistol. I arrived just in time to receive the last blessing of the dying man, and to close his eyes in death. He bequeathed me his little all, but I only accepted these sheep to be my sole companions through life, and this hat, this plaid, and this crook, all of which I will carry until I descend into the grave.'

"This is the substance of a ballad, eighty-four lines of which I copied down lately from the recitation of an old woman in this place, who says she has seen it in print, with a plate on the title page, representing Fannie with her sheep behind her. As this ballad is said to have been written by Lowe, the author of Mary's Dream, I am surprised that it has not been noticed by Cromek, in his Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song; but he perhaps thought it unworthy of a place in his collection, as there is very little merit in the composition; which want of room prevents me from transcribing at present. But if I thought you had never seen it, I would take an early opportunity of doing so.

"After having made the tour of Galloway in 1769, as Fannie was wandering in the neighbourhood of Moffat, on her way to Edinburgh, where, I am informed, she was likewise well known, Old Charlie, her favourite ram, chanced to break into a kaleyard, which the proprietor observing, let loose a mastiff that hunted the poor sheep to death. This was a sad misfortune; it seemed to renew all the pangs which she formerly felt on the death of her lover. She would not part from the side of her old friend for several days, and it was with much difficulty she consented to allow him to be buried; but, still wishing to pay a tribute to his memory, she covered his grave with moss, and fenced it round with osiers, and annually returned to the same spot, and pulled the weeds from the grave and repaired the fence. This is altogether like a romance; but I believe it is really true that she did so. The grave of Charlie is still held sacred even by the schoolboys of the present day in that quarter. It is now, perhaps, the only instance of the law of Kenneth being attended to, which says, 'The grave where anie that is slaine lieth buried, leave untilled for seven years. Repute every grave holie so as thou be well advised, that in no wise with thy feet thou tread upon it.'

"Through the storms of winter, as well as in the milder seasons of the year, she continued her wandering course, nor could she be prevented from doing so, either by entreaty or promise of reward. The late Dr Fullarton of Rosemount, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, being well acquainted with her father when in England, endeavoured, in a severe season, by every means in his power, to detain her at Rosemount for a few days until the weather should become more mild; but, when she found herself rested a little, and saw her sheep fed, she raised her crook, which was the signal she always gave for the sheep to follow her, and off they all marched together.

"But the hour of poor Fannie's dissolution was now at hand, and she seemed anxious to arrive at the spot where she was to terminate her mortal career. She proceeded to Glasgow, and, while passing through that city, a crowd of idle boys, attracted by her singular appearance, together with the novelty of seeing so many sheep obeying her command, began to torment her with their pranks, till she became so irritated that she pelted them with bricks and stones, which they returned in such a manner, that she was actually stoned to death between Glasgow and Anderston.

"To the real history of this singular individual, credulity has attached several superstitious appendages. It is said, that the farmer who was the cause of Charlie's death, shortly afterwards drowned himself in a peat-hag; and that the hand, with which a butcher in Kilmarnock struck one of the other sheep, became powerless and withered to the very bone. In the summer of 1769, when she was passing by New Cumnock, a young man, whose name was William Forsyth, son of a farmer in the same parish, plagued her so much that she wished he might never see the morn; upon which he went home and hanged himself in his father's barn. And I doubt not many such stories may yet be remembered in other parts where she had been."

Sir Walter Scott says, "That Feckless Fannie and her little flock were well known in the pastoral districts," in the south of Scotland.

P. 149. The following four lines, in the last of which is the hero's name, "M'Donald," were given to the Editor by an old woman after the Ballad was in the hands of the printer:—

"There is one thing more that I have now to crave,"
You'll place a marble stone at the top of my grave;
In the middle of the stone the inscription shall be so,
'M'Donald lost his life for his Irish Molly, O.'"

P. 182. The father of Baroness Nairne, Oliphant of Gask, in Perthshire, was a staunch Jacobite, out in the '45, and so named his daughter Carolina after Prince Charlie. On the death of Charles in 1788, most of the Scottish Jacobites transferred their allegiance to King George III., but old Gask stood out unflinchingly. The Rev. Mr Cruickshank, who at that time performed the church service at the houses of the Jacobite gentry in turn, wrote to Mr Oliphant to say that he had taken the oath of allegiance to King George. Gask instantly sent the following answer:—"July 3, 1788.—Mr Oliphant presents his compliments to Mr Cruickshank, and as he has incapacitated himself from officiating at Gask, his gown is sent by the carrier, and the books he gave the reading of. As Mr Cruickshank has received his stipend to this Whitsuntide, there is no money transactions to settle between him and Mr Oliphant." When George III. was seized with his mental imbecility, the

laird of Gask remarked to one of the conforming clergy, whom he met, "Ye see what ye've done to the honest man. He has never had a weel day sin' ye took him by the han'." When his sight failed, and he was unable to read, he got some of his family to read to him; and, as they read occasionally from the newspapers, he would reprove the reader, if the "German lairdie and his leddy" were designated otherwise than, as he requested, by the initial letters K. and Q.—See "Life and Songs of Lady Nairne."

P. 186. GABBY OF TROUP, as he was called, was well known in Buchan, and many anecdotes, as about Jamie Fleming, the laird of Udny's fool, were told about him. The Editor, in his young days, has heard many of his quaint sayings, and also many from his friend Dr Milne (vol. I., p. 112), on whose father's farm, in the neighbourhood of Turriff, Gabby's father had a croft. Gabby made a pet of young Milne, and often carried him on his shoulder. One day passing a mason at work, the mason said, "Gabby, whan will ye be as big as that chiel on your shouther?" Scratching his head, he answered with a knowing leer, "Wad a body be as big in seven year?" His father's croft was about a mile from the moss where peats were cut for fuel, and, as Gabby was very strong, his father got a small cart made for him to bring home the peats from the moss. One day Gabby became restive under the burden, and ran off with the cart across the bridge at Idoch, on to Mill of Pot, Monquhitter, and then up the brae on the road to Gamery as far as Crudie, where he stopped after having broken the cart in pieces. His father had run after him, and when he came up to him at Crudie, he very angerly said,—"Fat possessed ye to rin awa' wi' the cart an' brak' it?" Gabby answered, "I feart at a fun-buss." Having been yoked to a cart as a horse, he supposed that he had as much right as any other horse to be scared at a furze-bush (whin-bush). Gabby went to Troup in the end of the last century, and died in the beginning of the present.

P. 270. The following particulars respecting the song, "Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure," or "Farewell to Ayrshire," are extracted from Mr Stark's sketch of the life of Richard Gall, printed in *Biographia Scotica*, at Edinburgh, 1805. One of Mr Gall's songs in particular, the original of which I have by me, has acquired a degree of praise, from its having been printed amongst the works of Burns, and generally thought the production of that poet. The reverse, indeed, was only known to a few of Mr Gall's friends, to whom he communicated the verses before they were published. The fame of Burns stands in no need of the aid of others to support it; and to render back the song in question to its true author, is but an act of distributive justice, due alike to both these departed poets, whose ears are now equally insensible to the incense of flattery, or the slanders of malevolence. At the time when the "Scots Musical Museum" was published at Edinburgh, by Mr Johnson, several of Burns's songs made their appearance in that publication. Mr Gall wrote the song entitled "Farewell to Ayrshire," prefixed Burns' name to it, and sent it anonymously to the publisher of that work. From thence it has been copied into the later editions of the works of Burns. In publishing the song in this manner, Mr Gall probably thought, that under the sanction of a name known to the world, it might acquire that notice, which, in other circumstances, it might never have obtained, but have been doomed *to waste its sweetness in the desert air.*—See Stenhouse's Illustrations of the "Museum."

P. 276. THE BONNY HOUSE O' AIRLIE.—Although in reality it was at the Castle of Forter, in Glenisla, that the incident recorded in the popular old ballad of the "Bonny House o' Airlie" took place, tradition still clings to Airlie Castle as the scene of Argyle's cruelties. It is matter of history, however, that the Earl of Airlie was one of the most faithful and distinguished champions of the royal cause, and in 1639 the middle parts of Scotland were put under his command by King Charles I. In the year 1640, to avoid the necessity of subscribing to the covenant, the Earl covertly passed over to England, and knowing this, his hereditary enemy, the Earl of Argyle, obtained authority from the Committee of Estates to take and destroy the Castle of Airlie, and that of Forter, in Glenisla, which was one of the seats of the Airlie family. Argyll, according to Spalding, raised a body of 5000 men of his own clan, and proceeded in the month of July to execute the commission. The Castle had been left in the charge of Lord Ogilvy, the Earl's eldest son,—who had recently maintained it against the assault of the Earl of Montrose,—but, on the approach of Argyll's army, he regarded all idea of resistance as hopeless, and abandoned it at once to the assailants, who plundered it of everything which they coveted, and could carry away with them, and burned it to the ground.

Argyll not only directed the siege, but personally lent a willing and earnest hand in the work of demolition. According to the parson of Rothiemay,—"He was seen taking a hammer in his hand and knocking down the hewed work of the doors and windows, till he sweat for heat at his work."

The ballad says, "a hunder' men," instead of 5000; and their going "down by the back o' Dunkeld" gives a sort of foundation to the tradition that the men, who burned Airlie Castle, halted on the previous night at the haughs of Rattray.

According to his commission, Argyll also demolished the Castle of Forter, but it is said that the Campbells kept possession of it for some months before they destroyed and abandoned it. Here Lady Ogilvy was residing at the time, and not at Airlie Castle, when the two Castles were destroyed. The tradition is that Lady Ogilvy was treated with cruelty by Argyll, "who not only would not allow her, although far advanced in pregnancy, to

remain at Forter till she was brought to bed, but even refused to grant permission to her grandmother, and his own kinswoman, the Lady Drimmie, to receive her into her house of Kelly."

The house of Craig, in Glenisla, although not included in Argyll's commission, was destroyed at the same time. The particulars of the event are thus related by Gordon :—"At such time as Argyll was making havoc of Airlie's lands, he was not forgetful of old quarrels to Sir John Ogilvy of Craig, cousin of Airlie ; therefore he directs one, sergeant Campbell, to Sir John Ogilvy's house, and gives him warning to slught it. The sergeant coming thither found a sick gentlewoman there, and some servants, and looking upon the house with a full survey, returned without doing anything, telling Argyll what he had seen, and that Sir John Ogilvy's was no strength at all, and therefore he conceived that it fell not within his orders to cast it down. Argyll fell in some chafe with the sergeant, telling him that it was his part to have obeyed his orders, and instantly commanded him back again, and caused him deface and spoil the house."

"The deep, deep den," referred to in the ballad, is the Den of Airlie, celebrated for its fine scenery and romantic beauty. It extends about a mile below the junction of the Isla and the Melgum, and forms one of the most picturesque and beautiful scenes to be met with in the country. The foregoing account of Airlie is chiefly taken from "The Vale of Strathmore : its Scenes and Legends," by James Cargill Guthrie. 1875.

Archibald, 8th Earl of Argyll, was raised to the Marquisate of Argyll by letters patent dated 15th November 1641. This was the Argyll who burned the "Bonny House o' Airlie." The following letter which he sent to his dependant, Dugald Campbell of Inverawe, dated July 1640, is said to be preserved at Inverawe. The time that the letter was written corresponds with the opening lines of the ballad :—

"It fell on a day, on a bonny simmer day,
When the corn was growing rarely."

"Dowgall,—I mynd, God willing, to lift from this the morrow, and therefor ye shall meitt me the morrow at nicht at Stronarnot, in Strathardill ; and caus bring alonges with you the haill nolt and shiepe that ye have fundine perteineing to my lord Ogilbie. As for the horss and mearis that ye have gottine perteining to him, ye shall not faill to direct thame home to the Stranemoor. I desyre not that they be in our way at all, and to send thame the neirest way home. And albeit ye shoulde be the langer in followeing me, yeit ye shall not faill to stay and demolishe my lord Ogilbies hous of Forthar. Sie how ye can cast off the irone yeattis and windowis, and tak doun the rooff; and if ye find it will be langsome, ye shall fyre it weill, that so it may be destroyed. But you neid not to latt know that ye have directions from me to fyir it : only ye may say that ye have warrand to demoleishe it, and that, to mak' the work short, ye will fyr it. If ye mak' any stay for doeing of this, send fordwart the goodis. So referring this to your cairr, I rest your freynd, Argyll."

The postscript is holograph of Argyll :—

"You shall heawe for your pains of that beis send hame. You shall delyver back to Rob Griver such of his goods as are not sufficient for present use, and their presentis shall be your warrand." "Argyll." "For Dowgall Campbell, fiar of Inverawe."

There is one verse which the Editor has seen in one of the copies of the ballad which appears to be the last of the one given *supra*, 277.

"Clouds o' smoke and flames sae hie
Soon left the wa's but barely ;
And she laid her doon on that hill to dee,
When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie."

Pp. 288, 290. OH, WOE TO YOU, UDNY! CATSKIN'S GARLAND.—These airs appear to be from the same original. They resemble, in melody, the following airs,—"Earl Douglas's Lament," Johnson's Museum, p. 352, the first strain of "Johnie Armstrong," Museum, p. 367, the Gaelic air given to "The Captive Ribbon," p. 266, "The Shepherd's Preference," p. 286, "The lovely Lass of Monorgon," p. 154, "Robidh donna gorrach,"—also the Irish air, "The Boys of Kilkenny, or, The old head of Denis," and all apparently from the simple air, "Todlin' Hame," given in the Museum, p. 284.

P. 288. MY WIFE THINKS THAT I'M DRINKIN'." This air was a favourite of "Old Jaffray's," the last of the pipers and pipe-makers referred to in the note, p. 266, and is given as he played it, note for note, on the violin. The only verse the Editor remembers was,—

"My wife thinks that I'm drinkin',
My wife thinks that I'm drinkin',
Fill the stoup and had it clinkin',
An' nae lat her be wrang thinkin'."

Jaffray was very jocular and full of fun. The Editor, in 1830, heard him tell a very characteristic anecdote about himself. He was on his way home from the annual meeting of the Masonic Lodge in Rosehearty, of which he was a member, and passing at night through the hamlet of Newtown, Monquhitter, he saw in one of the cottages an old couple sitting by the kitchen fire, and thinking that if he sounded the drone of his bagpipes,

he might produce a funny effect on them. He stood in the door of an out-house, overlooking the kitchen window, opposite to which was the hole of the dung-pit, at the summer season full of water, as the dung had been removed to the fields. Looking through the window on the old people quietly enjoying their conversation, he squeezed the top of the chanter and sounded the drone. No sooner was it sounded than some invisible power from behind sent him and his pipes into the water in the dung-pit. He said he never had such a fright in his life. Sometime after, when he told the crofter the story, the crofter said it had been the cow that had driven him into the dung-pit, as he was standing in the door of the byre. Jaffray's wife's name was Annie Bird. One afternoon, on his way home from Methlic, he called on one of the lairds in Greens, Monquhitter, and talking about birds, the laird said he would like much to have a blackbird that could sing well. Jaffray said that he had a bird that sung beautifully, which he would sell for five shillings, but *would not sell the cage.* The laird gave him the money, and next day when the laird's man came for the bird, Jaffray said, pointing to his wife, "There's the bird, ye can tak' her, but I didna' sell the cage;" meaning his house. He had spent the five shillings at the ale-house.

Many anecdotes might be told of "Old George," Jaffray's father, whose wife's name was Nanny Drum. Nanny died in 1830, at the age of 93, many years after the decease of her husband. Mr Johnston, the respected parish minister of Monquhitter, who died in 1829, after a pastorate of more than half a century, happened one day to be passing by George's garden, when he was hoeing his potatoes. The minister said, "What's this you're doing, George?" George answered, "I'm like Saul, sir, puttin' the wizzards out o' the lan',"—meaning the weeds, "quick-grass," wizzened or dried. He was such an enthusiastic musician that he whistled a sort of quiet whistle "Sunday and Saturday," as his neighbours said; and so, as he passed up the aisle of the church of Monquhitter, he even then whistled quietly. George was a famed maker of bagpipes. One day, when turning wood for pipes with a "spang turning-loom," viz., a flexible beam fixed to the roof of the house, having a cord round the piece of wood to be turned that it might be rolled round, he brought down the roof and broke his leg. A friend of his, Willie Morison of Millseat, called "Riddler Willie," being a maker of riddles for separating chaff from corn, called upon him, and, after much expression of sympathy, said, "How did ye do it, George?" "Weel, Willie," he said, "I wouldna' like to shaw ye the way that I did it."

While giving these anecdotes about the pipers in the village, the Editor cannot resist giving one about the village blacksmith, "Tam Duncan." He was a very old man, in the Editor's young days, walking about on crutches from rheumatism. Tam had a few acres of land, and finding that his turnips were getting "by degrees beautifully less," he one night quietly watched and saw a man fill a sack with them. He went up to him and said, "Now, Geordie, I'll help you on wi' this sack, but dinna come back." Geordie said, "Weel, Tam, I was never here afore, but I wouldna' free my brither Jock." The idea of putting the stealing on his brother is graphic.

P. 290. WILL YE GO TO THE HIELANS, GEORDIE?—This is one of the instances where an air appears in a different form from the way published. It is the ballad set of "The Gypsie Laddie," given in Johnson's Museum, No. 181. The date of the original is not known. A set appears in the Skene MS., under the name of "Ladie Cassille's Lilt," but different from the copies published.

P. 291. OPEN THE DOOR, DO, LOVE, DO.—This set of the air is arranged from the way it was sung, from time immemorial, in Buchan, Aberdeenshire. As the ballad to which it was sung could not be inserted in this work, the air is here given in the appendix. There are two airs, entitled "Go from my window," in "Popular Music of the Olden Time," pp. 141, 142, in the same style, the one on the major scale and the other on the minor. No wonder, from the copy of the ballad which the Editor has heard sung to the air in Buchan, and doubtless very like the one anciently sung, that it was parodied in "Ane compendious booke of Godly and spirituall songs . . . with sundrie of other ballates, chainged out of prophaine songes," &c., &c., printed in Edinburgh in 1590 and 1621. There are twenty-two stanzas in the Godly Song, the first two of which are the following:—

"Quho is at my windo, who, who?
Goe from my windo; goe, goe.
Quha calles there, so like ane strangere?
Go from my windo, goe.

Lord, I am here, ane wratched mortall,
That for thy mercie dois crie and call
Unto Thee, my Lord celestiall;
See who is at my windo, who?"

P. 292. FOUR BALOWS.—These Balows will compare favourably with the Irish Lullabies given by Dr Petrie in his "Ancient Music of Ireland." The first two were sung by the Editor's paternal grandmother, and so lulled his father to sleep in his cradle, and the last two were sung by the Editor's mother, and lulled him to sleep.

POST-APPENDIX.

P. 15. MARY'S DREAM (old way).—Mr Buchan in his "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads" (1825), gives the following note to "Mary's Dream" (old way).—"The author of this exquisitely beautiful ballad is John Lowe, a native of Kenmure, in Galloway. Mr Lowe was originally a weaver, but, by industry and close application to business, he soon earned as much, with the assistance of friends, as enabled him to obtain a classical education at the University of Glasgow,—the loom being no ways calculated to call into action that genius which afterwards shone so conspicuously in Mary's Dream, and other of his lyric pieces. In 1773 he embarked for America, where he spent some time as a tutor to the family of a brother of the great Washington. He was soon after fortunate in obtaining a living in the Church of England, the then fashionable religion of the United States. Being united in the bands of wedlock to a Virginian lady of bad principles, he became melancholy, and, in the end dissipated, which brought him to an untimely grave, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

He was born in the year 1750, and died at the house of a friend near Frederickburgh, Virginia, in 1798, and now lies interred between two palm trees, with not a stone to mark the spot, nor whereon the passing spirit may write, "Mary, weep nae mair for me."

The following is the copy of "Mary's Dream" given in the "Gleanings," p. 112, and to which the air given in this work, p. 14, was sung :—

The lovely moon had climbed the hill
  Where eagles big aboon the Dee,
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
  Brought joy to every body's e'e ;
A', but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
  Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
A voice drapt saftly on her ear,
  "Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

She lifted up her waukening een,
  To see from whence the voice might be,
And there she saw her Sandy stand,
  Pale, bending on her his hollow e'e!
"O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
  I'm in death's thraws below the sea ;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
  Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

"The wind slept when we left the bay,
  But soon it waked and raised the main,
And God He bore us down the deep,
  Who strave wi' Him, but strave in vain!
He stretched his arm and took me up,
  Tho' laith I was to gang but thee ;
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
  Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

"Take aff thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
  Which thou hast faulded down for me ;
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
  I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie."
Three times the grey cock flapt his wing,
  To mark the morning lift her e'e,
And thrice the passing spirit said,
  "Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

P. 183. GUDE NICHT, AN' JOY BE WI' YE A'.—The air given to this, the Baroness Nairne's song, was sung in Buchan to the ballad given by Mr Buchan, vol. II. p. 127. Mr Buchan in his note states:—"All that ever I have as yet been able to discover in print of this very old song, were eight lines, which have been quoted by Burns, and many others since. Even the indefatigable Sir Walter Scott could discover no more for all his researches, and these he has given in the Minstrelsy of the Border, vol. I., p. 283. He

conceives the lines to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, warden of the middle marches: but I am inclined to think they have been written on another occasion, long prior to the time of Carmichael's death, which happened on the 16th of June 1600. The eight lines, alluded to, have been long current, and the air, to which they are sung, popular in Scotland. It gives me, then, particular pleasure to be able to lay this much admired relic, so often sought after in vain by the learned, in a complete state, before the lovers of ancient song." Probably the air referred to by Mr Buchan, is the comparatively modern one published by Gow, which is still the last played at balls,—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a';" but it is totally different from the ancient air given in this volume, p. 182, which was sung to "The Last Guid Nicht," in Aberdeenshire and also in Morayshire. Mr Buchan's copy, at p. 127, vol. II. "Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," is the following:—

Now is my departing time,
  And I am gaen to leave you a';
There's nae a rival in the toun,
  But what could wish I were awa'.
My time is come, I maun demit,
  And frae your company reca';
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,—
  Guid night, and joy be wi' you a'!

I've spent some time, I maun confess,
  In your sweet civil companie;
For ony offence that I ha'e dune,
  I needs that I forgien may be.
For what I've dune for want o' wit,
  My memory does not reca';
But I am now forced for to flit,—
  Guid night, and joy be wi' you a'!

For compliments I never lo'ed,
  Nor yet ower talkative to be;
Nor yet a multitude o' words,
  They belang to maids o' high degree.
For what I've done for want o' wit,
  My memory does not reca';
I wish ye a' prosperity,—
  Guid night, and joy be wi' you a'!

P. 209. BILLY TAYLOR.—The following notice appeared in some newspapers in the year 1878. It is very characteristic as regards the ballad "Billy Taylor," shewing, as it does, that the ballad was well known, being often printed in chap-books, and on broadsides, in different forms.

"A LADY'S REVENGE.—The admiration for young ladies who take the law into their own hands, like the mistress of Billy Taylor in the song, is not confined to England. France also has her popular lyric on the girl who fought and slew her faithless lover in a duel. About her it is not said that she was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant, but she was pardoned by *le bon roi*. A Republican jury had also acquitted the brave Mdlle. Lucie Toupet for what seems to have been an attack on a recreant lover. Mdlle. Toupet is a dressmaker at Brecy, and a very pretty girl. The neighbourhood supposed that "there was something between" her and M. Antoine Leroy, a schoolmaster, who soon had reason to wish that the "something" was a stone wall. He was coming out of his house one day, when he saw the avenging form of Lucie brandishing a knife. What could even an intrepid man do in face of such an opponent? M. Leroy turned and fled, Mdlle. Toupet pursuing him, and every now and then just getting in a prod or cut at her recreant lover. The false one at last fled into the church, where he might have been stabbed at the altar, like the Red Comyn, but the curé kindly interfered. At the trial it came out that M. Leroy was an "educational flirt," who had won Mdlle. Toupet's heart by lending her books. Let young ladies beware of young men who lend them books, especially poetry. These young men are scarcely ever satisfactory. Moved by these considerations, and by the spirited conduct of Mdlle. Toupet, who kept shouting "Coward! Coward!" at her lover in Court, the jury acquitted the lady, who went off without a stain on her character."

GLOSSARY.

A.

A', all.
Abee, be.
Abeen, *aboon*, *abune*, above.
Ae, one.
Aff, off.
Afore, before.
Ahint, behind.
Aiken, oaken.
Ails, to be in sickness.
Ain, own.
Airms, arms.
Airn, iron.
Airt, to urge forward, pointing out the proper course.
Alane, alone.
Alang, along.
Alichtit, alighted.
Alway is, always.
Amang, among.
'An, *gan*, *gin*, *gif*, if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one.
Aneath, beneath.
Anither, another.
Annamylid, enamelled.
A-roosing, a-praising, boasting of, commending.
Atween, between.
Augur bore, a hole made by a wimble or auger.
Auld, *aulder*, old, older.
Auld-farrant, sagacious. Gothic, *ald*, old, and German, *faren*, expert.
Auntie, diminutive of aunt.
Ava, at all, of all.
Awa', away.
Ayont, beyond.

B.

Ba', ball.
Back and boon, back and bound for any place, especially "home."
Bairn, child.
Baith, both.
Ba-leelie-lou, or rather, *ba-lalie-lou*, a lullaby, balow; a term used by a nurse, when lulling her child. French, *Bas, là le loup*, "be still, the wolf is coming." Jamieson's Dictionary.
Bane, bone.
Bann, curse, to swear.
Bannock, flat, round, soft cake.
Barefit, barefoot.
Bauld, bold.
Bawm, soft; applied to air, p. 139.
Bawmyd, embalmed.
Beenmost, uppermost.
Bedight, decorated.
Bedone, wrought, made up.
Begeik, to deceive; particularly by playing the jilt. Teutonic, *gecken*, ludibrio habere.
Beltit, belted.
Bemane, bemoan.
Ben, into the spence or parlour.
Bent, a coarse kind of grass, growing on hilly ground. German, *bintz*, *bins*, a rush.
Bespake, bespoke.
Besten, the best.
Bide, *Byde*, abide, also stay.
Big, build.
Biggit, built.
Bigly bouer, pleasant, commodious bower, or private room.
Billies, good companions.
Billy-blind, *Billy-blin*, a Brownie, or benignant household fairie, like the Lubber Fiend.
Birk, birch; *birken*, consisting of birch.
Blabs, globules.
Blaw, blow; *blawn*, blown.
Blee, *blie*, *ble*, complexion, colour. Anglo-Saxon, *bleoh*, *blio*, colour.
Bleeze, to blaze, to flame.
Blinkin', smiling with eyes looking lovely.
Blinkit bonny, blinked cheerfully.
Blint, blinded.
Blude, *bluid*, *bluidy*, blood, bloody.
Blythe, *blithe*, *blithesome*, gladsome, mirthful.
Bonnie, *bonny*, beautiful, handsome.
'Boon, above.
Borrowed, ransomed.
Borrow Town, Borough Town (primarily, a fortified town, from the Saxon "burh," a hill).
Bot an', both and, and also.
Bosky shaw, small wood in a hollow place where there is much fog or soft grass.
Boucht, bought. Teutonic, *bocht*, *bucht*.
Bouers, bowers.
Bought, *bucht*, sheep-pen.
Bouir, a chamber; sometimes a retired apartment, such as ladies were wont to possess in ancient times.

Boun, to go, to direct one's course to a certain place; also, a favour granted.
Bound, prepared to go, p. 241. Vol. I.
Bountith, something given as a reward for service, or good offices.
Brade, broad.
Brae, rising ground, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad; band over the forehead.
Brain, mad, insane, p. 233. Vol. I.
Brake, broke.
Brand (?) "Love Robie," p. 137. Perhaps ornamented band for the waist. Vol. I.
Brash, a transient attack of sickness; a bodily indisposition of any kind. Icelan., *breisk*.
Braw, brave, fine, handsome, beautiful, well dressed. Danish, *brav*.
Brechan (?) tartan plaid.
Bree, brow; *bree*, *broo*, juice, sauce. German, *brue*, *bruhe*, liquor.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent brow, a brow high and smooth. Alemannic, *braane*, the eyebrow.
Brewen, brewed.
Bricht, *brycht*, bright.
Bridal, a wedding feast (*bride-ale*).
Brig, bridge.
Brither, brother.
Bride-steel, probably bride-stool, the seat in church where the bridegroom and bride sat before the minister commenced the marriage service.
Browst, the quantity brewed at once.
Bruik, *brook*, to enjoy, to possess. Icelandic, *bruka;* Anglo-Saxon, *brucan;* German, *brauchen*, to use.
Brunt, burned, from the old German word *brant*.
Buchan, district of Aberdeenshire east of the Deveron from Turriff to Banff, and east of the Ythan to its confluence with the German Ocean.
Buirdly, large, and well made.
Burd, maid, maiden; *burd alane*, a lady or damsel alone.
Busk, dress, make ready. German, *butz*, *buss*, adorned.
Buskit, dressed, accoutred.
Buss, bush, a shrub with branches. German, *busch;* Belg. *bosch*.
But and ben, the kitchen and parlour of the peasantry, "But-an'-ben, be-out and be-in, or the outer and inner side of the partition-wall of a house consisting of two apartments." Glossary to Sir W. Scott's Novels.
But thee, without thee.
Bwndyn, bound.
Byde, to stay, to remain, to continue in one state.
Bye, past, p. 21.
Byre, a cow-house. Sueo.-Goth., *byr*, a village. Ice., *bu*, a cow.

C

Ca', *ca'd*, call, called; drive, driven.
Caddie, errand boy; public messenger.
Cadgily, cheerfully.
Ca'ing, driving.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones; a rustic monument.
Callan', *callant*, a stripling, a lad. French, *gallant*.
Cam', came.
Cankers, frets; becomes peevish; is ill-humoured.
Canna, cannot.
Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous.
Canty, lively, cheerful.
Cap, bowl made of wood for holding food or liquor.
Carena, care not.
Carle, a man, a strong man.
Cattie, diminutive of cat.
Cauk and keel, chalk and hard red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Cauldrif, chilly; susceptible of cold.
Châmer, chamber.
Channerin', fretting. Irish, and Gaelic, *cannr-an*, muttering, grumbling.
Chap, *chappit*, rap, tap, rapped, tapped, knocked.
Chap-books, small books containing ballads, stories, &c., sold by chapmen or peddlers.
Chapmen, peddlers, packmen.
Chiel, a young fellow.
Christendoun, to be baptised; to be entered into the Church of Christ, p. 157.
Ciper, Cyprus.
Clachan, a small village bordering on the Highlands, in which there is a parish church,—the kirk-town. It is from the Gaelic *clachan*, a circle of stones; and churches were erected in the same places, which, in times of heathenism, had been consecrated to Druidical worship.
Clade, clothed.
Claise, clothes.
Claithing, clothing.
Clamb, climbed, crept up step by step. Saxon, *creòpan*.
Cleathe, clothe.
Cleaving o' a craig, cleft of a rugged rock, p. 65. Vol. I.
Close bedding, p. 205, "taken close bedding,"—taken to bed without hope of rising again. Vol. I.
Closs, the court-yard of the castle.
Clout, cloth; worn cloth.
Cluds, clouds.
Cockie-leerie-la, the term expressive of the sound made by a cock in crowing,—and so, a name given to a cock; p. 65.
Coft, bought.
Cog, *eoggie*, milk pail, a round woodden vessel made by a cooper, for holding milk, brose, liquor, &c.
Comely cog, beautiful boat or ship. Cog from *kogg*, a kind of boat.—Swedish Gothic.
Complean, complain.
Congé, a bow or courtesy. French.
Conter'd, contradicted.
Coost, cast.
Cophyn, coffin.
Corbie-craw, a raven. French, *corbeau*. This bird is considered, by the superstitious, a bird of evil omen, as is the *piet*, or *mag-pie*.

Corse, poetical word for corpse. Fr., *corps;* Lat., *corpus*, a body.
Cosh, neat, snug ; as denoting a comfortable situation. Icelandic, *kios*, a small place well fenced.
Cot-house, labourer's cottage. Sax., *cota;* Old Fr. *cotage.*
Cot-town, a small village, or hamlet, possessed by *cottars*, or cottagers, dependent on the principal farm.
Couthilie, *couthy*, *couthie*, kindly and soothingly; affable, affectionate, facetious, familiar.
Cow-me-doo, a word used to a pigeon or doo (dove) to bring it to one's hand, or to meat, viz. Cow-my-doo.
Crackie, talking freely and familiarly. German, *kraken.*
Crackit, partially severed.
Cramasie, crimson. French, *cramoisi.*
Creepy-steel, a low stool.
Cronies, intimate companions.

D.

Daddie, a father.
Daft, mad.
Daffin, pastime, gaiety.
Dam, pond containing water for a mill.
Damosel, damsel, young woman.
Dane, *dune*, done.
Dang, dung.
Dantonly, fearlessly.
Darna, *daurna*, dare not.
Dartit, darted.
Dauntit, daunted.
Daut, *dawt*, *dawted*, fondle, fondled. Icelandic, *dad-ur.*
Daw, dawn (the day doth daw). Old English, *dawe.*
Dawin', dawning.
Dearie, diminutive of dear ; sweetheart.
Deas, a pew in church. Old French, a throne or canopy.
Dee, die.
Dee, *deen*, do, done.
Deed, *deid*, dead ; *deid*, death ; p. 191.
Deil, devil.
Deir, dear.
Dell, dale.
Delyte, delight.
Demit, to resign, to give up.
Did me down, went down ; p. 227.
Dickie, necktie or collar for the neck.
Dighted, wiped.
Dingle, a group of trees.
Din, noise. Anglo-Saxon, *dyn-an.*
Dinna, do not.
Discommend, not to commend.
Dochter, *douchter*, daughter.
Doen him, *done him*, betaken himself.
Doff, put off.
Dolefu' fa', sorrowful fa', (befall), given for the rhyme, p. 95. Vol. I.
Don, put on.
Dool, sorrow.
Double deals, thick planks of wood ; double doors (?) p. 37. Vol. I.
Dought, could, was able. Anglo-Saxon, *dug-an. valere.*
Doun, down.
Dow'd, bent down, faded, decayed.
Dow, dear, dove.
Dowie, sadly ; also worn out with grief.
Dozin', stupefied.
Drablit, befoulled ; besmeared with mud ; p. 59.
Draps, drops.
Drappin', dropping.
Drapt, dropped.
Drie, *dree*, bear, endure, suffer. Anglo-Saxon, *greogan*, to suffer.
Drieps, drops.
Drill, more properly *dreel* (Aberd.), "gie our hearts a drill," p. 117 ; put our hearts in a violent motion.
Droon, drown.
Drucken, drunken.
Dub, mud.
Dule, sorrow.
Dune, done.
Dung, disconsolate, dejected ; p. 187.
Dunts, blows. Icelandic, *dunts*, a stroke.
Dwalt, *dwallin'*, dwelt, dwelling.
Dwaum, a sudden fit of sickness.
Dycht, polished. German, *dicht-en;* Sueo-Gothic, *dicht-a.*
Dyke, wall.

E.

Ealie, an exclamation of woe, p. 269. Vol. I.
E'e, eye.
Eleu loro, an exclamation of joy, or sorrow.
Een, *E'en*, eyes.
Enou', enough.
Eerie, timorous, frighted, haunted, dreading spirits.
Eldren, elderly.
Elphin, fairy.
Eneuch, *enew*, enough.
Enzie, one of the two lower districts of Banffshire, on the sea-coast, extending from the river Spey to the burn of Cullen, which separates it from the Boyne district. Cullen, in one of the old songs, is called "Cullen o' Boyne," being in the Boyne district, which extends from the burn of Cullen to the Deveron.
Evore, ivory.

F.

Fa', fall.
Faem, foam.
Fa'en, fallen.
Faes, foes.
Fain o' me, fond of me.
Fan', found ; *fan*, *whan*, when. Aberdeenshire.
Fareweel, farewell.
Fat, what ; used in the north-eastern counties.
Faulchion, p. 275, from *Fauchon* (French), primarily, a sort of broad and short wooden sword. (Bailey's Dictionary.) Vol. I.
Fauld, fold.

Faun, fallen.
Fawn, p. 289, fallen, *i.e.*, less opposed to me. Chaucer uses the word *faw*, fain, glad (Bailey).
Fause, false.
Faut, fault.
Feart, fear'd, scared, suddenly terrified.
Fecht, fight. Anglo-Saxon, *feaht-an;* German, *fecht-an.*
Feckless, feeble in mind ; weak, applied to the body.
Fee, wages.
Field'art, fieldward.
Feres, companions ; *feris* (Chaucer).
Fey, marked for death ; "acting unaccountably, *as persons in health and soon to die are supposed to do*, in some last and extraordinary effort." Glossary to Scott's Novel.
Firsten, first ; *en* is added in old English poetry to first, next, third, without, &c., &c.
Flapt, clapped.
Flee, to fly. Saxon, *fleógan;* Sanscrit, *plu*, to fly.
Fleed, flood, sea.
Fleer, floor.
Flinders, splinters ; broken pieces.
Forbear, an ancestor ; a forefather.
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded, forlorn, destitute.
Forgat, forgot.
Forgien, forgiven.
Foremost, first.
Fou, drunk ; full of intoxicating liquors.
Frae, from.
Frecky grand-dame, kind, loving grandmother (Ice.).
Freits, omens ; superstitious observances.
Fu', full.
Fule, fool.
Fu' gadie, full (very) kindly.
Furth, out ; *furthy*, forward, frank, affable, unabashed. Saxon and Gaelic.
Fyle, *fyles*, to defile, to soil with dirt, to besmear.

G

Gabby, having fluency of speech.
Gaberlunzie, a mendicant ; a poor guest who cannot pay for his entertainment ; also wallet man, or Tinker.
Gadie, kindly.
Ga'e, *gae*, *gaein'*, gave, go, going.
Gaed, went.
Gae-through-land, a beggarly wander.
Gaffaw, a loud laugh.
Gair, *gaire*, gore,—a triangular piece of cloth sewed into a garment, to widen it chiefly at the lower part of it. Icelandic, *geiri.*
Gallows tree, a gibbet. Saxon, *galga.*
Gane, gone.
Gane, suffice, viz., secure *agane*, or against want.
Gantrees, trestles on which casks in a cellar are placed.
Gang, go.
Gaolours, jailors.
Gar, make. Sueo-Gothic, *goeor-a*, ancient ; *gaier-a*, to make.
Gard, *garr'd*, made, forced to.
Garr'd round about, gazed around, p. 97. Vol. I.
Gat, got.
Gate, road or street, p. 193. Vol. I.
Gaun, going.
Gear, property, goods, riches.
Gert, made, caused.
Getna, get not.
Gi'e, *gie*, *gi'en*, give, given.
Gied, gave, went. For *gave*, Saxon, *gifan;* for *went*, Saxon, *gan.*
Gin, if.
Girns, *to girn*, to whine and cry from ill-humour, or forgetfulness in consequence of disappointment. Anglo-Saxon, *girn;* Iceland., *girne.*
Girse, grass. Anglo-Saxon, *gaers;* Belgic, *gars*, *gers.*
Glamour, magical deception of sight.
Glint, glance. Teutonic, *glants*, splendour.
Glinteth, peepeth, peeps, glances. Dutch, *piepen*, to peep.
Gloaming, twilight.
Goss-hawk, a larke hawk ; from the Saxon "goshafoc."
Goud, *gowd*, gold.
Gouden, golden.
Gouden wair, yellow sea-weed.
Goun, gown.
Gowan, daisy. Gael, *gugan*, a daisy.
Graith, accoutrements, dress. Anglo-Saxon, *geraede*, apparatus.
Gravat, a scarf for the neck.
Gree, viz., degree (Spenser), *to bear the gree*,—to be decidedly victor.
Greetin', crying, weeping.
Grip, gripe, seize.
Gryce, a young sow. Sueo-Gothic, *grys.*
Gude, good.
Gueed, good.
Guidman, *gudeman*, the master of the house.
Guidwife, the mistress of the house.
Guise, same as *ploy*, a harmless frolic, properly of a social kind, which, though begun in jest, may have a serious issue.
Gurly, troubled, stormy. Belgic, *guur*, cold, bleak.

H.

Ha', the manor house.
Hackit, chafed. Icelandic, *haicka;* Sueo-Gothic, *hacka*, to chop.
Hadna, had not.
Haddin', a possession, a place of residence.
Ha'e, have ; *ha'e awa'*, take away ; *ha'e me wi' ye*, take me with you.
Haik up, perhaps put up as on a *haik* with spikes for holding fish, &c. ; and *settle you bye*, put you aside, p. 17 ; also to kidnap, to carry off by force, Border Minstrelsy. The word *haik* has many meanings. See Jamieson's Dictionary.
Hain, to save ; to spare.
Hale, whole.
Half-fou, half-bushel.
Hallow-days, holy-days.

Hame, home.
Hangit, hanged.
Hap, to cover in order to conceal ; to cover from cold.
Hart, heart.
Ha's, halls.
Hasna, has not.
Haud, hold.
Haun, hand ; p. 137.
Hauld, hold, shelter.
Hauf, half.
Haugh, low-lying rich land. Gaelic, *augh*.
Haw sea, azure sea. Anglo-Saxon, *haewen*, glaucus.
Heather-cows, a tuft or twig of heath.
Heather-lintie, heather-linnet.
Hecht, promised. Anglo-Saxon, *hat-an*, to promise ; Sueo-Gothic, *heta*, to promise.
Hector, to combat ; p. 85.
Heelies, diminutive of heel.
Heichts, heights.
Heid, head.
Herd-boy, a boy that tends cattle.
Herrit, pillaged. Sueo-Gothic, *haeria*, from *haer*, an army.
Hie, high.
Hie, *hied*, go in haste, went in haste.
Hielan', Highland.
Hight, named, called.
Hill-tap, top of the hill.
Hindmost, the last.
Hinney, honey.
Hireman chiel, man servant, ploughman.
Hirple, to walk lamely, to move crazily. Sueo-Gothic, *hewerfla*.
Hogmanay, the last day of the year. The origin of the word is uncertain.
Hollan's boats, the boats of Holland.
Hoody-crow, a blood crow, a *corbie*, or carrion crow.
Hooly, slowly, softly.
Horn, *cap or horn*, small drinking vessels of wood or horn.
Hose, stockings.
Housie, diminutive of house.
Hoys'd, hoisted.
Hum, sound made by a bee.
Hum and a hae, a stammering mode of speaking.
Hums and hankers, mumbles and seeks to do what he cannot perform.
Humpbackit, humpbacked.
Husswfskip, *hussyfskap*, *hissieskip*, housewifery, housewifeship.
Hyr, her.

I.

Ilka, every.
Ilke, the same.
Ill-faurdly, *ill-faurfly*, ungracefully, clumsily, meanly; in an ugly manner.
Ingle, fire ; *ingle-side*, fireside.
Intill, into.
Ither, other.

J.

Jogged, p. 147, walked on slowly. Vol. I.
Jow, stroke of a bell when tolled.
Judasly, after the manner of Judas Iscariot.

K.

Kaim, *kame*, comb.
Kameing, combing.
Keeks, looks through with a prying eye.
Keepit, kept.
Keist kevils, or *cuist cavels*, to cast lots.
Ken, know.
Kenin', knowing, known. Sueo-Gothic, *kaenn-a*. Icelandic, *kenn-a*, to teach, to know.
Kentna, knew not.
Kevils, *cavels*, lots. Latin, *cavillis*, lots, responses of oracles.
Kilted up, tucked up.
Kippled, married, coupled, fastened together as the rafters or couples of the roof of a house.
Kintra, country.
Kirk-yard, church-yard,
Kirn's to kirn, the churn has by hand to make cream into butter.
Kist, kissed.
Kist, a chest. Anglo-Saxon, *cest;* German, *kist;* Sueo-Gothic, *kista;* Latin, *cista*, a chest.
Kith and kin, acquaintance and friends.
Knicht, knight.
Knackie, quick at repartee ; facetious.
Knaps, *heather-knaps*, *knapparts*, heath-pease (Jamieson). Perhaps more properly *heath-berries*, sometimes called *craw-berries;* in Aberdeenshire, *knouparts*.
Knowe, rising ground ; hillock ; a knoll. Teut., *knolle*.
Kye, cows.

L.

Laddie, diminutive of lad.
Laird, lord of a manor ; squire.
Laith, loth.
Lâmer, *laumer*, amber. Teut., *lamertyn-steen*, amber.
Lammie, diminutive of lamb.
Lane, lone, alone.
Lang, long.
Langer, longer.
Lap, leaped ; also to embrace.
Lassie, diminutive of lass.
Lat, *latten*, let.
Lave, *lafe*, the remainder. (Anglo-Saxon, *lafe*, Icelandic, *leif*, from verbs signifying to leave.)
Lawin', payment for what is drunk in an alehouse ; tavern reckoning. Teut., *ghelagh*, club, shop.
Lawlan', lowland.
Layd, laid.
Lea, land not ploughed. Anglo-Saxon, *leag*, pasture.
Leal, true ; honest ; loyal.
Lear, learning, p. 213. Vol. I.
Lee, lie.

Leech, surgeon, or physician. Moeso-Gothic, *leik*, *lek*; Anglo-Saxon, *laec*.
Leesome, gladsome, pleasant.
Leeve, sib, nearly related. Teutonic, *liev*, dear; Chaucer, *lefe*.
Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; *Leeze me on thee*,—I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Lei, *lee*, a sort of demonstrative article prefixed to the name of a place or thing, in our old deeds, signifying *the*. It seems to be merely the French article *le*. *The lei licht o' the moon*, the light of the moon only.
Leman, a sweetheart. French, *l'aimante*. See Bailey's Dictionary.
Lemanless, p. 57, without husbands. Vol. I.
Len, perhaps *leanne* (Saxon), to conceal, p. 289. Vol. I.
Letherin, a beating; from lashing with a strop of leather.
Leugh, *leuch*, laughed. Saxon, *hlahan*.
Ley, lea; *lie lay*, lie unploughed. Anglo-Saxon, *leag*, pasture.
Licht, light.
Lichtit, lighted, alighted.
Lichtlify, same as *lichtlie*, to slight; to undervalue.
Lichtly, lightly.
Liesome, warm; sultry; calm. Anglo-Saxon, *hlithe*, being quiet.
Lily flower, beautiful woman.
Limmer, a loose woman.
Linkin', tripping along; walking quickly.
Linkum, Lincoln.
Linn, a small waterfall; the pool under a cataract.
Lintie, linnet.
Lippen to, to trust to; to have confidence in.
Lith, joint. Anglo-Saxon, *lith*, membrum.
Litheless, comfortless. Anglo-Saxon, *hlithe*.
Lodomy, laudanum.
Lokyt, locked
Loof, the palm of the hand. Sueo-Gothic, *lofwe*. Icelandic, *loofve*, vola manus.
Lookit, looked.
Loot, let.
Loup, jump, leap.
Loutit, *looted*, *louted*, bowed down the body low.
Lowe, flame. Ice.-Dan, *loge*; Sueo-Gothic, *loga*.
Lowse, loose.
Lunnon, London.
Luve, love.
Lye, to lie; to lay.
Lyen, lain, laid.
Lyfe, life.
Lyke, *Lyke wake*, watching the corpse before burial.

M

Mailing, farm.
Mair, *mairly*, more.
Maistly, mostly.
Malison, a curse. Old French, *maleiçon*.
Mammy, diminutive of mamma.
Mane, *maen*, *meen*, moan.
Manna, *maunna*, must not.
Mantell, mantle.
Marie, diminutive of mare.
Markis, marks, mark, a coin valued at 13s. 4d.
Marrow, mate; one of a pair.
Marrowless, without a mate.
Massy, massive.
Mat, may.
Maun, must.
Maunna, must not.
Mavis, a thrush.
Maw, mow; to cut down with a scythe. Iceland., *mau*.
Mawing, mowing. Saxon, *mawan*.
May, maid, maiden.
Mayna, may not.
Mazer dish, a platter made of maple.
Meed, *meid*, reward.
Meen, moon (Aberdeenshire).
Meikle, *mickle*, *muckle*, much, great, large, big, pre-eminent.
Meiller, *meller*, *melder*, the quantity of meal ground at the mill. Icelandic, *mallder*, moltura, from *mala*, to grind.
Meirie, the diminutive of mare. Icelandic, *meri*, a horse.
Merle, p. 273, blackbird. Vol. I.
Merrie, merry.
Mess John, *Mes*, *or Mass John*, a ludicrous designation for the minister of a parish: perhaps Mass-priest. Poems Buchan Dialect.
Mete, meat.
Micht, might.
Michtie, mighty.
Mind't, minded; remembered; p. 113, thought with himself. Vol. I.
Minnie, mother.
Mirk, dark.
Miserie, misery.
Misgae, misgave.
Mither, mother.
Monie, *mony*, many.
Monie, money.
Mools, *mould*, earth, more especially in a grave-yard; the grave.
Moonlit, moonlight.
Morn, to-morrow.
Mot fa', may befall.
Mot, *mat*, may.
Mou', mouth.
Mudie, bold, p. 57; (?) muddy, covered with mud. Vol. I.
Muirs, moors.

N.

Na, not; given at the end of the words, would, had, dare, &c. Wouldna, hadna, darena, &c., &c.
Nae, no.
Naething, nothing.
Naigie, small horse.

Nane, none.
Nannie, diminutive of Agnes.
Nappy, home-brewed ale. Burns.
Neb, the beak of a bird; the nose, used ludicrously. Belgic, *nebbe*. Anglo-Saxon, *nebbe*. Icelandic, *nef*, nasus.
Nexten, *neisten*, the next.
Nicht, night.
Nocht, nought; nothing.
Noddle, the head.
Norlan', Northland.
Notour, notoriously bad. French, *notoire*.
Nourice, nurse.
Nowt, cattle. Icelandic, *naut;* Swed., *noet*, an ox.

O.

O', of.
Ocht, ought.
Ohon and alake, oh and alas; an expression of deep sorrow.
Onie, *ony*, any.
'Ore, ere, before.
Orra, what may be viewed as an overplus; not appropriated; p. 65.
O't, of it.
Out owre, out over.
Owre, *ower*, *o'er*, over.
Owsen, *ousen*, oxen. Moes.-Gothic, *auhsne*, *auhs*.
Owsenford, Oxenford.
Oy, grandchild.

P.

Palfrey, a horse of state for a princess or great lady; (*palfrai*, Celtic British), a horse led by the bridle on state occasions.
Pauky, *pawkie*, cunning; wily; sly; drolly, but not mischievously. Anglo-Saxon, *paecan*, to deceive.
Paynimie, the land of Paganism: the territory of the Sultan.
Pearlings, small pearls, thread lace.
Pechin', *peching*, puffing; panting. Swedish, *picka*, Danish, *pikker*, to pant.
Pennie, penny.
Perfytly, perfectly.
Pike-staff, a long staff with a sharp pike in it, carried as a support in frosty weather. Hence the proverbial saying,—"I'll gang tho' it should rain puir men and pike-staves." See Jamieson.
Pint stoup, pint measure.
Pin, *tirled at the pin*, trilled or rattled at the door-pin or latch to obtain entrance.
Pine, pain, grief.
Pit, *pitten*, *putten*, put.
Place, mansion house, p. 23. Vol. I.
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third-part of an English penny. Teutonic, *placke*.
Plaidie, diminutive of plaid.
Plat, plaited; twined around each other, p. 209. Vol. I.
Plenishin', household furniture.
Pock-marks, marks left by small-pox.
Pocks, meal-bags.
Poppled, to purle, to ripple.
Pot, pool or deep place in a river.
Poussie, fondling designation for a cat, especially a kitten.
Prie, *pree*, to taste; *pried*, tasted; *to prie one's mou'*, to take a kiss.
Pu', pull.
Puir, poor.
Pun, pound.

Q.

Quarter, *quarters*, lodge, lodgings.
Quat, quit, quitted.
Queenis, Queen's.
Queet, ankle. Teutonic, *kyte*, cura.
Quhen, when.
Quier, choir.
Quo', *quoth*, spoke. Saxon, *cwœthan*, to say.

R.

Rade, rode.
Rae, roe, roebuck.
Raise, *rase*, rose, arose.
Ramp, rude, wild, violent.
Rantin', making merry, joyous; *rantingly*, joyously.
Rappit, *chappit*, rapped, knocked.
Rashes, rushes.
Rax, to stretch.
Reave, tore.
Rede, advise. Anglo-Saxon, *raed-an*.
Reft, bereft.
Reivin', *reevin'*, primarily stealing cattle from a *reeve* or pen for cattle; also looking out for prey; robbing; ravenous.
Richt, right.
Rigg, a portion of land.
Rive, *riving*, tear, tearing. Icelandic, *ryf*.
Roos'd (*rees'd*, thus pronounced in the North-eastern Counties), boasted of, commended. Icelandic, *rausa*, to extol.
Roudes, haggard. French, *rudesse*, or Cam.-British, *rhaadair*, noisy.
Rowed, rolled.
Royal bane, the same as *ruel bone*, an unknown material often mentioned in Romances, Child, IV.
Rue, sorrow, p. 261. Rue is a plant having a disagreeable odour, and a bitter acrid taste. Vol. I.
Rumple, rump, the termination of the back-bone with the parts adjacent.

S.

Sab, sob.
Sae, so.
Saft, *Saftly*, soft, softly.
Sair, *sairer*, sore, sorer.
Sall, shall.
Samin, the same. Gothic, *sama*.
Sark, shirt.

Saugh-tree, willow-tree.
Saul, soul.
Saut, salt.
Saw, sow.
Sax, six.
Say'd, said.
Scho, she.
Scroggie, stunted; abounding with stunted bushes, or *Scroggs*.
Scule, school.
Seen, soon. Aberdeenshire.
Selt, sold.
Servet, a table napkin. French, *serviette;* Teut., *servett.*
Shanna, shall not.
Shaws, shows.
Shealin'-hill, rising ground near a mill, where the shelled corn was winnowed.
Sheave, slice. Belgic, *schyf;* Old English, *shyue of brede.*
Sheen, brightness; bright; shining; p. 125.
Shimmered, glittered; shone by glances.
Shippit, shipped.
Shoon, sheen, shoes.
Shortsome, to, p. 137, to amuse; to delight; to prevent time from hanging heavy on one. Vol. I.
Shot, from *sceat*, Saxon, a part or portion; a portion of the reckoning or score in a victualling-house or tavern.
Shot-window, a small window, chiefly filled with a board that opens and shuts. *Shott-window*, sometimes called a *bow-shott-window;* a window shot out like a bow at the corners of the top of a tower in old castles, as a look-out commanding a view of the surrounding country.
Shouther, shoulder.
Shute, shout, p. 171.
Sic, sick, such.
Sicht, sight.
Sickerly, securely; certainly.
Siller, silver.
Sinder, sunder.
Skeely, skilful.
Skipper, captain of a ship.
Slait or *slaited*, whetted; or, perhaps wiped. (Percy.)
Sleekit, deceitful. Sueo-Gothic, *sleker*, bland; Icelandic, *slikiare*, a sycophant.
Slichtit, slighted.
Slie, slee, sly.
Sma', small.
Smirks, smiles.
Smoored, smothered by smoke.
Snaw, snow; *snaw-draps*, snow-drops.
Snell, sharp, piercing; applied to cold air.
Socht, sought.
Sodgers, soldiers.
Sonsie, plump, thriving.
Soom, swim.
Soun', sound.
Soy, silk.
Speir, speer, ask.
Speir, spear.
Spindles and whorles, a spindle with a whorle (whirl) at the end of it, was anciently used in Scotland for spinning, instead of a spinning wheel.
Sprite, spirit.
Spulyit, laid waste. French, *spolir*, Latin, *spoliare.*
Stand, stall, p. 191. Vol. I.
Stane, stone.
Stane, louping-on-stane, from which a lady got to or from the saddle, p. 289. Vol. I.
Stalwart, stalworth (Chaucer), brave, stout. Anglo-Saxon, *stalferhth.*
Starn, star.
Stays, resides.
Steek, shut.
Steerer, steersman.
Stey, steep; as, Set a stout heart to a *stey* brae.
Stole, a part of a priest's dress. In "Mary's Dream," in P. Appx., it may mean a robe or dress.
Stot, a young ox.
Stown, stolen.
Strae, straw.
Straik, stroke; to stroke off all straight from the top of a measure; p. 197.
Strait, straight.
Strand, p. 7 (Sir. Pat. Spens), likely ought to be *sand*, as in Percy's Reliques, and suggested as the right word by Dr Chambers. Vol. I.
Strang, strong.
Strave, strove.
Streikit, stretched on the bier. Anglo-Saxon, *strecc-an*, to stretch out.
Sturt, trouble, vexation; also, wrath. Danish, *stird, styrt*, strife.
Style, name, title.
Sunder, part.
Sune, soon.
Supplie, assistance, p. 227.
Supply me, assist me, p. 81. Vol. I.
Sutor, shoemaker; sometimes *soutar, souter.* Anglo-Saxon, *sutere;* Latin, *sutor.*
Syde, side, long; applied to clothing.
Syke, small rill or rivulet running from a marsh. Icelandic, *sijk.*
Sylver, silver.
Syne, then, since. Icelandic, *sidr;* Sueo-Gothic, *sid*, demissus.

T.

Ta'en, taken.
Tald, told.
Tane, taken.
Tane, the one.
Taps, tops.
Tate, a lock of hair.
Tauld, told.
Targe, a large shield or buckler (French).
Tee, too, also.
Teuch, tough.
Thae, these.

Than, then.
Thegither, together.
The morn, to-morrow.
Therein, *thereout*, within, without.
They'd on, they would go on.
Thir, those.
Thistlecock, thrush.
Thocht, thought.
Thole, bear, suffer, abide. Anglo-Saxon, *thol-ian*; Icelandic, *thol-a*.
Thor, a god much esteemed among the ancient Saxons, equal to Jupiter of the Romans. He was their god of thunder who rent the clouds. Hence the Saxon *teran*, to tear. We have Thursday from Thor.
Thorn, provided with food.
Thou'se, thou shalt.
Thrawn, crooked; cross-grained; of a perverse temper.
Thraws, throws.
Threttie, thirty.
Throch and through, through and through.
Thrustle, thrush, a singing bird.
Tien, sorrow. Anglo-Saxon, *teon*, injury, irritation.
Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost. "*Atween the tinin' an' the winnin*," applied to a person in an intermediate state, who may go on well or ill; who may be either lost or saved.
Tither, the other.
Tocher, dowry; marriage portion. Irish, *tochar*.
Tocherless, without a dowry.
Toddy, a mixture of whisky, hot water, and sugar.
Too, *gaed too*, p. 27, fell too, *too-fall*, viz., twilight; Teutonic, *toc-val*. "'Too-fall of the night,' seems to be an image drawn from a suspended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below." [Mr Lambe.] Percy's Reliques, vol. II. 437. Ed. 1812. Vol. I.
Toomly, empty. Danish, *tom*; Sueo-Gothic and Icelandic, *tocm-a*, to empty.
Tother, the other.
Touir, tower.
Toun, town.
Tow me ower the wa', p. 57, put me down with ropes over the wall, viz., "in a pair o' sheets." Vol. I.
Towmond, a year, a twelvemonth.
Tows, *went to the tows*, p. 253, went to the hammocks or beds hung with ropes (tows) on ship-board. Vol. I.
Trade, to walk in a stately manner, p. 113.
Trapann'd, p. 59, foully dealt with. "Trepan,—some derive it of τρυπανον (Greek), a crafty beguiler; others derive it of Trepany in Sicily, where some English ships being friendly invited in, in distress of weather, were afterwards detained, contrary to the assurance given them" (Bailey). The Saxon word is *treppan*, to lay a trap for. Vol. I.
Trow, suppose, p. 139; to be determined, p. 131. Icelandic, *tru-a*.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Troth, truth, faith. Saxon, *treopthe*.
Trow, know, believe, trust; to suppose, p. 139; to be determined, p. 131.
Tryst, an appointment to meet; to make such an appointment. Sueo-Gothic, *troest*, keeping faith.
Tuns, tons.
Twal, twelve.
Twilling home, p. 275 (?) home resounding with music in the twilight. Vol. I.
Twin, separate (?) go between, viz., 'tween. Anglo-Saxon, *twegen*.
Twine, part, separate, same as "twin."
Twined, separated.
'Twist, p. 267, untwist. Vol. I.

U.

Unco, uncouth, strange. Saxon, *uncuth*, unknown, *cuth*, known.
Ungrate, ungrateful.
Unthocht lang, not to feel time hanging heavily.
Unwashen, not washed, p. 29. "An allusion to the custom of washing and dressing dead bodies, which was formerly supposed to be indispensable." Chambers' Ballads, p. 291. Vol. I.
Upcome, rising; "the upcome o' the tide," the rising of the tide.

V.

Vaunty, boastful. French, *vanteux*.
Velvaret, velvet.
Vera, very.
Vermeil, vermilion.

W.

Wa', wall.
Wad, would.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe; sorrowful.
Waeful', *waesome*, woful.
Wae's, woe is. Saxon, *wa*; German, *weh*.
Wair, sea-weed.
Waladay, woe this day.
Wale, v. to choose; n. choice.
Waly, interjection, expressive of lamentation. Anglo-Saxon, *wa-la*, from *wa*, woe, and *la*, O, Oh!
Wantna, want not.
Wark, work.
Warld, world.
Warlock, wizard. Icelandic, *vardlock-r*, a magic song to call evil spirits.
Wast, west.
Wat, know.
Wat, wet.
Wavilet, moving backwards and forwards.
Weans, children, viz., *wee-anes*, wee-ones.
Wearifu', causing pain or trouble. Saxon, *wearifow*.
Wede away, taken away by death; dead.
Wee, small; *a-wee*, a little time.
Weel, well.
Weel-faur'd, well favoured, beautiful.

Weening, thinking, supposing. Saxon, *wenan.*
Weet, *wet*, verb, to moisten with water.
Weird, fate.
Wel-awaye, an interjection of grief.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Whack, a smart stroke with the hand, p. 29.
Whang, a slice.
Wharawa, where away.
Whare, *whar*, where.
Whaten, what.
Whatna hauld, p. 57, what hold or shelter. Vol. I.
Whinger, a short hanger, used as a knife at meals, and as a sword in broils.
Whirlt, turned round rapidly.
Whiskit, whisked, moved nimbly and with velocity.
Wide, *side*, applied to clothing, being too wide, or too long, p. 29. Vol. I.
Wight, strong, valiant. Sueo-Gothic, *wig*, powerful.
Wiled, chose.
Win, go, get; acquire by labour; *win wi' thee*, get or go with you.
Win' and weet, wind and rain.
Windle-strae, a straw; part of a bottle of straw.
Winna, will not.
Wins, gains a livelihood.
Winsome, lovely, pretty.
Win up, get up.
Wirk, work.
Wist, known. Ang.-Saxon, *wis*, wise; Sueo.-Gothic, *wis*, to be certain.
Witherlands, *withershins*, wrong ways about; from right to left; contrary to the apparent motion of the sun. Teutonic, *weder-sins*, contrary way, or mode.
Witty, full of wit.
Woden, an Anglo-Saxon deity, supposed to correspond to the Mercury of the Greeks and Romans. From Woden Wednesday derives its name.
Wold (Saxon), a plain or open country without wood.
Wons, gains a livelihood.
Wood-wroth, furiously enraged.
Wou'dna, would not.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wrack, whatever is thrown out by the sea, as *broken* pieces of wood, sea-weed, &c. Scottish, Sueo-Gothic, *wrak*. English, *wreck*. Danish, *vrag*.
Wrang, wrong.
Wrocht, wrought.
Wuds, woods, p. 51.
Wylily, with wile or artifice.
Wysed, *wyled*, *wiled*, *wyle*, used in relation to what is accompanied by caution or artful means, as, "I'll try to wyle her awa',"—I will endeavour to get her enticed to go with me, p. 139. Saxon and Icelandic *villa*, error.
Wyte, *wyt*, *witt*, to know, to wot.

Y.

Yardie, small garden attached to a labourer's cottage.
Yates, gates.
Ye, frequently used in the Ballad for *you.*
Yestreen, yesternight, yesterday evening.
Ye'se, ye shall.
Yett, gate.
Yhied, gaed, went.
Yiel, state of a cow when not giving milk; p. 75, "a' gang yiel," all cease to give milk. Vol. I.
Yirne, to curdle or coagulate milk. Sueo-Gothic, *raenn-a.* Perhaps from this is *rennet*, the prepared stomach of a calf used for coagulating milk. In German it is *rinen*, to run, meaning to run into masses of curds. gerinnen
Yonder, being at a distance; within view. Anglo-Saxon, *geond*, illuc, ultra.
Yont, beyond.
Yule, Christmas.

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